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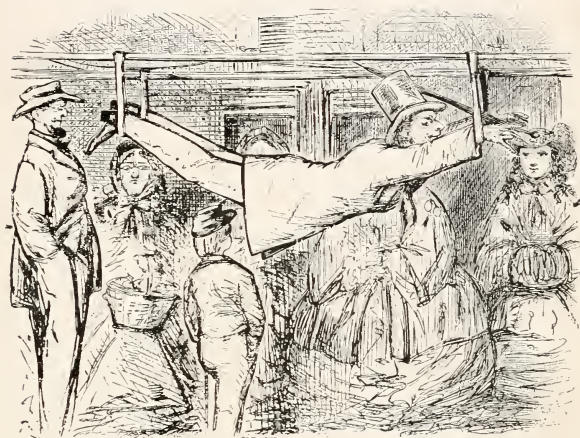
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Latest Idea for Riding in Crowded City Cars

From Harper's Weekly, January 12, 1861



The Battery in 1830

From a drawing by C. Burton



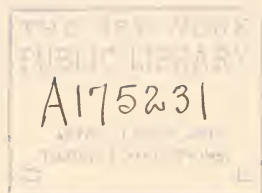
THE
BOOK
of
NEW YORK VERSE,
Edited by
HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

Illustrated



*"Why do I love New York, my dear?
I know not. Were my father here—
And his—and His—the three & I
Might, perhaps, make you some reply."
H.C. Bunner.*

1917
G. P. Putnam's Sons · New York.



NOV 23 1916
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BY
HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

The Knickerbocker Press, New York



A Professional View of it

POLICEMAN (*off duty*)—"Just to think of it! Seven lives
lost at the Prince of Wales's wedding! That comes
of living in a place *where there ain't no*
Broadway Squad!"

From *Harper's Weekly*, April 11, 1863



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2011
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2022
2023
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INTRODUCTION

The last generation would likely enough have looked upon a book in honour of New York as a vain undertaking for almost unworthy ends. So much do fancies change. The affection which many of us feel for the city, the affection which day by day it is becoming more the fashion to cultivate, would have met with slight comprehension and considerable ridicule fifty years ago.

With our lately-regained admiration for New York, from the newest skyscraper's silhouette to the latest mushroom variation on "The Black Cat," we are fond of thinking that the city daily grows more extraordinary, more thrilling. Relatively, it does not. We have caught up with it, that's all, and while we grumble as much as did our forefathers at its shortcomings they no longer entirely eclipse its glories.

As a matter of fact, the opening of the subway was relatively not at all more exciting than that memorable occasion when Croton Water first flowed through pipes into the city, amid the huzzas and fusilades of parading citizens. Trinity's spire seemed quite as impressive—actually was quite as impressive and remarkable—to New Yorkers of the past as the Woolworth Tower is to those of the present. The fashionable events which took place at the Battery, or on Second Avenue, or on Broadway in the years when all the town walked

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Acknowledgments

ix

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
MANNAHATTA— <i>Walt Whitman</i>	I
VERRAZANO IN NEW YORK HARBOUR— <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	2
HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Henry van Dyke</i>	6
MANHATTAN— <i>Edwin Markham</i>	9
KNICKERBOCKER— <i>Austin Dobson</i>	11
THE "GOED VROW" AND THE DUTCH PILGRIM FATHERS (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Edward Hopper</i>	13
WOUTER VAN TWILLER— <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	15
TO THE PATRONS OF NEW NETHERLAND— <i>Evert Nieuwenhof</i>	17
PETER STUYVESANT'S NEW YEAR'S CALL— <i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i>	18
EPITAPH FOR PETER STUYVESANT— <i>Henricus Selyns</i>	25
THE KNICKERBOCKER'S ADDRESS TO THE STUYVESANT PEAR TREE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Henry Webb Dunshee</i>	26
THE DUTCH PATROL— <i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i>	30
A LEGEND OF HELL GATE— <i>Gideon J. Tucker</i>	34
MAIDEN LANE— <i>Louise Morgan Sill</i>	35

	PAGE
THE STAMP ACT IN NEW YORK (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>George Lansing Raymond</i>	36
WHEN BROADWAY WAS A COUNTRY ROAD— <i>Charles Coleman Stoddard</i>	40
NATHAN HALE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>John MacMullen</i>	42
NATHAN HALE— <i>Francis Miles Finch</i>	47
BOWLING GREEN— <i>Louise Morgan Sill</i>	50
THE CONGRATULATION (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Jonathan Odell</i>	53
THE WALLABOUT MARTYRS— <i>Walt Whitman</i>	54
THE TOMB OF THE PATRIOTS— <i>Philip Freneau</i>	55
THE PRISON SHIPS (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Thomas Walsh</i>	57
SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN— <i>Henry van Dyke</i>	60
SONG FOR A VENISON DINNER AT MR. BUNYAN'S (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Joseph Stansbury</i>	62
EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Anonymous</i>	64
THE BALL— <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	65
THE VOW OF WASHINGTON— <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	68
STANZAS OCCASIONED BY LORD BELLAMONT'S, LADY HAY'S, AND OTHER SKELETONS BEING DUG UP IN FORT GEORGE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Philip Freneau</i>	69
ON THE DEMOLITION OF FORT GEORGE— <i>Philip Freneau</i>	70
THE SIEUR DE ROCHEFONTAINE — <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	72

Contents

xiii

	PAGE
OLD ST. PAUL'S— <i>Arthur Upson</i>	74
NABBY, THE NEW YORK HOUSEKEEPER— <i>Philip Freneau</i>	76
COLUMBIA COLLEGE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Josiah Shippey</i>	78
AN EVENING WALK— <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	81
ON THE CITY ENCROACHMENTS ON THE RIVER HUDSON (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Philip Freneau</i>	83
THE OLD BREVOORT FARM— <i>Gideon J. Tucker</i>	84
AN IVORY MINIATURE— <i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	87
THE FASHIONS— <i>L. Beach</i>	90
AT TRINITY— <i>Andrew E. Watrous</i>	91
LAWRENCE AND LUDLOW— <i>Anonymous</i>	95
THE GRAVE OF LAWRENCE— <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	96
DESCRIPTIVE VIEW OF NEW YORK (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Thomas Eaton</i>	98
ON THE BRITISH BLOCKADE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Philip Freneau</i>	102
ON THE PROSPECT OF RETURNING TO NEW YORK AFTER THE WAR— <i>Josiah Shippey</i>	105
BRONX— <i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i>	106
TAMMANY HALL— <i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i>	109
ELECTION RETURNS AT TAMMANY HALL (extract from <i>The State Triumvirate</i>)— <i>Gulian Crommelin Verplanck</i>	110
TO SIMON— <i>Drake and Halleck</i>	111
THE BALLOON (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Moses Y. Scott</i>	114

	PAGE
ODE TO FORTUNE— <i>Drake and Halleck</i> . . .	117
WEEHAWKEN— <i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i> . . .	119
BURLESQUE ADDRESS ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW PARK THEATRE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Fitz- Greene Halleck</i>	121
ON A FORGOTTEN BY-WAY— <i>Andrew E. Wat- rous</i>	122
LAFAYETTE EN AMÉRIQUE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Pierre Jean de Béranger</i>	124
FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK— <i>Robert Steven- son Coffin</i>	125
HOBOKEN— <i>Robert Stevenson Coffin</i>	127
AN ODE FOR THE GRAND CANAL CELEBRATION (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Samuel Woodworth</i> . . .	128
WINTER (extract from <i>The Seasons</i>)— <i>Samuel Woodworth</i>	130
THE SWEEP'S CAROL— <i>George P. Morris</i> . . .	132
HARLEM MARY— <i>Samuel Woodworth</i> . . .	134
NEW YORK IN 1826 (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>George P. Morris</i>	135
THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY— <i>H. C. Bunner</i> . .	138
DELICIÆ NOVI EBORACI— <i>Jedediah Hunting- ton</i>	140
THE PITY OF THE PARK FOUNTAIN— <i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i>	142
UNSEEN SPIRITS— <i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i> . . .	144
FIVE POINTS (extract from <i>The Vision of Rubeta</i>) — <i>Laughton Osborn</i>	146

Contents

XV

PAGE

FANNY ELSSLER (extract from <i>An Elssleratic Romance</i>)— <i>Anonymous</i>	147
CITY LYRICS— <i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i>	150
THE CROTON ODE (<i>abridged</i>) — <i>George P. Morris</i>	152
TO THE LADY IN THE CHEMISETTE WITH BLACK BUTTONS.— <i>Nathaniel P. Willis</i>	154
THE CITY (extract)— <i>John G. Saxe</i>	156
SPRING IN TOWN— <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	157
HYMN OF THE CITY— <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	160
THE DOG-STAR RAGES— <i>George P. Morris</i>	162
EMPORIUM VERSUS NEW YORK (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Jacob Bigelow</i>	165
THE WEDDED FLAGS — <i>George Washington Doane</i>	169
THE PRINCE'S BALL (<i>abridged</i>) — <i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i>	170
FIRST O SONGS FOR A PRELUDE— <i>Walt Whitman</i>	179
THE MARCH OF THE REGIMENT — <i>H. H. Brownell</i>	183
TO THE TENTH LEGION— <i>Ruth N. Cromwell</i>	185
THE DRAFT RIOT— <i>Charles deKay</i>	187
LE GRENIER— <i>Robertson Trowbridge</i>	189
SIRO DELMONICO— <i>Samuel Ward</i>	191
BROWN OF GRACE CHURCH— <i>Peter Marié</i>	192
THE TWEED RING— <i>Anonymous</i>	194

	PAGE
THE STREETS (extract from <i>The Royal Decrees of Scanderoon</i>)— <i>W. O. Stoddard</i> . . .	195
DAWN IN THE CITY— <i>Charles deKay</i> . . .	197
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	199
THE "STAY AT HOME'S" PLAINT— <i>George A. Baker, Jr.</i>	201
BALLADE OF BARRISTERS— <i>C. C. Starkweather</i> . . .	203
A SUMMER SUMMARY— <i>Franklin P. Adams</i> . . .	205
HYMN SUNG AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE OBELISK— <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	207
THE BUNTLING BALL (extracts) — <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	209
THE BURIAL OF GRANT — <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	212
A BALLAD OF CLAREMONT HILL — <i>Henry van Dyke</i>	214
RIVERSIDE— <i>John Myers O'Hara</i>	217
THE LAST OF THE NEW YEAR'S CALLERS— <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	218
THE COLUMBUS PARADE— <i>Starr Hoyt Nichols</i> . . .	220
WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN— <i>Guy Wetmore Carryll</i>	221
INTERCESSIONAL— <i>McCready Sykes</i>	224
THE OLD LYCEUM (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>A. E. Lancaster</i> . . .	226
THE REGIMENT— <i>John Curtis Underwood</i> . . .	228
CONSECRATED GROUND— <i>Edwin Markham</i> . . .	230

	PAGE
NEW YORK HARBOR— <i>Park Benjamin</i> . . .	233
NEW YORK IN SUNSET — <i>William Ellery Leonard</i>	234
NEW YORK BAY AT DUSK— <i>Mildred L. McNeal-Sweeney</i>	235
ON THE BAY— <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . .	236
RETURN TO NEW YORK— <i>John Hall Wheelock</i> .	237
THE NEW COLOSSUS— <i>Emma Lazarus</i> . . .	239
BARTHOLDI'S PHAROS— <i>George Alfred Townsend</i>	240
AT ELLIS ISLAND— <i>Margaret Chanler Aldrich</i> .	243
"SCUM O' THE EARTH"— <i>Robert Haven Schauf- fler</i>	245
THE HUDSON— <i>Starr Hoyt Nichols</i>	249
THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS— <i>Lloyd Mifflin</i> .	250
THE CITY— <i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> . . .	252
NEW YORK— <i>Don Marquis</i>	254
BROOKLYN BRIDGE TOWERS— <i>George Alfred Townsend</i>	256
BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT DAWN — <i>Richard Le Gallienne</i>	259
THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN— <i>Don Mar- quis</i>	260
THE MORaine— <i>John Curtis Underwood</i> . .	264
THAT DEAR CONEY (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Chester Firkins</i>	265
CITY OF SHIPS— <i>Walt Whitman</i>	266

	PAGE
THE INDIA WHARF (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Sara Teasdale</i> .	268
NEW YORK— <i>Wendell Phillips Stafford</i> . . .	270
THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE MARKET— <i>James Oppenheim</i>	271
LOWER NEW YORK—A STORM— <i>Don Marquis</i> .	274
IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD AT SUNSET— <i>Thomas S. Jones, Jr.</i>	275
THE WALL STREET PIT— <i>Edwin Markham</i> .	276
PAN IN WALL STREET — <i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i>	278
A FAUN IN WALL STREET— <i>John Myers O'Hara</i>	282
THE CURB - BROKERS — <i>Florence Wilkinson Evans</i>	283
IN LOWER NEW YORK— <i>Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer</i>	284
WHEN BETSY COMES DOWN-TOWN— <i>Louise Morgan Sill</i>	285
IN NEW YORK— <i>John Hall Wheelock</i> . . .	286
MONODY ON THE ASTOR HOUSE— <i>Franklin P. Adams</i>	287
A FORGOTTEN BARD— <i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . .	289
NATHAN HALE— <i>Chester Firkins</i>	291
DIGGING FOUNDATIONS AT NIGHT — <i>Harvey Maitland Watts</i>	293
THE ANGEL OF THE CORNICE— <i>Florence Wilkinson Evans</i>	294
THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING— <i>Madison Cawein</i>	296

Contents

xix

	PAGE
FROM THE WOOLWORTH TOWER— <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	298
NEW YORK— <i>Florence Earle Coates</i>	301
A DREAM TEMPLE— <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	304
THE EMPIRE CITY— <i>George Sylvester Viereck</i>	305
NEW YORK, FROM A SKY-SCRAPER— <i>James Oppenheim</i>	306
THE RED BOX AT VESEY STREET— <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	308
ON CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK— <i>Helen Hay Whitney</i>	310
ISAAK WALTON IN MAIDEN LANE — <i>Percy MacKaye</i>	311
AT THE SHRINE— <i>Richard Kendall Munkittrick</i>	313
THE FACTORIES— <i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	314
THE CHILDREN— <i>John Hall Wheelock</i>	316
CHINATOWN UNVISITED — <i>George Macdonald Major</i>	317
CHINATOWN VISITED— <i>George Macdonald Major</i>	318
THE GREEK QUARTER— <i>John Myers O'Hara</i>	320
BALLAD OF DEAD GIRLS— <i>Dana Burnet</i>	321
BOWERY GALS— <i>Anonymous</i>	324
ROMAIOS— <i>W. G. Ballantine</i>	326
A SWEETHEART: THOMPSON STREET— <i>Samuel McCoy</i>	328
WASHINGTON SQUARE— <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	330
WASHINGTON SQUARE— <i>James Oppenheim</i>	331

	PAGE
ON SICK LEAVE— <i>Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i> .	333
WASHINGTON SQUARE, NORTH— <i>Walter Prichard Eaton</i>	334
OLD TRAILS— <i>Edwin Arlington Robinson</i> . .	335
OLD SAWS AND SEE-SAWS— <i>Andrew E. Watrous</i>	339
THE MENU— <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i> . .	340
GRACE CHIMES— <i>Meredith Nicholson</i> . .	341
AT HALF-PAST FIVE— <i>Andrew E. Watrous</i> .	342
YOUTH— <i>Samuel McCoy</i>	344
MACARONI— <i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	347
TWILIGHT ON SIXTH AVENUE— <i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i>	348
THE NIGHT COURT— <i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i> .	349
UNION SQUARE (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>Walter Malone</i> .	352
GRAMERCY PARK— <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	354
CHELSEA— <i>Arthur Cleveland Coxe</i>	355
THE PARKS— <i>Charles Hanson Towne</i> . . .	357
NOTHING TO WEAR (<i>abridged</i>)— <i>William Allen Butler</i>	358
MADISON SQUARE: CHRISTMAS— <i>Brian Hooker</i>	362
THE CLOCK IN THE AIR— <i>John Curtis Underwood</i>	363
THE METROPOLITAN TOWER— <i>Sara Teasdale</i> .	364
AT THE FARRAGUT STATUE— <i>Robert Bridges</i> .	365

Contents

xxi

	PAGE
THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER— <i>John Myers O'Hara</i>	366
QUALITY HILL— <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	367
THE GATEWAY— <i>Harvey Maitland Watts</i>	369
THE SWITCH YARD— <i>John Curtis Underwood</i>	370
HERALD SQUARE— <i>John Curtis Underwood</i>	372
THREE O'CLOCK— <i>Ridgely Torrance</i>	373
NIGHT IN NEW YORK— <i>George Parsons Lathrop</i>	375
RAINY SUNDAY— <i>John Hall Wheelock</i>	378
BROADWAY— <i>Walt Whitman</i>	379
THE CITY— <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	380
LILACS IN THE CITY— <i>Brian Hooker</i>	381
THE LITTLE FRUIT-SHOP— <i>Florence Wilkinson</i> <i>Evans</i>	383
NEW YORK— <i>Richard Hovey</i>	384
TO A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL DRESSED FOR SUNDAY— <i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	385
ON BROADWAY— <i>George Sylvester Viereck</i>	388
IN BROADWAY— <i>Vance Thompson</i>	389
THE WHITE LIGHTS— <i>Edward Arlington Robin-</i> <i>son</i>	390
AFTER THE PLAY— <i>Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i>	392
A RHYME ABOUT AN ELECTRICAL ADVERTIS- ING SIGN— <i>Vachel Lindsay</i>	394
SEVEN SANDWICHMEN ON BROADWAY— <i>Jefferson</i> <i>Butler Fletcher</i>	396

	PAGE
IN NEW YORK— <i>William Vaughn Moody</i> .	397
TO FIFTH AVENUE (extract from <i>The Baroness of New York</i>)— <i>Joaquin Miller</i> . . .	400
FIFTH AVENUE—SPRING AFTERNOON— <i>Louis Untermeyer</i>	402
MAY DAY— <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	404
FIFTH AVENUE AT NIGHT— <i>Charles Hanson Towne</i>	405
RONDEAU À LA NEW YORK— <i>Robert Grant</i> .	406
ON THE PLAZA— <i>Bliss Carman</i>	407
MORNING IN CENTRAL PARK— <i>James Oppenheim</i>	410
CENTRAL PARK— <i>John Myers O'Hara</i> . . .	412
THE MAY PARTY— <i>James Oppenheim</i> . . .	413
THE PINES, SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET— <i>Harvey Maitland Watts</i>	415
CENTRAL PARK AT DUSK— <i>Sara Teasdale</i> .	416
TWILIGHT BY THE MALL— <i>Seldon L. Whitcomb</i> .	417
SPRING NIGHT— <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	418
WHISTLES AT NIGHT— <i>John Hall Wheelock</i> .	419
THE FLAT-HUNTER'S WAY— <i>Franklin P. Adams</i>	421
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART— <i>Lloyd Mifflin</i>	422
THE CITY— <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	423
ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS— <i>Chester Firkins</i> .	425

Contents

xxiii

	PAGE
SUBWAY TRACK-WALKERS— <i>Dana Burnet</i>	427
ROSES IN THE SUBWAY— <i>Dana Burnet</i>	428
N. Y.— <i>Ezra Pound</i>	429
OF CITY FLOWERS— <i>Shaemus O'Sheel</i>	430
NEW YORK DAYS— <i>William Ellery Leonard</i>	431
POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM— <i>Walter Malone</i>	434
THE FLEET— <i>Chester Firkins</i>	436
MANHATTAN— <i>Charles Hanson Towne</i>	438
VILLANELLE OF CITY AND COUNTRY — <i>Zoë Akins</i>	439
THE ENCHANTED ISLAND— <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	440
NEW YORK— <i>Florence Wilkinson Evans</i>	442
GOLDEN HILL— <i>Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i>	443
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, A. D. 2900— <i>Arthur Upson</i>	445
MANNAHATTA— <i>Walt Whitman</i>	446

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE KNIFE GRINDER AND THE BUTTERMILK MAN	<i>End-papers</i> <i>Cries of New York</i> , 1809.
A CROWDED CAR	<i>Half-title</i> <i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1861.
THE BATTERY IN 1830	<i>Frontispiece</i> From a drawing by Charles Burton.
ORNAMENT ADAPTED FROM RATZER MAP, 1766	<i>Title-page</i> Kind permission of N. Y. Society Library.
A BROADWAY POLICEMAN	<i>Copyright page</i> <i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1863.
LANDING OF HUDSON	FACING PAGE 8
From Bacon's <i>Hudson River</i> .	
DUTCH COTTAGE IN BEAVER STREET, 1679	12
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1853.	
NEW AMSTERDAM	18
From an engraving by J. E. Gavit in <i>Documentary History of New York</i> , copied from the plate in <i>Montanus Nieuwe en Onbekende Weereld</i> in State Library.	
THE OLD PEAR-TREE	26
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1861.	

	FACING PAGE
HELL GATE, 1775	34
From an etching by W. A. Williams. <i>London Magazine</i> , April, 1778.	
PULLING DOWN THE STATUE OF GEORGE III	42
From an old print.	
PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION	64
From Wilson's <i>Memorial History</i> .	
BROADWAY STAGES AT ST. PAUL'S, 1861	72
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1861.	
COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1768	78
Drawn by Thomas Howdell and engraved by Gavit and Duthie. <i>Documentary History of New York</i> , after an engraving by P. Canot.	
FASHIONABLE DRESSES, ABOUT 1806	90
From an old fashion plate.	
NEW YORK FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, 1816	102
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1860.	
TAMMANY HALL IN 1830	110
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> .	
BALLOON IN PARK PLACE, 1835	116
From a drawing by Charles Burton. The New York Historical Society.	
NEW YORK FROM WEEHAWKEN, 1839	120
From a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, engraved by R. Wallis. <i>American Scenery</i> .	
THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN	126
SLEIGHS IN WALL STREET, 1825	136
From a print by Maverick. Kind permission of Mr. Henry Collins Brown.	

Illustrations

xxvii

FACING
PAGE

THE PARK FOUNTAIN AND CITY HALL . . .	144
From an engraving by James D. Smillie. <i>Graham's Magazine.</i>	
FIVE POINTS, 1827	146
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1855.	
THE CROTON WATER CELEBRATION, 1842 . .	152
From Wilson's <i>Memorial History of New York.</i>	
FRANCONI'S HIPPODROME	156
From a wood cut of a drawing by McLenan.	
BROOKS'S CLOTHING STORE, CATHARINE STREET, 1845	162
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1864	
FIREMAN'S PROCESSION, ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION, 1858	168
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1861.	
DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, 1861	180
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1862.	
HANGING A NEGRO AT CLARKSON STREET. THE DRAFT RIOTS	188
<i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1863.	
THE TWEED RING, 1871	194
From a caricature by Nast. <i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1871.	
BROADWAY, 1881	204
From <i>New York Illustrated.</i> Appleton.	
RIVERSIDE DRIVE, 1881	216
From <i>New York Illustrated.</i> Appleton.	
CITY HALL PARK, ABOUT 1830	230
From a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, engraved by S. Lacy. <i>American Scenery.</i>	

	FACING PAGE
THE BAY FROM THE TELEGRAPH STATION, 1839 .	238
From a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, engraved by R. Wallis. <i>American Scenery.</i>	
ON A BROOKLYN FERRYBOAT, 1820 . . .	256
From the picture by E. L. Henry. Kind permission of Mr. Henry.	
STEAMBOAT LANDING. PIER NO. I. NORTH RIVER	266
From a drawing by Wade, engraved by Dougal. Disturnell's <i>Views in New York.</i>	
BANKS IN WALL STREET, 1830	278
From a drawing by Charles Burton.	
LINCOLN AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, 1861 . . .	288
<i>Harper's Weekly</i> , February, 1861.	
THE WOOLWORTH TOWER, 1915	298
From an etching by Henri de Ville, <i>Gothic Arch.</i> Permission of the <i>Architectural Record.</i>	
THE FLY MARKET. FRONT STREET AND MAIDEN LANE, 1816	312
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1857.	
TOWERS OF MANHATTAN, 1915	342
From an etching by Henri de Ville, <i>East River.</i> Permission of the <i>Architectural Record.</i>	
UNION SQUARE, 1849	352
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1849.	
ST. JOHN'S PARK, 1829.	356
From the <i>Mirror</i> , 1829.	
CORPORAL THOMPSON'S ROAD HOUSE, 1856 .	362
From an advertising card of Corporal Thompson. Kind permission of Mr. Henry Collins Brown.	

Illustrations

xxix

FACING
PAGE

MURRAY HILL, 1858	368
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1859.	
SNOW-STORM IN NEW YORK. A HARLEM TRAIN AT THE TOMBS, 1860	370
<i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1860.	
BROADWAY AND THE BOWLING GREEN, 1828 .	380
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1854.	
BROADWAY IN 1850	396
From the <i>Greatest Street in the World</i> , by Stephen Jenkins.	
COACHING DAY. FIFTH AVENUE, 1881 . . .	400
From <i>New York Illustrated</i> . Appleton.	
SKATING POND. CENTRAL PARK, 1861 . . .	410
<i>Valentine's Manual</i> , 1861.	
CENTRAL PARK, 1881	416
From <i>New York Illustrated</i> . Appleton.	
PROPOSED SUBWAY IN BROADWAY, 1870 .	426
Kind permission of Mr. Henry Collins Brown. .	
POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, 1917 . . .	434
From a photograph by Charles W. Stoughton.	
GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK	442
From an etching by Henri de Ville. Permission of the <i>Architectural Record</i> .	
DUST STORM IN BROADWAY	<i>Finis</i>
<i>Harper's Weekly</i> , 1861.	
THE CLAM MAN AND THE ORANGE MAN. <i>End-papers</i>	
<i>Cries of New York</i> , 1809.	

The Book of New York Verse

MANNAHATTA

WALT WHITMAN

My city's fit and noble name resume,
Choice aboriginal name, with marvellous beauty,
 meaning,
*A rocky founded island—shores where ever gayly dash
 the coming, going, hurrying sea waves.*

VERRAZANO IN NEW YORK HARBOUR, 1524.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Verrazano, Verrazano, child of Arno's golden vale,
Wooer of life's great adventure, master of the stream-
ing sail,
O'er the chartless seas of silence from a fellow voyager,
hail!

I can view you as the morning lit your peak with
windy flame,
On the day the West beguiled you with the glamour of
its name,
When the dauntless *Dolphin* ventured on the peril-
path of Fame!

Osprey-like above the spindrift, through your brain
fair dreams had play,
Flushed with all the hues of sunset, iridescent as the
spray,
Visions of the wonder-islands and the treasures of
Cathay

Verrazano, Verrazano, I can mark the heavy hours,—
Striding winds upon the waters, and tumultuous
tropic showers,
And the strange bright stars at midnight, ere you
neared the Land of Flowers.

I can picture its allurements,—bloom as of eternal
spring,
Attar from the jasmine blossoms in the palms and
pines a-swing,
What it meant to worn sea-rovers spent with weary
wandering!

But now oped no halcyon haven, this was not the far-
sought goal.
Though it might be hung with garlands like a radiant
aureole;
Here was not the crown's attainment for a virile sea-
man soul!

Verrazano, Verrazano, then it was the North be-
guiled
With the magic of its trumpets blowing loud and
blowing wild;
And you listed to its summons like an outcast long
exiled.

In the purple drift of twilight dappled dune and wood
slipped by;
Reedy cove and barren headland rocked beneath a
cloud-tossed sky;
While the taut breeze through the cordage chanted
sagas clear and high.

Cliffs that bore no blazing beacon save the flare of
savage flames,
Capes that ne'er had heard a greeting save the sea-
mew's shrill acclaims.
How you cried them salutation with your sweet
Italian names!

4 **Verrazano in New York Harbour**

Verrazano, Verrazano,—Chesapeake and Delaware,
They to you were soft Santanna linked with Palam-
sina fair,
Then you sighted San Germano in the crimson evening
air.

San Germano!—our Manhattan, virginal with vernal
shores,
Its incomparable harbour opening as do silvern doors
Swinging to the sound of music that from blended
viols pours.

While in liquid under-ether at repose your anchor
hung,
And the thrush's vesper anthem from the slopes about
you rung,
Did you breast the tides of slumber amid dreams that
closed and clung?

Verrazano, Verrazano, in the mazes of that night
Did some prophecy enfold you, did some prescience
clothe your sight
With today's still-growing marvels, height upon
triumphant height?

Pendant Babylonian gardens, Ninevean temples tall,
Climbing Carthaginian ramparts, Susan dome and
Tyrian wall,
All that Rome revealed of splendour—had not this
majestic thrall!—

Had not this imperious import;—Commerce in exult-
ant sway;
Affluence of every nation moored within one match-
less bay;
From the calyx of the ages a miraculous Cathay!

Yours by virtue of brave questing, yours, by right of
primal law,
The discoverer's chrism of glory, that omnipotence of
awe
Such as Moses knew on Pisgah when he raised his
eyes—and saw!

Verrazano, Verrazano, howso'er you trim your sail,
Seeking still the great adventure far beyond our mortal
pale,
O'er the chartless seas of silence from a fellow voyager,
hail!

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE, 1611

HENRY VAN DYKE

Son, have you forgot
Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship *Half-Moon*,—
The flag of Holland floating at her peak,—
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels, to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan, lay above the bay: the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the sea.
And so we bore to westward of the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
Was troubled by a downward-flowing flood
That seemed to come from far away,—perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?

Inland we held our course; by palisades
Of naked rock where giants might have built
Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;

And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals, and sent a boat
Upstream to find,—what I already knew,—
We travelled on a river, not a strait.

But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale
The many-coloured mantle of their crops;
I see the terraced vineyard on the slope
Where now the fox-grape loops its tangled vine;
And cattle feeding where the red deer roam;
And wild-bees gathered into busy hives,
To store the silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine,—
The thread that links a hundred towns and towers!
And looking deeper in my dream, I see
A mighty city covering the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth,—
The gateway city of a golden world,—

A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a host of busy men,
While to her open door across the bay
The ships of all the nations flock like doves.
My name will be remembered there, for men
Will say, "This river and this isle were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into Farthest Inde."



Landing of Hudson

MANHATTAN, 1609

EDWIN MARKHAM

Where now the bells of Trinity are heard,
Once in the willows sang a hidden bird,
Where sits Columbia upon the height,
A stag pressed ferny hollows all the night.
Where now the Tombs disturbs the dark with sighs,
A lilied pond looked up to happy skies.
Where now behind a Doric colonnade
The busy pens compute the nation's trade,
There on the rippling river's reedy edge
A beaver built his lodge along the ledge:
And down Broadway, where now the millions pass,
Once ran a crest of flowers in seas of grass.
Manhattan, like a kneeling camel, lay,
Humped with her ridges, looking toward the Bay,
A hundred springs, a hundred hasty rills
Ran silverly among the little hills.
The world was hushed; September's windy gold
Was edging all the boughs with beauty old;
And far-blown shreds of smoke
Went bluely winding over the woods of oak,
Or lifted whirls that lived their little span
Above the wigwams of Sapponikan.

A dusky hunter lurking on a ledge
Looked to the south, out to the ocean's edge
And suddenly a sea-thing with white wings
Came like a moth the wind of evening brings.
What could the wonder be?
What shape of earth, what spirit of the sea?
A look, a cry, a leap,
And he went plunging down the rocky steep,
Flaring through tangled vines a sudden trail,
Crushing wild mints to scent the tender gale—
Down the long ridges ran,
Bearing the tidings to Sapponikan.

A great white weary ship came drifting in.
Upon her stern a painted moon she bore,
Upon her poop the starry heaven she wore;
While strange, grave men with beards upon the chin
Looked out with wondering eyes and alien speech,
Hailing the plumèd men upon the beach,
Down plunged an anchor, then with loud acclaim
Up went the flag of Holland like a flame!

KNICKERBOCKER

AUSTIN DOBSON

Shade of Herrick, Muse of Locker,
Help me sing of Knickerbocker!

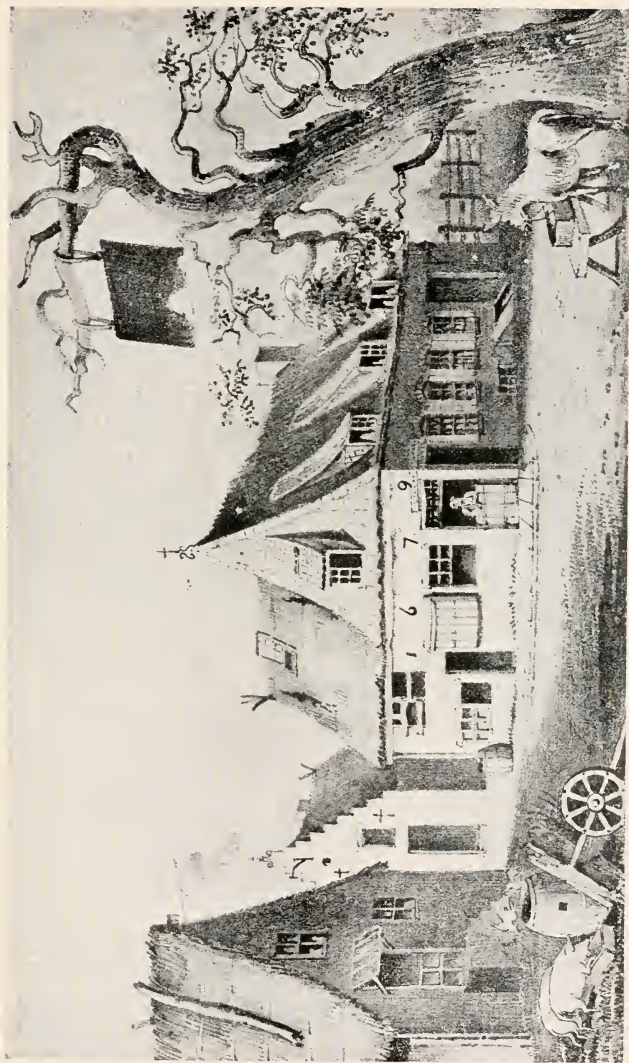
BOUGHTON, had you bid me chant
Hymns to Peter Stuyvesant,
Had you bid me sing of Wouter,
(He! the Onion-head! the Doubter!)
But to rhyme of this one—Mocker!
Who shall rhyme to Knickerbocker?

Nay, but where my hand shall fail,
There the more shall yours avail:
You shall take your brush and paint
All that ring of figures quaint,—
All those Rip Van Winkle jokers,
All those solid-looking smokers,
Pulling at their pipes of amber,
In the dark-beamed Council Chamber.

Only art like yours can touch
Shapes so dignified—and Dutch;
Only art like yours can show
How the pine logs gleam and glow,
Till the firelight laughs and passes
'Twixt the tankards and the glasses,

Touching with responsive graces
All those grave Batavian faces,
Making bland and beatific
All that session soporific.

Then I come and write beneath:
BOUGHTON, he deserves the wreath;
He can give us form and hue—
This the Muse can never do!



Dutch Cottage in Beaver Street. 1679

THE "GOED VROW" AND THE DUTCH
PILGRIM FATHERS, May 4, 1626

EDWARD HOPPER

The old Dutch Pilgrims were a solid race,
A mixture of good French and Holland blood;
Honest enough to look in any face,
Fearless to brave all things to serve their God.
Such lineage may good Knickerbockers trace—
To noble men as earth have ever trod;
And yet how few, with ready pen or tongue,
Have writ their virtues or their praises sung.

Rich was the freight of virtues stowed aboard
The old *Goed Vrow* along with baser stuff—
The things to trade with, to increase their hoard,
And little Holland's, should the way prove rough;
They brought no bigot's thongs, nor tyrant's sword—
Of these already they had had enough,
And never thought that others might be found
To need such helps to keep their conscience sound.

They brought the spirit of Van Tromp, the brave
Dutch Admiral, whose ships once cast such gloom
On English shores, and made the mad bull rave,
When at mast-head he nailed the symbol broom
To show he swept the seas from wave to wave,
As careful housewife sweeps a dirty room;

14 "Goed Vrow" and the Pilgrim Fathers

Hence New York masts stand thick like forest trees,
And hence our conquering navy sweeps the seas

I would delight to tell if I had time,
How Santa Claus came with them o'er the deep
To mollify the rigours of our clime,
To teach good Dutchmen how to eat and sleep,
To toast each other without harm or crime,
Their wagon-wheels in well-worn ruts to keep,
And guide them in the good old ways of yore,
In which our fathers' wagons went before.

And how he instituted New-Year's calls
To tie the knot of Friendship once a year,
And mend its breaches, rent by windy squalls,
With sweetened pastry and such dainty gear;
To feed true love, until the palate palls,
With kruller, olekook, and doughnut cheer,
And make the whole town stagger with the joys
Of jocund youth and jolly older boys.

"Een dracht maakt macht,"—In Union there is might—
Was our Dutch Pilgrims' motto. Heart and hand
United in the cause of God and right
Shall bind the nation with a granite band,
Entwined with purest flowers and wreaths of light;——
Divided we shall fall, united stand!—
God bless our fathers' memories forever
For those strong words that bind our States together!

WOUTER VAN TWILLER, 1633

CLINTON SCOLLARD

When Wouter Van Twiller sailed over the sea,
A shrewd store of wit in his noodle had he;
And while he was sent as the Company's son,
His eye was alert to enrich number one;
It was his pocket foremost—that busy old filler,—
Very aldermanlike was good Wouter Van Twiller!

A fine strip of land if he chanced to divine
He straightway bethought him “that farm shall be
mine!”
And worthily working this excellent plan,
Erelong he annexed all Sapponikan;
He pinched like a mercer, took toll like a miller;
Truly aldermanlike was good Wouter Van Twiller!

In Minetta Water, when noontides were blue,
He trouted from Fifth through to Sixth Avenue;
And when (it was frequent) he'd mornings to spare,
He hunted the duck over Washington Square.
“Times are ill,” groaned the traders; “the times might
be iller,”
Replied, with a wink, crafty Wouter Van Twiller.

Gone Wouter Van Twiller, but not all his kind,
At least by the knowing it thus is opined;

While chiefly his own, he was every man's friend;
His image we're likely to view to the end;
You may see it today,—'tis our pride and our
pillar,—
The image of grasping old Wouter Van Twiller.

TO THE PATRONS OF NEW NETHERLAND,
1656

For an engraving by Adrian vander Donck, who died in 1655,
leaving to his wife the colony of Colen-Donck, or Yonkers.)

EVERT NIEUWENHOF

Still Amstel's ancient burghers live,
And East and West extend their care;
To all the lands wise laws they give,
And to the beast-like savage there.
New Holland's gardens still they till
With unforgotten old-time skill.

Why mourn Brazil, full of base Portuguese,
When vander Donck points out such pleasant lands—
Where corn swells golden ears, and from the trees
Hang rosy grapes, ready for eager hands?
Men mourn a loss, and then in vain their voice;
But when their loss brings gain, doubly rejoice.

PETER STUYVESANT'S NEW YEAR'S CALL

1 Jan. A. C. 1661.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Where nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
In Sixteen Sixty-One.
They christen'd it Nieuw Amsterdam,
Those burghers grave and stately,
And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topp'd their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down,
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly-gabled town;
These flapp'd their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;
In hose and breeches walk'd by day,
And smoked, and wagg'd their heads;
No changeful fashions came from France,
The vrouwleins to bewilder;



New Amsterdam

From an engraving by J. E. Gavitt, *Documentary History of New York*
Copied from the plate in *Montanus Nieuwe en Onbekende W'eerld* in State Library

No broad-brimm'd burgher spent for pants
His every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped
And deftly spun and swept;
Few modern-school flirtations there
Set wheels of scandal trundling,
But youths and maidens did their share
Of staid, old-fashion'd bundling.

--The New Year opened clear and cold;
The snow, a Flemish ell
In depth, lay over Beeckman's Wold
And Wolfert's frozen well;
Each burgher shook his kitchen doors,
Drew on his Holland leather,
Then stamp'd thro' drifts to do the chores,
Beshrewing all such weather.

But—after herring, ham, and kraut—
To all the gather'd town
The Dominie preach'd the morning out,
In Calvinistic gown;
While tough old Peter Stuyvesant
Sat pew'd in foremost station;
The potent, sage, and valiant
Third Governor of the nation.

Prayer over, at his mansion hall,
With cake and courtly smile,
He met the people, one and all,
In gubernatorial style;

Yet miss'd, though now the day was old,
 An ancient fellow-feaster:
 Heer Govert Loockermans, that bold
 Brewer and burgomeester;

Who, in his farm-house, close without
 The picket's eastern end,
 Sat growling at the twinge of gout
 That kept him from his friend.
 But Peter strapp'd his wooden peg,
 When tea and cake were ended,
 (Meanwhile the sound remaining leg
 Its high jack-boot defended),

A woolsey cloak about him threw,
 And swore, by wind and limb,
 Since Govert kept from Peter's view,
 Peter would visit him;
 Then sallied forth, thro' snow and blast,
 While many a humble greeter
 Stood wondering whereaway so fast
 Strode bluff Hardkoppig Pieter.

Past quay and cowpath, through a lane
 Of vats and mounded tans,
 He puff'd along, with might and main,
 To Govert Loockermans;
 Once there, his right of entry took,
 And hail'd his ancient crony:
 "Myn Gott! in dese Manhattoes, Looock,
 Ve gets more snow as money!"

To which, till after whiffs profound,
 The other answer'd not;

At last there came responsive sound:
 "Yah, Peter: yah, Myn Gott!"
Then godevrouw Marie sat her guest
 Beneath the chimney-gable,
And courtesied, bustling at her best
 To spread the New Year's table.

She brought the pure and genial schnapps,
 That years before had come—
In the *Nieuw Nederlandts*, perhaps—
 To cheer the settlers' home;
The long-stemm'd pipes; the fragrant roll
 Of press'd and crispy Spanish;
Then placed the earthen mugs and bowl,
 Nor long delay'd to vanish.

Thereat, with cheery nod and wink,
 And honours of the day,
The trader mix'd the Governor's drink
 As evening sped away.
That ancient room! I see it now:
 The carven nutwood dresser;
The drawers, that many a burgher's vrouw
 Begrudged their rich possessor;

The brace of high-back'd, leathern chairs,
 Brass-nail'd at every seam;
Six others, ranged in equal pairs;
 The bacon hung a-beam;
The chimney-front, with porcelain shelf;
 The hearty wooden fire;
The picture, on the steaming delft,
 Of David and Goliah.

I see the two old Dutchmen sit
 Like Magog and his mate,
And hear them, when their pipes are lit,
 Discuss affairs of state;
The clique that would their sway demean;
 The pestilent importation
Of wooden nutmegs, from the lean
 And losel Yankee nation.

But when the subtle juniper
 Assumed its sure command,
They drank the buxom loves that were—
 They drank the Motherland;
They drank the famous Swedish wars,
 Stout Peter's special glory,
While Govert proudly show'd the scars
 Of Indian contests gory.

Ere long, the berry's power awoke
 Some music in their brains,
And, trumpet-like, through rolling smoke,
 Rang long-forgotten strains;
Old Flemish snatches, full of blood,
 Of Phantom ships and battle;
And Peter, with his leg of wood,
 Made floor and casement rattle.

Then round and round the dresser pranced,
 The chairs began to wheel,
And on the board the punch-bowl danced
 A Netherlandish reel;
Till midnight o'er the farmhouse spread
 Her New-Year's skirts of sable,

And, inch by inch, each puzzled head
Dropt down upon the table.

But still to Peter, as he dream'd,
That table spread and turn'd;
The chimney-log blazed high, and seem'd
To circle as it burn'd;
The town into the vision grew
From ending to beginning;
Fort, wall, and windmill met his view,
All widening and spinning.

The cowpaths, leading to the docks,
Grew broader, whirling past,
And checker'd into shining blocks
A city fair and vast;
Stores, churches, mansions, overspread
The metamorphosed island,
While not a beaver show'd his head
From Swamp to Kalchhook highland.

Eftsoons the picture pass'd away;
Hours after, Peter woke
To see a spectral streak of day
Gleam in thro' fading smoke;
Still slept old Govert, snoring on
In most melodious numbers;
No dreams of Eighteen Sixty-One
Commingle with his slumbers.

But Peter, from the farmhouse-door,
Gazed doubtfully around,
Rejoiced to find himself once more
On sure and solid ground.

24 **Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call**

The sky was somewhat dark ahead:
Wind East, and morning lowery:
But on he push'd, a two-miles' tread,
To breakfast at his Bouwery.

EPITAPH FOR PETER STUYVESANT, 1682

LATE GENERAL OF NEW NETHERLAND

HENRICUS SELYNS

Here lieth Stuyvesant—stir not too deep the sand¹—
He who commander was of all New Netherland.
Unto the foe perforce he gave the country o'er;
If grief and sorrow ever burden hearts, his heart
Did die a thousand deaths and did endure a smart
Insufferable. At first too rich; at last too poor.

THE KNICKERBOCKER'S ADDRESS TO THE
STUYVESANT PEAR TREE, 1647-1857

HENRY WEBB DUNSHEE

Fam'd Relic of the Ancient Time, as on thy form I
gaze,
My mind reverts to former scenes, to spirit-stirring
days:
Guarding their sacred memories, as ashes in an urn,
I muse upon those good old times, and sigh for their
return.

The scenes by which thou'rt compass'd now, have
little charm for me;
They speak not of the ancient time, as thou, time-
honoured tree;
I, therefore, close my eyes against these forms of
brick and stone;
Then, boldly, to my mental eye, thou loomest up
alone.

And far and wide, on ev'ry side, as on some knoll I
stand,
I view a beautiful expanse of rich productive land,
Dotted or margin'd pleasantly with shady tree or
grove,
Enliven'd by the songs of birds, which 'mid their
branches rove.



The Old Pear-tree Planted by Governor
Stuyvesant at the Corner of Third
Avenue and Thirteenth Street

From Valentine's Manual

From yonder dustless mansion comes its lord, whose
heart is seen
Portray'd upon his countenance; of firm, majestic
mien;
Laden with Nature's precious gifts, he scans each
orchard tree,
And slowly treads the well-worn path that leads
direct to thee.

With joyous eye, while grateful thoughts his noble
heart expand,
He looks on thee, his favourite tree, brought from the
Fatherland
And lives again in former scenes, when life was in its
prime,
And finds the memories of his youth still undestroy'd
by time.

Anon, a group of happy youth, from school restraint
set free,
Comes shouting round him merrily, in wild and joyous
glee;
One, by consent, thy trunk ascends, thy burden'd
boughs to shake,
While all of thy delicious fruit most eagerly par-
take.

Hoboocken now, their tutor, comes devoid of frown
and rod,
And with the Governor reclines upon the velvet sod;
Together they enjoy the sport, again are young in
heart,
Till, warn'd by day's decline, they each for happy
home depart:

For in a gorgeous couch the sun has calmly sunk to
rest,
Behind Wiehacken's tree-crowned hills, with gemm'd
and crimson crest!
And night, o'er forest, glade and stream, her dusky
mantel throws,
While silence, beckoning to Fatigue, invites to sweet
repose.

Thou saw'st when the Usurper came, the nation to
despoil,
Of the dominion exercised upon her rightful soil:
Thou saw'st the throng that gather'd round to carry
to the grave,
Thy lord, the last Dutch Governor—the honest and
the brave:

When Leisler ruled, who died by fraud—when Kidd
the *Rover* sail'd;
And when the Negroes at the stake in direful accents
wail'd;
When infant Liberty assay'd to seek her just re-
dress,
And Zenger gain'd for aftertimes the Freedom of the
Press:

When the bold Sons of Liberty the people's cause
espous'd,
Destroy'd the tea, contemned the stamps, and patriot
zeal arous'd;
When Tories fled clandestinely, suspicious of the
day;
And laurels crown'd the Hundred on the shores of
Deutel Bay.

Perchance thou saw'st the patriot band, with dauntless Captain Sears,
Who, with his lead, triumphant rode, among the people's cheers;
Or gav'st thy fruit to please the taste of Clinton and his corps,
Who ruled, where British power will rule triumphant never more.

For 'twas thy glory to behold (the conflict nobly won),
The entry of that noble band, led on by Washington;
When the sad sighs from Wallabout were hush'd by the applause
Which fill'd the sky above the land where triumphed Freedom's cause.

Thus to thy shrine, thou ancient tree, will Knickerbockers hie;
And standing on their native soil, beneath their native sky,
In contemplative mood recall, those Names of sterling worth,
Through whom they trace their ancestry — the Noble Men of earth.

O! may thy boughs with blossoms white and living fruit be grac'd,
While Knickerbocker blood can be by Knickerbockers trac'd;
Yea, may'st thou from thy mother earth by time nor man be torn,
Till light no more shall bless the land where Liberty was born.

THE DUTCH PATROL

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

When Christmas-Eve is ended,
Just at the noon of night,
Rare things are seen by mortal een
That have the second sight.
In St. Mark's church-yard then
They see the shape arise
Of him who ruled Nieuw Amsterdam
And here in slumber lies.

His face, beneath the close black cap,
Has a martial look and grim;
On either side his locks fall wide
To the broad collar's rim;
His sleeves are slashed; the velvet coat
Is fashioned Hollandese
Above his fustian breeches, trimmed
With scarf-knots at the knees.

His leg of flesh is hosed in silk;
His wooden leg is bound,
As well befits a conqueror's,
With silver bands around.
He reads the lines that mark
His tablet on the wall,

Where boldly PETRUS STUYVESANT
Stands out beyond them all.

“’Tis well!” he says, and sternly smiles,

“They hold our memory dear;
Nor rust nor moss hath crept across;
’Twill last this many a year.”

Then down the path he strides,
And through the iron gate,
Where the sage Nine Men, his councillors,
Their Governor await.

Here are Van der Donck and Van Cortlandt,
A triplet more of Vans,
And Hendrick Kip of the haughty lip,
And Govert Loockermans.
Jan Jansen Dam, and Jansen,
Of whom our annals tell,—
All risen this night their lord to greet
At sound of the Christmas bell.

Nine lusty forms in linsey coats,
Puffed sleeves and ample hose!
Each burgher smokes a Flemish pipe
To warm his ancient nose;
The smoke-wreaths rise like mist,
The smokers all are mute,
Yet all, with pipes thrice waving slow,
Brave Stuyvesant salute.

Then into ranks they fall,
And step out three by three,
And he of the wooden leg and staff
In front walks solemnly.

The Dutch Patrol

Along their wonted course
The phantom troop patrol,
To see how fares Nieuw Amsterdam,
And what the years unroll.

Street after street and mile on mile,
From river bound to bound,
From old St. Mark's to Whitehall Point,
They foot the limits round;
From Maiden Lane to Corlaer's Hook
The Dutchmen's pipjen glow,
But never a word from their lips is heard,
And none their passing know.

Ere the first streak of dawn
St. Mark's again they near,
And by a vault the Nine Men halt,
Their Governor's voice to hear.
"Mynheeren," he says, "ye see
Each year our borders spread!
Lo, one by one, the landmarks gone,
And marvels come instead.

"Not even a windmill left,
Nor a garden-plot we knew,
And but a paling marks the spot
Where erst my pear-tree grew.
Our walks are wearier still,
Perchance and it were best,
So little of worth is left on earth,
To break no more our rest?"

Thus speaks old Petrus doubtfully
And shakes his valiant head,

When—on the roofs a sound of hoofs,
A rattling, pattering tread!
The bells of reindeer tinkle,
The Dutchmen plainly spy
St. Nicholas, who drives his team
Across the roof-tops nigh.

“Beshrew me for a craven!”
Cries Petrus—“All goes well!
Our patron saint still makes his round
At sound of the Christmas bell.
So long as stanch St. Nicholas
Shall guard these houses tall,
There shall come no harm from hostile arm
No evil chance befall!

“The yongens and the meisjes
Shall have their hosen filled;
The butcher and the baker,
And every honest guild,
Shall merrily thrive and flourish;
Good-night, and be of cheer;
We may safely lay us down again
To sleep another year!”

Once more the pipes are waved,
Stout Petrus gives the sign,
The misty smoke enfolds them round,
Him and his burghers nine.
All, when the cloud has lifted,
Have vanished quite away.
And the crowing cock and steeple clock
Proclaim 'tis Christmas Day.

A LEGEND OF HELL GATE

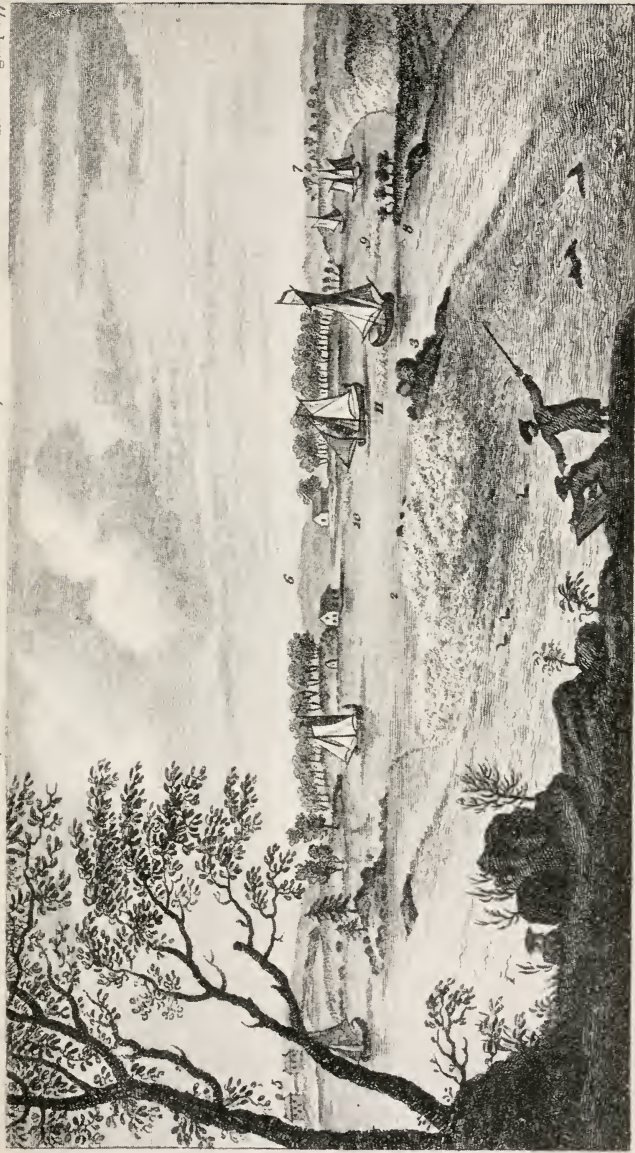
A. D. 1675

GIDEON J. TUCKER

A saucy boat was the *Annetje Block*
Periauga-built was the craft;
She carried at masthead a crowing cock,
And an Orange streamer abaft.
Her gay young skipper was Hans van Loon,
From the Wallabout shore he hailed,
And all eyes followed his bounding boat
As up the East River she sailed.

Who was there, among the Breukelen girls,
As fair as Lisbet van Pelt,
With her blooming cheeks and her yellow curls,
And her waist in a wampum belt?
With her lover, Hans, she fled from her home,
And they gained the river's side,
Where the *Annetje Block* with her streamers set,
Swung on the restless tide.

With the southerly breeze that briskly blew,
Up the East River they bore,
Past Gouanes Kill and Point Bellevue,
And the rocky Manhattan shore;
But a squall swooped down on the dancing boat,
And the whirlpool raged about;
You may see the reef where they met their death,
When the Hell Gate tide is out.



1 Horns Hook. 3 Hareweki Rock. 5 Morrisania. 7 Pinfold's Place. 9 The Pot. 11 The Frying
2 The Gridiron. 4 The Mill Rock. 6 Bahannus Island. 8 Hallett's Point. 10 The Hoops back. Pan.

Hell Gate. 1775

From an etching by W. A. Williams

London Magazine, April, 1778

MAIDEN LANE

LOUISE MORGAN SILL

Down Maiden Lane, where clover grew,
Sweet-scented in the early air,
Where sparkling rills went shining through
Their grassy banks, so green, so fair,
Blithe little maids from Holland land
Went tripping, laughing each to each,
To bathe the flax, or spread a band
Of linen in the sun to bleach.

More than two centuries ago
They wore this path—a maiden's lane—
Where now such waves of commerce flow
As never dazed a burgher's brain.
Two hundred years ago and more
Those thrifty damsels, one by one,
With plump, round arms their linen bore
To dry in Mana-ha-ta's sun.

But now! Behold the altered view;
No tender sward, no bubbling stream,
No laughter,—was it really true,
Or but the fancy of a dream?
Were these harsh walls a byway sweet,
This floor of stone a grassy plain?
Pray vanish, modern city street,
And let us stroll down Maiden Lane.

THE STAMP ACT IN NEW YORK, 1765

GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

The night before the Stamp-Act
Should rule the colony,
We slept not much; we melted lead;
We whetted steel; we plann'd ahead,
We "Sons of Liberty."

Then, when the morn was breaking,
On every hill and plain,
In all the towns, we toll'd the bells,
That all began with doleful knells,
As though for Freedom slain.

Anon, they rang out madly
What might have peal'd to be
The land's alarm-bell—only now
They peal'd to hail the new-born vow
Of men that would be free.

New York went wild to hear them.
Men flooded every way:
They left their shops; they stopt their mills;
And farmers flock'd from all the hills,
And sailors from the bay.

Now who would buy a stamp here?

Was ask'd in all the ways,
But not a shop was not shut to;
For all had wiser work to do
On this, our day of days.

"We would not, and we will not
Submit," said Isaac Sears.
The governor said: "You fill the street,
But here a fort and there a fleet
May yet awake your fears."

Then from the fort the cannon
Were turn'd upon the town,
But "If you fire," the people cried,
"We hang the governor here outside,
Or burn your quarters down."

At night, the boys with torches
Came trooping out for sport.
They sought the house of James, and took
The army flags his fear forsook,
And march'd them round the fort.

The governor own'd his coaches,
And one a coach of state.
They burst his barn-door in with cries
And dragg'd them off before his eyes,
As trophies of their hate.

An image of the devil,
And of the governor too
They made, and made them both careen,
While, side by side, through Bowling Green,
They wheel'd them into view.

The Stamp Act in New York

At last, of all the coaches
They form'd a funeral pyre;
And, full in face of all the town,
Who only roar'd its roar to drown,
They set the whole on fire.

The governor begg'd the army,
The army begg'd the fleet,
To take the stamps and save the fort;
But neither cared to brave the sport
Of those who fill'd the street.

The courage of the courtiers
Had bow'd to wisdom higher;
The power of right that ruled the street
Had overawed the fort and fleet—
They did not dare to fire.

So nothing now was left them
Except to yield us all.
Our mayor took the stamps, at last,
And bore them off, and lock'd them fast
Within the City Hall.

And loud the people shouted;
They felt that right was done;
Cried "Liberty and Property!"
No stamps to curse the Colony!"
And parted, one by one.

The next day all the papers
Without the stamps appear'd.
Men took no notes, but trusted men.
Our ships were off to sea again;
And none the navy fear'd.

And none had bought a stamp there,
Or seal'd himself a slave;
And half of England, trust my word,
Were thrill'd with joy, when they had heard
How we ourselves could save.

At last there came a daybreak
When all the thankful kneel'd;
And bells were rung, and banners hung;
And England's weal was drunk and sung—
The Stamp Act was repeal'd.

WHEN BROADWAY WAS A COUNTRY ROAD

CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD

No rushing cars, nor tramping feet
Disturbed the peaceful summer days
That shone as now upon the street
That knows our busy noisy ways.
And blushing girls and awkward jays
Strolled slowly home, and cattle lowed
As fell the purple twilight haze,
When Broadway was a country road.

No tailored dandies, trim and neat;
No damsels of the latest craze
Of form and fashion; no conceit
To catch the fancy or amaze,
No buildings met the skyward gaze;
Nor myriad lights that nightly glowed
To set the midnight hour ablaze—
When Broadway was a country road.

Then shady lanes with blossoms sweet
Led gently down to quiet bays
Or to the sheltered, hedged retreat
Some falling mansion now betrays.
The stage-coach here no longer pays
Its daily call, nor farmer's goad

When Broadway Was a Country Road 41

Their oxen, as in olden days
When Broadway was a country road.

Little indeed to meet the praise
Of modern times the picture showed.
And yet the fancy fondly strays
To Broadway as a country road.

NATHAN HALE

September 22, 1776

Delivered before the Alumni of Columbia College, October 27,
1858

JOHN MACMULLEN, A.M.

Come all Alumni gather round;
I tell of courage high;
Of Nathan Hale, a college boy,
One not afraid to die.
His father a stout yeoman was;
In Coventry his birth;
And never shone the golden sun
On one of loftier worth.

When he entered the halls of Mother Yale,
And trod beneath her elm,
He seemed some heaven-sent Mercury,
With wingèd feet and helm;
For he was tall, well-knit and strong;
No goodlier youth was seen;
And in after years men proudly showed
His leap on the College Green.

The war cry to New London came,
Where Hale sat in his school.



Pulling down the Statue of George III

Then straightway rose the hero up;
 Left copy-book and rule.
 "I've passed among you pleasant days;
 But those pleasant days are o'er.
 My country calls; I leave my books,
 And gird me up for war."

Hale took the guise of schoolmaster,
 Wandering in search of work,
 'Neath plain brown clothes and broad-brimmed hat
 His purposes must lurk.
 He crossed the Sound at Norwalk
 When all was still and dark
 And safely trod on hostile ground
 Ere rising of the lark.

Through English, Hessians, Waldeckers,
 He passed in safety on,
 Striving their numbers all to note,
 And all their works to con.
 From Brooklyn he crossed over here
 And passed along our streets;
 Though every soldier was his foe,
 Yet all he calmly meets.

'Twas early morn, when on the shore
 At Huntington he stood,
 He waited but the appointed boat
 To bear him o'er the flood,
 'Twas close by Jesse Fleet's. The leaves
 Were fluttering on the trees;
 The rippling waves in changing curves,
 Obeyed the wandering breeze.

His task was done; the risk was run;
His knowledge all secure.
He'd but to cross the Sound again,
And all would then be sure.
A boat comes round the point—'Tis she,—
The bark to bear him o'er.
He stands to wait, in careless ease,
Her progress from the shore.

Too late! too late! he sees his fault.—
The British uniform
Is in the boat; and near must float
Some ship where red-coats swarm.
He turns too late! the sheltering trees
He never more may gain.
"Stand or you die!" He yields perforce,—
And in the boat is ta'en.

Right close they guarded him, and led,
To where, on Murray Hill,
Sir William Howe's headquarters were,
In Beekman's mansion still.
Its owner, a true patriot,
Had to Esopus fled.
They seized his house; his halls they rang
To the hated Briton's tread.

A greenhouse in the garden stood;
They brought the captive there;
The place was shorn of all its flowers,
The tiled floor was bare.
Bound, but undaunted, waiting doom,
The youthful Captain stood,

Whate'er he felt, his manly front
Betrayed no changing mood.

Short was his trial, sharp his doom—
At daybreak he must die;
They lead him forth to hold secure
Till dawning tints the sky.
Close guarded to his prison cell,
The doors upon him close,
And he is left to think all night,
Or seek disturbed repose.

But see! the first grey streaks of dawn
Come stealing o'er the sky;
Hale leaves his restless couch that he
May dress himself to die.
They come—with calm he meets them,
And walks with firmest tread;
Upright his graceful, manly form,
Uplifted is his head.

In Chambers Street they halted;
The brutal Cunningham,
With negro Dick, his hangman foul,
Their cursèd work began.
There was a graveyard to the north,
And from a branching tree
The fatal noose hangs ready
That's to set his spirit free.

“My sole regret is that I have
Only one life to give.”
The furious brute laid hands on him,
That he might not longer live.—

We know not where they buried him,
Belike beneath the tree;
But patriot memories cluster there,
Where'er the spot may be.

And still when comes September,
The month that saw his death,
And the forest leaves begin to change
Beneath the frost-king's breath,
In cottage and in college hall,
Throughout our native land
Let each faithful heart recall thy part
Amidst the patriot band.

NATHAN HALE

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is colour in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,

Nathan Hale

Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm

A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of *Hale* shall burn!

BOWLING GREEN

LOUISE MORGAN SILL

Where the city's rushing throng
Beats its burly way along
 Whitehall Street,
Up where giant buildings frown
On the pygmy people, down
 At their feet,

Lies a modest bit of park
That the people seldom mark
 In their haste,
As they scatter to and fro,
And like winds of heaven go,
 Fury-paced.

But within this green enclosed—
Where the burghers, once reposed
 At their ease,
Or at bowls displayed their skill
Summer afternoons to kill,
 If you please—

Reigns some magic of the past
That, amid the noisy blast
 All around,

Sets a charm upon your ear
As you enter, and you hear
 Not a sound;

Not a murmur, save the tone
Of a Dutchman, or the drone
 Of a bee;
Or the laughter of a child
As he scampers free and wild
 On the lea.

You can see the Maying-time,
When the maidens' voices chime
 Joyous notes;
When the Neltjies and the rest
Are arrayed in all their best
 Petticoats.

And they dance with such a grace,
And they blush with such a face—
 Rose-and-cream—
As they curtsey, sweet and shy,
That you wonder why you sigh
 As you dream.

For they've vanished long ago,
Burgher, goede vrow and beau,
 Damsel fair;
And the smile that meets your eye,
And the steps that patter by
 Are but air.

Bowling Green

Yet, 'tis said that every night
When the moon is shining bright
 On the scene,
Still the Dutchmen's placid souls
Play their solemn game of bowls
 On the Green.

THE CONGRATULATION

Written on occasion of the failure of the great expectations entertained by the Americans from the presence in our waters of D'Estaing's fleet during the years 1778 and 1779.

DR. JONATHAN ODELL

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
In vain has Franklin's artifice been tried,
And Louis swell'd with treachery and pride:
Who reigns supreme in heav'n deception spurns,
And on the author's head the mischief turns.
What pains were taken to procure D'Estaing!
His fleet's dispersed, and Congress may go hang.

Joy to great Congress, joy an hundred fold:
The grand cajolers are themselves cajol'd!
Heav'n's King sends forth the hurricane and strips
Of all their glory the perfidious ships.
His Ministers of Wrath the storm direct;
Nor can the Prince of Air his French protect.
Saint George, Saint David show'd themselves true
 hearts;
Saint Andrew and Saint Patrick topped their parts
With right Eolian puffs the wind they blew;
Crack went the masts; the sails to shivers flew.
Such honest Saints shall never be forgot;
Saint Denis and Saint Tammany, go rot.

THE WALLABOUT MARTYRS

In Brooklyn, in an old vault, mark'd by no special recognition, lie huddled at this moment the undoubtedly authentic remains of the stanchest and earliest Revolutionary patriots from the British prison ships and prisons of the times of 1776-83, in and around New York, and from all over Long Island; originally buried—many thousands of them—in trenches in the Wallabout sands.

WALT WHITMAN

Greater than memory of Achilles or Ulysses,
More, more by far to thee than tomb of Alexander,
Those cart loads of old charnel ashes, scales and
splints of mouldy bones,
Once living men—once resolute courage, aspiration,
strength,
The stepping stones to thee today and here, America.

THE TOMB OF THE PATRIOTS

Occasioned by the general procession of many thousands of the citizens of New York on the 26th of May, 1808, to inter the bones and skeletons of American prisoners who perished in the old *Jersey*, and other prison ships, during the Revolutionary War; and which were now first discovered by the wasting of the shores and banks on Long Island, where they had been left.

PHILIP FRENEAU

Britain! we cite you to our bar, once more;
What but ambition urged you to our shore?—
To abridge our native rights, seven years you strove;
Seven years were ours your arm of death to prove,
To find, that conquest was your sovereign view;
Your aims, to fetter, humble, and subdue,
To seize a soil which not your labour till'd
When the rude native scarcely we repell'd.
When, with unbounded rage, their nations swore
To hurl the out-law'd stranger from their shore,
Or swell the torrent with their thousands slain.
No more to approach them, or molest their reign.—

What did we ask?—what right but reason owns?
Yet even the mild petition met your frowns.
Submission only to a monarch's will
Could calm your rage, or bid your storm be still.

Before our eyes the angry shades appear
Of those, whose relics we this day inter:
They live, they speak, reproach you, and complain
Their lives were shorten'd by your galling chain:
They aim their shafts, directed to your breast,—
Let rage, and fierce resentment tell the rest.

These coffins, tokens of our last regard
These mouldering bones your vengeance might have
spared.—
If once, in life, they met you on the main,
If to your arms they yielded on the plain,—
Man, once a captive, all respect should claim
That Britain gave, before her days of shame.
How changed their lot! in floating dungeons thrown,
They sigh'd unpitied, and relieved by none:
In want of all that nature's wants demand,
They met destruction from some traitor's hand,
Who treated all with death or poison here,
Or the last groan, with ridicule severe.

A sickening languor to the soul returns
And kindling passion at the motive spurns:
The murders here, did we at length display
Would more than paint an indian tyrant's sway:
Then hush the theme, and to the dust restore
These, once so wretched near Manhattan's shore.

THE PRISON SHIPS, 1776

Ode read at the Dedicatory exercises of the Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument on Fort Greene, Washington Park, Brooklyn, New York, November 14, 1908.

THOMAS WALSH

O martyrdom of hope!—to lie
In youth and strength—and die
'Mid rotting hulks that once by every sea
And star swung carelessly—
To die becalmed in war's black hell,
Where in the noon's wide blaze your hearts could
 soar
With gull and eagle by each cherished shore
Of home—where ye had sworn to dwell
The fathers of the free.

Blessed and radiant now!—look down
In consecration of the solemn deed
Which here commemorates this iron breed
Of martyrs nameless in the clay
As the true heroes of our newer day—
World heroes—patterned not on king and demi-god
Of charioted splendor or of crown
Blood crusted—but on toilers in the sod,
On reapers of the sea, on lovers of mankind,

Whose bruised shoulders bear
The lumbering wain of progress—all who share
The crust and sorrows of our mortal lot—
Lamps of the soul The Christ hath left behind
To light the path whereon He faltered not.

And ye, O sailors faring buoyant forth,
Bear ye the tidings of this joy-swept main
Where round the coasts of Celt or Dane
Ye brave the sleet-mouthed north
Or track the moon on some Sicilian wave
Or lonely cape of Spain;
Take ye the story of these comrades true
Whose prison hulks sank here
Where now such tides of men are poured
As never surged o'er crag or fiord
To stay the gulls with fear—
Who yet such quest of glory know
As never Argonaut of old
Seeking the shores of gold—
As never knight from wound and vigil pale
Tracing o'er sunset worlds his Holy Grail.

And lo!—to all the seas a pharos set
In sign memorial! Through the glooms of Time
'Twill teach a sacrifice of self sublime
O'er lash of storms as through corroding calms,
Nor e'er alone shall shine
Its love-bright parapet;
But every star shall bring a golden alms;—
The seething harbour line
Glow 'neath its star-fed hives, its swing and flare
Of Bridges;—while with pilgrim lamps from sea

Shall grope the Dreadnought fleets;—while endless
prayer

Of dawns and sunsets floods the faces far

Uplifted, tear-stained, to this Martyr shrine—

Whose sister torch shall greet what Liberty

Holds back to God,—earth's brightest answering
star.

SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN

HENRY VAN DYKE

Children of the elemental mother,
Born upon some lonely island shore
Where the wrinkled ripples run and whisper,
Where the crested billows plunge and roar;
Long-winged, tireless roamers and adventurers,
Fearless breasters of the wind and sea,
In the far-off solitary places
I have seen you floating wild and free!

Here the high-built cities rise around you;
Here the cliffs that tower east and west,
Honeycombed with human habitations,
Have no hiding for the sea-bird's nest:
Here the river flows begrimed and troubled;
Here the hurrying, panting vessels fume,
Restless, up and down the watery highway,
While a thousand chimneys vomit gloom.

Toil and tumult, conflict and confusion,
Clank and clamour of the vast machine
Human hands have built for human bondage—
Yet amid it all you float serene;
Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly
Down to glean your harvest from the wave;

In your heritage of air and water,
You have kept the freedom Nature gave.

Even so the wild-woods of Manhattan
Saw your wheeling flocks of white and grey;
Even so you fluttered, followed, floated,
Round the *Half-Moon* creeping up the bay;
Even so your voices creaked and chattered,
Laughing shrilly o'er the tidal rips,
While your black and beady eyes were glistening
Round the sullen British prison-ships.

Children of the elemental mother,
Fearless floaters 'mid the double blue,
From the crowded boats that cross the ferries
Many a longing heart goes out to you.
Though the cities climb and close around us,
Something tells us that our souls are free,
While the sea-gulls fly above the harbour,
While the river flows to meet the sea!

SONG FOR A VENISON DINNER AT MR.
BUNYAN'S

New York, 1781

JOSEPH STANSBURY

Friends, push 'round the bottle, and let us be drink-
ing,

While Washington up in his mountains is slinking.

Good faith, if he's wise he'll not leave them behind
him,

For he knows he's safe nowhere where Britons can
find him.

When he and Fayette talk of taking this city,
Their vaunting moves only our mirth and our pity.

But though near our lines they're too cautious to
tarry,

What courage they shew when a hen-roost they
harry!

Who can wonder that Poultry and Oxen and Swine
Seek shelter in York from such Valour divine;

While Washington's jaws and the Frenchman's are
aching

The spoil they have lost to be boiling and baking.

Let Clinton and Arnold bring both to subjection,
And send us more geese here to seek our Protection.

Their flesh and their feathers shall meet a kind greet-
ing:

A fat Rebel Turkey is excellent eating:

A Lamb fat as butter, and white as a Chicken—

Those sorts of tame Rebels are excellent picking.

Today a wild Rebel has smoaked on the Table:

You've cut him and slic'd him as long as you're
able.

He bounded like Congo, and bade you defiance:

And plac'd on his running his greatest reliance.

But Fate overtook him and brought him before ye,

To shew how Rebellion will wind up *her* story.

Then cheer up, my lads, if the Prospect grows rougher,

Remember from whence, and for whom 'tis ye suffer:

From men whom mild Laws, and too happy condi-
tion,

Have puffed up with Pride and inflamed with sedi-
tion.

For George, whose reluctance to punish Offenders

Has strengthened the hands of these upstart Pre-
tenders.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH, 1783

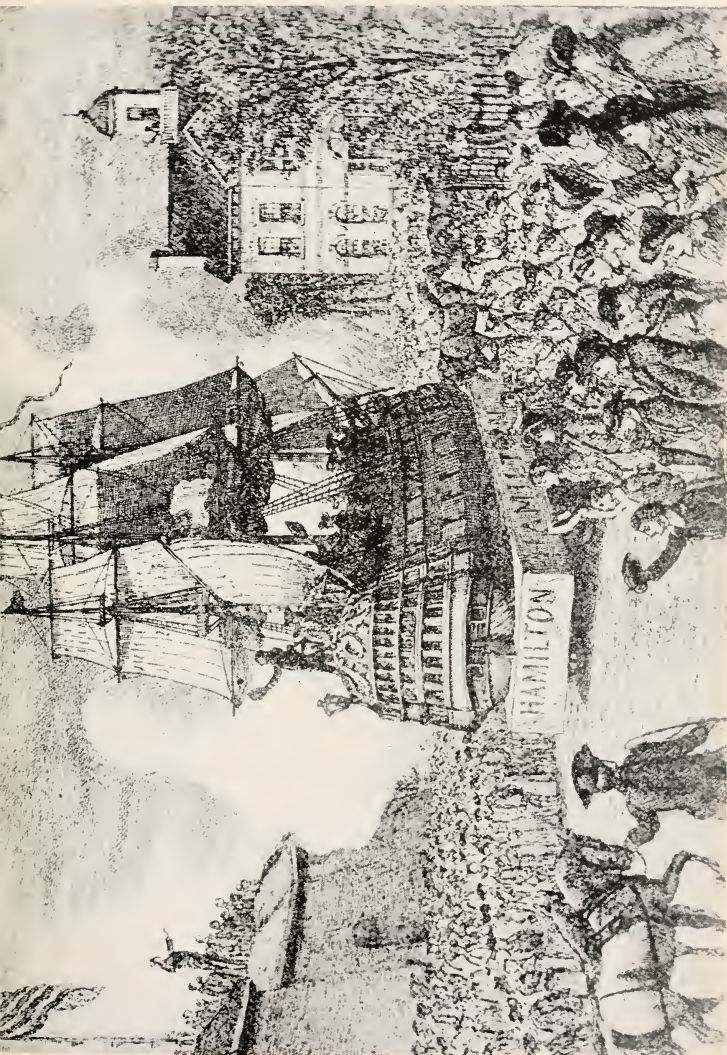
The following song was composed and sung on the ever-memorable 25th of November, 1783, when the conquered Britons evacuated the City of New York, and thereby finally left the thirteen United States in possession of that freedom, prosperity, and independence for which they had so long and so successfully contended.

They come!—they come!—the heroes come
With sounding fife, with thundering drum;
Their ranks advance in bright array,—
The heroes of America!

He comes!—'tis mighty Washington,
(Words fail to tell all he has done,)
Our hero, guardian, father, friend!
His fame can never, never end.

He comes!—he comes!—our Clinton comes!
Justice her ancient seat resumes:
From shore to shore let shouts resound,
For Justice comes, with Freedom crown'd.

She comes!—the angelic virgin—Peace,
And bids stern War his horrors cease;
Oh! blooming virgin with us stay,
And bless, oh! bless America!



Procession in Honour of the Federal Constitution. 1788

Wilson's Memorial History

THE BALL, 1789

H. C. BUNNER

The Town is at the Ball to-night,
The Town is at the Ball;
From the Battery to Hickory Lane
The Beaux come one and all.
The French folk up along the Sound
Took carriage for the city,
And Madge the Belle, from New Rochelle,
Will stop with Lady Kitty.

And if the Beaux could have their way
Their choice would be, in Brief,
That Madge the Bell should lead the Ball
And open with THE CHIEF.
Though Lady Kitty's high estate
May give this choice some reason,
By Right Divine Madge holds the place—
The Toast of all the Season.

Behold her as she trips the floor
By Lady Kitty's side—
How low bows Merit at her glance,
And Valour, true and tried!
Each hand that late the sword-hilt grasped
Would fain her hand be pressing—

The Ball

But, ah! fair Madge, who'll wear your badge
Is past all wooer's guessing.

The Colonel bows his powdered head
Well-nigh unto her feet;
Fame's Trump rings dull unto his ears,
That wait her Accents sweet.
The young Leftenant, Trig and Trim,
Who lately won his spurs,
Casts love-sick glances in her way,
And wins no glance of hers.

Before her bows the Admiral,
Whose head was never bowed
Before the foamy-crested wave
That wet the straining shroud.
And all his pretty midshipmen,
They stand there in a line,
Saluting this Fair Craft that sails
With no surrendering sign.

And so she trips across the floor
On Lady Kitty's arm,
And grizzled pates and frizzled pates
All bow before her charm.
And she will dance the minuet,
A-facing Lady Kitty,
Nor miss THE CHIEF—she hath, in brief,
Her choice of all the city.

.

But in the minuet a hand
Shall touch her finger-tips,
And almost to a Kiss shall turn
The Smile upon her lips;

And he is but a midship boy,
And she is Madge the Belle;
But never to Chief nor to Admiral
Such a tale her lips shall tell.

.

The Town is at the Ball to-night,
The Town is at the Ball,
And the Town shall talk as never before
Ere another night shall fall;
And men shall rave in Rector street,
And men shall swear in Pine,
And hearts shall break for Madge's sake
From Bay to City Line.

And Lady Kit shall wring her hands,
And write the tale to tell
(To that much dreaded Maiden Aunt
Who lives at New Rochelle)
All of a gallant Midshipman
Who wooed in April weather
The Fairest of All at the Chieftain's Ball—
And they ran away together.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON

New York, April 30, 1789

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

O City sitting by the Sea!

How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the nation found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke,
The resonant bell-towers' vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St.
Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

And still we trust the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY LORD BELLAMONT'S, LADY HAY'S,
AND OTHER SKELETONS BEING DUG UP IN FORT
GEORGE, N. Y., 1790

PHILIP FRENEAU

To sleep in peace when life is fled
Where shall our mouldering bones be laid—
What care can shun—(I ask with tears)
The shovels of succeeding years!

Alas! What griefs must man endure!
Not even in forts he rests secure:—
Time dims the splendours of a crown,
And brings the loftiest rampart down.

Those teeth, dear girls—so much your care—
(With which no ivory can compare)
Like these (that once were Lady Hay's)
May serve the belles of future days.

The breath once gone no art recalls!
Away we haste to vaulted walls:
Some future whim inverts the plain,
And stars behold our bones again.

ON THE DEMOLITION OF FORT GEORGE,
1790

PHILIP FRENEAU

As giants once, in hopes to rise,
Heaped up their mountains to the skies;
With Pelion piled on Ossa, strove
To reach the eternal throne of Jove;

So here the hands of ancient days
Their fortress from the earth did raise,
On whose proud heights, proud man to please,
They mounted guns and planted trees.

Those trees to lofty stature grown—
All is not right!—they must come down,
Nor longer waste their wonted shade
Where Colden slept, or Tryon strayed.

Where Dutchmen once, in ages past,
Huge walls and ramparts round them cast
New fabrics raised, on new design,
Gay streets and palaces shall shine.

Another George shall here reside,
While Hudson's bold, unfettered tide
Well pleased to see his chief so nigh,
With livelier aspect passes by.

Along his margin, fresh and clean,
Ere long shall belles and beaux be seen,
Through moon-light shades, delighted, stray,
To view the islands and the bay.

To barren hills far southward shoved,
These noisy guns shall be removed,
No longer here a vain expense,
Where time has proved them no defense.—

Advance, bright days! make haste to crown
With such fair scenes this honoured town,—
Freedom shall find her charter clear,
And plant her seat of commerce here.

THE SIEUR DE ROCHEFONTAINE

St. Paul's Churchyard

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Picardy, Provence, Touraine—
Never the fair home land again,
For the Sieur de Rochefontaine!

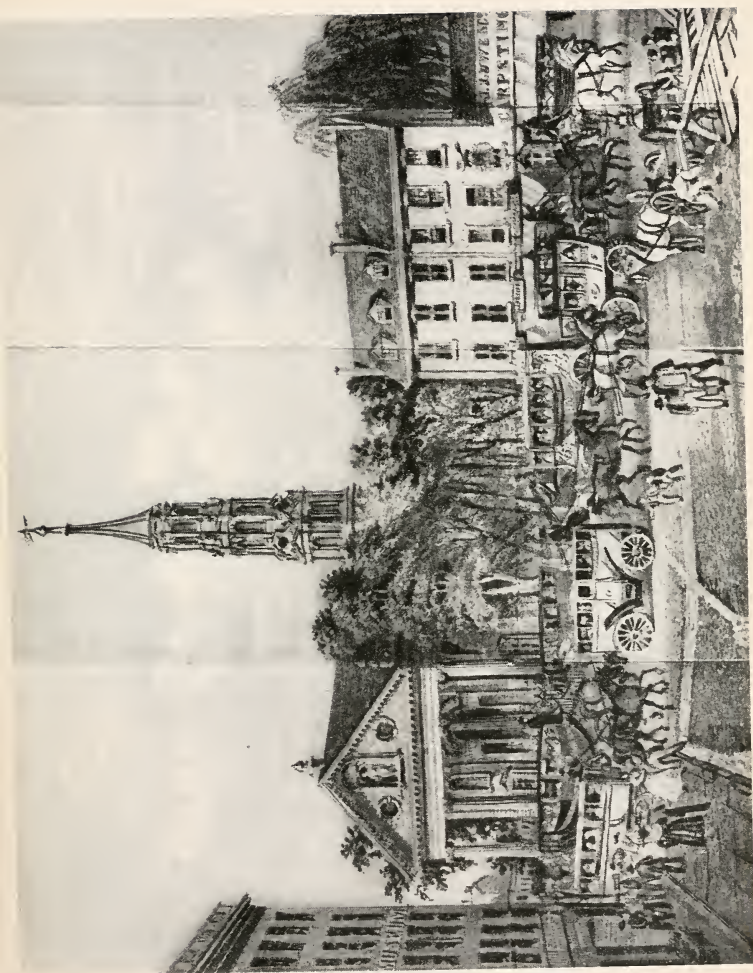
Never to lie among his own
With the soft south breezes o'er him blown
Where his stately noble name is known!

But ever and evermore to rest,
With the alien marble above his breast,
In the clime of his youthful soldier quest.

In the tyrannous time of war and woe,
The ancient foe of his folk our foe,
Hither he came with Rochambeau.

Lace and ruffle and epaulet,
Grace and a courtier bearing, yet
A soul as valiant as Lafayette.

A valiant soul that burned to be
In the fore of the fight for liberty
With the dauntless men who would fain be free.



Broadway Stages at St. Paul's. 1861

From *Valentine's Manual*, 1861

Just another who caught the gleam
Of the sun of Freedom's rising beam,
Who saw the vision, who dreamed the dream.

Daily Broadway's clamours and calls
Sweep by the chapel of old St. Paul's,
Its levelled graves and its ivied walls.

Here he sleeps; may his slumbers be
Sweet with the great felicity
That waits, 'tis said, beyond Death's dark sea.

Never the fair home land!—and still
What matters it for a noble will
That smites for right, 'gainst a giant ill?

Ours the freedom he helped to gain;
So a plot of our free domaine
For the Sieur de Rochefontaine.

OLD ST. PAUL'S

ARTHUR UPSON

Park Row and Broadway—rush and din,
Turmoil of men in their strong, brief years,
Conquest, honour, failure and sin!—

Rest for a moment the eyes and the ears;
Step through this gate for a while with me
Where struggles pause, and thought is free.

Look at the words on this little stone
Under the trees of old St. Paul's.
Ninety summers have flowered and flown,
Round these ivied Georgian walls,
Since they cut in the headstone grey
The name of "Antipass Hathaway."

Only fourteen! Boy-gladness, his,
Touched—would you say?—by the lips of joy
Into eternal youthfulness—

Spirit abiding forever boy!
"March 29th,"—so they brought him here
In the very bud of the welling year.

Across the walk, quaint-carven French,
Line after line in martial row,
Hinting at bivouac, storm, and trench

Under the Comte de Rochambeau:
Valiant indeed, from far Champagne
Adventured the "Sieur de Rochefontaine."

Follow me over this stretch of sod;
Mark the shaft with its moral urn;
There, where the red rose-bushes bud,
A few spent petals, you notice, burn
Against the letters chiselled plain:
"Of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

And a name now vague to you and me,
An actor renowned in his day, forsooth;
See how they loved his memory:
"Repaired by" . . . "Sothorn," "Kean," and
"Booth,"
"And by The Players."—Such fame's enough!
"Dreams" made his life: We are all "such stuff!"

Oh, but the schoolboy rolling hoops
Over the grasses of Bowling Green,
And the brave young captain with his troops
Charging into the battle-scene,
And the actor accomplished, praised by all—
Who gathered them here 'neath the churchyard wall?

NABBY, THE NEW YORK HOUSEKEEPER

TO NANNY, HER FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA, AFTER THE
DEPARTURE OF CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK,

1790

PHILIP FRENEAU

Well, Nanny, I am sorry to find, since you writ.
us,

The Congress at last has determined to quit us;
You now may begin with your dish-clouts and brooms,
To be scouring your knockers and scrubbing your
rooms;

As for us, my dear Nanny, we're much in a pet,
And hundreds of houses will be to be let;
Our streets, that were just in a way to look clever,
Will now be neglected and nasty as ever;
Again we must fret at the Dutchified gutters
And pebble-stone pavements that wear out our
trotters.

My master looks dull, and his spirits are sinking,
From morning to night he is smoking and thinking,
Laments the expense of destroying the fort,
And says, your great people are all of a sort—
He hopes and prays they may die in a stall
If they leave us in debt—for Federal Hall—
And Strap has declared, he has so much regards,

He will go, if they go, for the sake of their beards.
Miss Letty, poor lady, is so in the pouts,
She values no longer our dances and routs,
And sits in a corner, dejected and pale,
As dull as a cat, and as lean as a rail!—
Poor thing, I'm certain she's in a decay,
And all—because Congress resolve—not to stay!
This Congress unsettled is, sure, a sad thing,
Seven years, my dear Nanny, they've been on the
wing;
My master would rather saw timber, or dig,
Than see them removing to Conegocheague,
Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed,
The trees to be felled, and the streets to be named;
Of the two we had rather your town should receive
'em—
So here, my dear Nanny, in haste I must leave 'em,
I'm a dunce at inditing—and as I'm a sinner,
The beefe is half raw—and the bell rings for dinner!

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1796

"Antiquam exquisite matrem."

JOSIAH SHIPPEY, A.B.

Columbia College! Alma Mater! well
Do I remember, and the time could tell,
When first escaped from pedagogic rule,
To thee I came fresh from a grammar school
From five long years well stored, at all events,
With English, Greek, and Latin rudiments.
And how I profited thy books can show,
Placed number four with twenty-eight below.
What change to freedom from tyrannic sway!
No time can chase the pleasing thought away.
No more our minds with six tail'd strap appall'd,
Blockheads no more, but *generosi* call'd.
And then, at home, our studies to pursue,
'Twas charming sure, for it was something new!
And now thou view'st us scattered o'er thy green;
Here are the gay, and there the thoughtful seen.
'Neath spreading trees we either stand or sit,
And on each other exercise our wit;
Or some are conning o'er the task assign'd,
To keep it fresh, when call'd for in their mind.
While some their fellow on swift foot pursue,
With noise and shouting make a vast ado.



Columbia College. 1768

Drawn by Thomas Howdell and engraved by Gavit and Duthie, *Documentary History of New York*, after an engraving by P. Canot

But hark! the lecture bell! when all at once
Rush up the stoop, the scholar and the dunce,
Enter the room, in silence take our seats,
Then each *vicissim*, the word "*Here*" repeats;
The roll is call'd, the absentees are fined,
Lecture commences, all composed each mind;
Our every eye on the professor darts,
Each ear drinks in the learning he imparts.
But some distrustful of their mem'ry power,
On paper pen the teaching of the hour.
The lecture ended, all rush down the stairs,
And each to his own dwelling place repairs.
Morning and evening found the students all,
For prayers assembled, in the common hall.
Our good old Pres. in pulpit mounted high,
With specks on nose, and on his book each eye,
He reads, while he a cheerful aspect wears,
In solemn tones Episcopalian pray'rs.
On the concluding day of ev'ry week,
Some compositions bring, some pieces speak.
Our intermediate studies to repeat,
To some, no doubt, would prove a grateful treat.
But to remind thee of some things were vain,
So oft transacted o'er and o'er again;
From time almost a century ago,
Thou know'st them all, and part of them I know.
Oh happy College hours! though now ye seem
As but the remnant of a fev'rish dream;
So many sorrows, joys and griefs and fears,
Have filled the lapse of nearly fifty years:

.

But let me mention first thy gala day,
When all thy train came marching down Broadway,

It was a show not framed for war or fight,
It peaceful was, a real classic sight.
Freshmen and Sophs, Juniors and Seniors abreast,
Pres., and Professors, Janitor, full dress'd,
In long and flowing gowns of sable hue,
They look'd like Preachers to the admiring view!
Then there arrived, into St. Paul's they press'd,
And I, thy joyous son, among the rest;
Then up the aisles we pass'd with silent feet,
And each located in his proper seat.
Fill'd was the House of God, below, above
Music—and beauty, beaming looks of love.
The music still'd, and now commence by sign,
Those acts in which each speaker tries to shine;
Speeches in English, some in Latin too,
Salute, farewell, sparkling with wit, span new.
The speaking o'er, th' assembly wait to see,
Each graduate take his separate degree;
Conferr'd by Pres. in Latin on the whole,
A.B. or A.M. with a parchment roll.
Pray'rs ended, now th' assembly all retire
To censure some, while some applaud, admire.
Among the A.B.'s ranks thy humble son;
Mother, these acts in ninety-six were done!

AN EVENING WALK

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Beyond the clash and clang of cars,
The clamorous rush of trade,
One night at earliest peer of stars,
Apart alone I strayed.

Crossing a little square where eve
Descended, pensive-eyed,
Lo, a soft touch upon my sleeve,—
A slim form at my side!

He bowed with old-time courtesy,
And words urbane on lip,
Craving, in gracious wise, of me
A twilight comradeship.

His hat was strange; his coat was strange;
His mien had subtle grace;
Emotions swept in restless change
Across his shadowed face.

He dwelt upon the lapse of years;
His voice, smooth-toned and low,
Compassed the ecstasies and tears
Of those dead long ago.

An Evening Walk

His speech with anecdote was fraught
Of bygone beau and dame,
And evermore the sound I caught
Of Blennerhasset's name.

At length I shrank as though a-cold;
Methought I heard a moan,
And when I turned my eyes, behold,
I was once more alone!

My questioning heart within my side
Gave sudden startled stir;—
I had companioned, stride for stride,
The wraith of Aaron Burr!

ON THE CITY ENCROACHMENTS ON THE
RIVER HUDSON, 1800

PHILIP FRENEAU

Where Hudson, once, in all his pride
In surges burst upon the shore
They plant amidst his flowing tide
Moles to defy his loudest roar;
And lofty mansions grow where late
Half Europe might discharge her freight.

From northern lakes and wastes of snow
The river takes a distant rise,
Now marches swift, now marches slow,
And now adown some rapid flies
Till join'd the *Mohawk*, in their course
They travel with united force.

But cease, nor with too daring aim
Encroach upon this giant flood;
No rights reserved by nature, claim,
Nor on his ancient bed intrude:—
The river may in rage awake
And time restore him all you take.

THE OLD BREVOORT FARM

A. D. 1800

GIDEON J. TUCKER

A snug little farm was the Old Brevoort,
Where cabbages grew of the choicest sort;
Full-headed and generous, ample and fat,
In a queenly way on their stems they sat;
And there was boast of their genuine breed,
For from Old Utrecht had come their seed.

These cabbages, made into sauerkraut,
Were the pride of the country round about,
And their flavour was praised at each farmer feast,
Among the Stuyvesants, far to the East,
Delanceys, that in the South meadows lay,
And Strykers, perched up at Stryker's Bay.

The Brevoorts had lived, as the record appears,
On the farm for almost a hundred years.
From Brevoort in Holland at first they came,
From that parent village they took their name;
Whence the head of the family—his name was Rip—
To New Netherlands came in an Amsterdam ship.

The farm itself was by no means great
Alongside the Stuyvesants' splendid estate,

But its pumpkins were golden, its apples round,
And buckwheat grew on its upland ground;
For a rule of diet the family had—
To eat buckwheat cakes from green-corn to shad.

Some mulberries, quinces and Dordrecht pears
Grew where Grace Church its new steeple rears;
Some creeping grape vines on trellis had run
Where beckons the statue of Washington;
On the spot where Brevoort House proudly towers
Were clumps of orange-hued *bloempje* flowers.

The homestead stood at the end of the lands
Where Grace Memorial House now stands;
In its garden, Dutch tulips of every shade,
Their beautiful form and colour displayed;
A low-roofed and unpretentious abode,
The homestead confronted a dusty road.

A merry old Dutchman was Uncle Brevoort,
Who had not lived eighty odd years for naught;
With abundant waist and laughing blue eye,
And nose of a colour a trifle high,
A gouty foot, and long silvery hair,
And a forehead free as a child's from care.

You saw, just through his half-opened door,
The well-scoured planks of a sanded floor;
And within the cupboard was ranged on a shelf
Old-fashioned crockery brought from Delft.
The roof o'er his porch for shade was a boon
In the heat of a summer afternoon.

In front of the spot where his tulips grew
Ran the road now known as Fourth Avenue;

Thence a lane to East River, through fields of wheat—
It now goes by the name of Eleventh Street.
And as the old gentleman sat in his porch
He looked down the lane to the Bouwerie Church.

To him, thus enjoying his leisure and cheer,
One fine afternoon, some surveyors drew near;
He offered a glass of old Holland schnapps,
They accepted with thanks, but produced him some
maps,
Which showed that a project was well under way
To open Eleventh Street through, to Broadway.

The red lines and blue they duly explained,
The land this one owned, the bounds that one claimed;
An assessment put here and there an award,
To run curb and gutter through garden and sward.
He listened in patience as long as he could,
And then he remarked, "He'd be blanked if they
should!"

He fought all their maps, and he fought their re-
ports,
Corporations, surveyors, commissioners, courts;
He hired his lawyers, well learned in the law;
The plans and the projects to fragments they tore.
But Uncle Brevoort, ere the law suit, expires,
And calmly he sleeps at St. Mark's with his sires.

The city abandoned the contest at last;
He knew not his triumph, his struggle was past;
His cabbage plot's built on, his tulips are gone,
Where his old homestead stood is a palace of stone.
But this of the old Dutchman's pluck we can say—
Eleventh Street's not opened through, to this day!

AN IVORY MINIATURE

HELEN GRAY CONE

When State Street homes were stately still,
When out of town was Murray Hill,
 In late deceased "old times"
Of vast, embowering bonnet shapes
And creamy-crinkled Canton crapes
 And florid annual-rhymes,

He owned a small suburban seat
Where now you see a modern street,
 A monochrome of brown:
The sad "brown brown" of Dante's dreams,
A twilight turned to stone that seems
 To weight our city down.

Through leafy chestnuts whitely showed
The pillared front of his abode:
 A garden girt it 'round,
Where pungent box did trim enclose
The marigold and cabbage rose,
 And "pi'ny" heavy-crowned.

Yea, whatso sweets the changing years,
He most affected. Gone! but here's
 His face who loved them so

Old eyes like sherry, warm and mild;
A clear-hued cheek as cheek of child;
Sleek head, a sphere of snow.

His mouth was pious, and his nose
Patrician; with which mould there goes
A disaffected view.

In those sublime, be-oratored,
Spread-eagle days, his soul deplored
So *much* red-white-and-blue!

In umber ink, with S's long,
He left behind him censure strong,
In stiffest phrases clothed!
But time—a pleasant jest enough!—
Has turned the tory leaves to buff,
The liberal hue he loathed!

Of many a gentle deed he made
Brief simple record. Never fade
Those everlasting flowers
That spring up wild in good men's walks;
Opinions wither on their stalks,
And sere grow Fashion's bowers.

Erect, befrilled, in neckcloth tall,
His semblance sits, removed from all
Our needs and noises new;
Released from all the rent we pay
As tenants of the large To-day,
Cool, in a background blue.

And he beneath a cherub chipped
Plump, squamous-pinioned, pouting-lipped,
Sleeps calm where Trinity

Points fingers dark to clouds that fleet;
A warning, seen from surging street,
A welcome seen from sea.

There fall, ghost glorified of tears
Shed for the dead in buried years,
The silver notes of chimes;
And there, with not unreverent hand
Though light, I lay this "greene garlànd,"
This woven wreath of rhymes.

THE FASHIONS, 1806

L. BEACH

A lad came down from our town,
To view this woundy city,
And take a peep at all the tips,
Who look so mighty pretty.
Yankee Doodle, mind the dance,
Step it off so neatly,
To the pretty girls advance,
Smack their lippees sweetly.

He saw the pretty girls, I vags,
As Broadway street he stood in,
Tied up as tight in cotton bags
As mother's Indian pudding.
Yankee Doodle—music strike,
Dancing now our trade is;
Did you ever see the like,
Pudding-bags on ladies.

He saw the pretty gentlemen,
You'll see them every street in,
With little jackets o'er their coats,
And leather bags their feet in.
Yankee Doodle—pantaloons
Grow so high before, sir,
They've quarrel'd with the waistcoats all,
And turn'd them out of door, sir.



"Fashionable Dresses," about 1806

From an old fashion plate

AT TRINITY

ANDREW E. WATROUS

Where Wall Street's head from full Broadway
Takes portions of the surge and spray,
By silent night, and roaring day,
 Its graves it guardeth.

The jetsam of the swollen stream,
Profounder far their peace doth seem,
For tossing drift that from their dream,
 The still close wardeth.

In days when Bleecker Street was rus,
And Murray Hill as is to us
Champlain, Au Sable; when this fuss
 And fret were quiet;

When ladies yet might think it queer
To date in 18—; when all here,
In brief, was up-town—in the year,
 Say '08,—I spy it.

Perchance, in there among the pews,
Turned down his Sunday buckled shoes,
Knight Lawrence—ere that latest cruise—
 The stainless sinner!

At Trinity

Trite wonder, where his tomb doth stand.
Had he a thought? The rector's hand
He pressed, most like. Just back to land,
And drove to dinner.

Yet, haply, here from me a span,
Some stopped to chat of the new man
In Portugal, and his great plan
For Boney brewing.

How Burr'd turned up again, some said,
Young Irving made abroad great head,
And how of Gallic power the spread
We'd all be ruing.

Splash, splash! the midnight's fresh laid dust
The swift aids churn the mud—needs must,
The troops, from off Long Island thrust,
Are marching nor'ward.

Lord Sterling's taken, and his men
All slain—the field was but a pen
Of slaughter: we're the King's again
From this time forward.

It buffets back the lines-men's drum,
Steel-fringed the scarlet ribbons come,
Strong silence through the sullen hum
St. George back bringing.

Even the gliding of their files,
In step that tells upon the miles,
They wheel—cling, clang, upon the aisles
Their muskets ringing.

Strain pipe and bellows! Belfry sway!
Roar street and slip! We greet to-day
Primmest of *patres patriæ*,
Great George!—it endeth.

Scant gleaner I amid the dead;
The reaper closely harvested;
A gesture here, a word there said,
Are all he lendeth.

What point or purpose had their fate?
They lived, and unlived; like a slate
Their old place is—our names the late
Their places borrow.

Rubbed out, writ in; it seemeth strange
To me, and plain to you—we'll change;
The old thought and the new will range
This time to-morrow.

And, silent ones, if what one saith,
You hear, and comforts life in death
As death in life, you'll wish for breath
To make me know it.

For, somehow, when first seen the place,
It seemed to nourish more the grace
Of kinship than did all the space
Above, below it.

Come on, friend—here we may not lie;
Our place is taken, yet may I,
And you, find some day time to die—
A rest remaineth.

Some spot is ours—a quiet nook,
Where shade and shine make pipe and book
To idlers pleasant: thither look,
Where peace sole reigneth.

LAWRENCE AND LUDLOW

On the arrival of the remains of Capt. Lawrence and Lieut.
Ludlow, which are to rest forever in Trinity Churchyard

Relics of the fallen brave!

Tenants of an honour'd tomb!

Conscious pride exalts the wave

Whose swelling bosom bears you home.

Ocean hails you, gallant souls!

Now once more his realm you cross;

And each billow as it rolls

Moans an anthem for your loss.

Sons of Glory! Mighty Dead!

Welcome to your parent land;

Softly here shall rest your head,

Pillow'd by your brother's hand.

LAWRENCE! LUDLOW! Sons of Fame!

Here shall rise the sculptur'd stone;

NOBLE IS THE HERO'S NAME,

GLORY CLAIMS IT AS HER OWN!

THE GRAVE OF LAWRENCE

Trinity Churchyard

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Morn and noon of day and even, human ebb and
flow;
Overhead, the stars of midnight,—scarce the faintest
glow,—
Shrunk into misty marsh-fires by the city's glare;
Here he sleeps, our sailor hero,—pause and hail him
fair!
Here he sleeps where jostling Wall Street merges in
Broadway,
And the roar is as a legion leaping to the fray.

Out from Trinity's dim portal floats the chanting
choir;
Matchless midst the girdling granite lifts the graceful
spire.
Many slumberers around him, men of church and
state;
Here he sleeps, our sailor hero, great among the
great!
Simple lines to mark his slumber; how the letters
speak!
"Lawrence" (hark, ye money-getters!) "of the
Chesapeake!"

Stone may call in clearer accents than the loudest
lip.

Just a name! What does it cry you? "Don't give up
the ship!"

Aye, there's something more than millions,—a far
nobler aim!

Here he sleeps, our sailor hero, nothing but a name!
Yet (and who can pierce the future?) this may one
day be

As a burning inspiration both on land and sea.

DESCRIPTIVE VIEW OF NEW YORK, 1813

THOMAS EATON

The Lord supreme the basis laid
For science, commerce, and for trade;
And sent a wise and chosen race,
To build and beautify the place.
Huge fabrics rising into view,
With shops of trade, and temples too,
Betray the enterprise and zeal
The emulous projectors feel.
On either bay a street is laid,
And commons into parks are made;
While num'rous shorter streets and lanes
Divide and check the bushy plains.
Anon the builder stops and views
The rising village as it grows—
The shores are fring'd with docks and slips
And boast their sev'ral thousand ships,
With schooners, sloops, and brigs and boats,
And ev'ry kind of thing that floats,
From ev'ry nation on the globe,
That makes a pin, a book, or robe.
And here the southern merchant hies,
With fancy goods the place supplies,
While Ireland her grocers sends,
With rum to treat her Yankee friends;

And England, France, and humbler Wales
Send here to see what trade prevails,
And try if any chance there be
To undermine our liberty.

A transatlantic pride they bring,
With follies, fashions, every thing.
Now leaving out the idle scene
At gov'ment-house and bowling-green,
The southern park, now batt'ry call'd,
The stone and turf with which it's wall'd,
Its forts and guns and drinking-place—
To eastward Chatham street we'll trace.

But, passing Tammany, we come
Directly to the Museum.

A stately house, completely full
Of mammoth bones, or bones of bull,
With birds and beasts, and min'ral ore,
And things that ne'er were known before.

It is no mark of knave or fool,
To visit oft this nat'ral school,
For good and wise men have been in,
And yet come out as wise again.

But longer here we may not be,
As we have other things to see;
And to observe how Chatham street
Has suffer'd from the fire of late.

Near sixty houses laid in dust,
And this of evils not the worst;
For families two hundred more
Were robb'd of home in one short hour.

On lofty house high mounted up,
E'en tiptoe on the very top,
I view the wide extended block,
Where goats and sheep commingled flock.

A175231

Broadway the first that takes the eye,
The noblest street I here espy,
The new-swept side-walks neat and clean,
With poplars shaded sweet and green,
And sev'ral thousand stylish folks
Are seen repassing on the walks.
Here side by side close converse hold,
A mincing pair, till each has told,
Perhaps, the whole she thinks or knows
About her prospects and her beaux.
And there a gentleman complete,
In fashion all, from head to feet,
With hugest seal and ruffles wide,
Now strutting in the height of pride,
And in his heart a want of sense,
His long-neglected judgment hence;
For so the fashion is, and he,
For fashion-sake, must shallow be.
For miles around we now behold
New objects, and new scenes unfold;
The num'rous steeples, tow'ring high,
Seen best from ships when passing by,
And next the thousand streets appear,
Some fill'd with carts and others clear,
Extending now the pow'r of sight,
We view the spreads of canvas white
Which press the oval hulks along,
As swift as horses, twice as strong.
With eagle-eye we now can see
Where all the public houses be:
And leaving churches unobserv'd,
And places where the devil's serv'd,
We prospect have of Fed'ral Hall,
Of hotels and of taverns small!

And tow'ring high above the rest,
From Jersey bank observ'd the best,
Or when descending Hudson bold,
The City Hotel we behold;
And next to that Mechanic Hall,
High built, though narrow made and small;
Now Washington and Tammany
Which own'd by politicians be;
Commercial next, and old Tontine,
Whose earthen roofs, sun-beaten shine,
And Phoenix new, and num'rous banks,
Where wealth plays off her shaving pranks.
Now turning here and there we see
Where all the public auctions be;
What motley crowds assemble there;
Or loss or benefit to share—
The country folks, an honest set,
Here cheaply buy, but nothing get.
And there the market glutted stands
That ev'ry class of men commands,
For rich and poor commingle here,
And buy they must, or cheap or dear—
They have no choice, for all must eat,
And butchers always sell their meat.
Now round and round we turn to see
All kind of folks, or bond or free,
Or black, or white, or brown, or grey,
Blasphemers, or the folks that pray,
With carriages that go and come,
Some Quaker-like, and glit'ring some.
But weary grown, at length, of vain
Review, we straight descend again,
To where the sudden change of scene
Makes us forget where we have been.

ON THE BRITISH BLOCKADE, AND
EXPECTED ATTACK ON NEW YORK—1814

PHILIP FRENEAU

Old Neversink, with bonnet blue,
The present times may surely rue
When told what England means to do.

Where from the deep his head he rears
The din of war salutes his ears,
That teased him not for thirty years.

With tents I see his mountain spread,
The soldier to the summit led,
And cannon planted on his head:

From Shrewsbury beach to Sandy Hook
The country has a martial look,
And Quakers skulk in every nook.—

What shall be done in such a case?—
We ask again with woeful face,
To save the trade and guard the place?

Where mounted guns the *porte* secure,
The cannon at the embrasure,
Will British fleets attempt to moor?



New York from Governor's Island. 1816

Valentine's Manual, 1860

Their feelings are alive and sore
For what they got at *Baltimore*,
When, with disgrace, they left the shore,

And will revenge it, if they can,
On town and country, maid and man—
And all they fear is *Fulton's* plan;

Torpedoes planted in the deep,
Whose blast may put them all to sleep,
Or ghostify them at a sweep.

Another scheme, entirely new,
Is hammering on his anvil too,
That frightens Christian, Turk, and Jew.

A frigate meant to sail by steam!—
How can she else but torture them,
Be proof to all their fire and flame.

A feast she cooks for England's sons
Of scalded heads and broken bones
Discharged from iron-hearted guns.

Black Sam himself, before he died,
Such suppers never did provide:—
Such dinners roasted, boil'd, and fry'd.

To make a brief of all I said—
If to *attack* they change *blockade*
Their *godships* will be well repaid

With water, scalding from the pot,
With melted lead and flaming shot,
With vollies of—I know not what,

The British lads will be so treated:
Their wooden walls will be so heated,
Their ruin will be soon completed.

Our citizens shall stare and wonder—
The *Neversink* repel their thunder
And *Cockburn* miss a handsome plunder.

ON THE PROSPECT OF RETURNING TO NEW
YORK, AFTER THE WAR, IN 1815

JOSIAH SHIPPEY

For thee, New York, my much-loved home I sigh,
There let me live, O Heaven, there let me die.

BRONX, 1818

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

I sat me down upon a green bank-side,
 Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seem'd unwillingly to glide,
 Like parting friends, who linger while they sever;
Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,
Backward they wind their way in many a wistful
 eddy.

Grey o'er my head the yellow-vested willow
 Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,
Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,
 Or the fine frostwork which young winter freezes;
When first his power in infant pastime trying,
Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches
 lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,
 And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,
Bright ising-stars the little beach was spangling,
 The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen
Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and beaded,
Left on some morn, when light flash'd in their eyes
 unheeded.

The humbird shook his sun-touch'd wings around,
The bluefinch caroll'd in the still retreat;
The antic squirrel caper'd on the ground
Where lichens made a carpet for his feet;
Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle
Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars, with loose, mossy tresses,
White-powder'd dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunt-
ing
Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,
Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting
A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden
Shining beneath dropp'd lids the evening of her
wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,
Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,
The winding of the merry locust's horn,
The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare
bosom:
Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds
excelling,
O! 'twas a ravishing spot, form'd for a poet's dwell-
ing.

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
Again in the dull world of earthly blindness?
Pain'd with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness?
Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
To prison wandering thought and mar sweet soli-
tude?

Yet I will look upon thy face again,

My own romantic Bronx, and it will be
A face more pleasant than the face of men.

Thy waves are old companions, I shall see
A well-remember'd form in each old tree,
And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.

TAMMANY HALL, 1819

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

There's a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,
And the bucktails are swigging it all the night
long;

In the time of my boyhood 'twas pleasant to call
For a seat and cigar, 'mid the jovial throng.

That beer and those bucktails I'll never forget;
But oft, when alone, and unnoticed by all,
I think, is the porter-cask foaming there yet?
Are the bucktails still swigging at Tammany
Hall?

No! the porter was out long before it was stale,
But some blossoms on many a nose brightly shone,
And the speeches inspired by the fumes of the ale,
Had the fragrance of porter when porter was gone.

How much Cozzens will draw of such beer ere he
dies

Is a question of moment to me and to all;
For still dear to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that barrel of porter at Tammany Hall.

ELECTION RETURNS AT TAMMANY HALL

1819

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK

The time next May—the place, suppose
Where, when in town, his saintship goes;
Bad news flows in—a sullen gloom
O'erspreads each face that crowds the room.
While sure forebodings fill the breast,
In vain, they strive to hope the best;
Before them spread, returns are seen,
Of votes from Ulster, Orange, Greene.
Numbers in each, before unknown,
Of public feeling, mark the tone—
Gilbert and Miller look, and groan.
But one whose hopes not yet are fled,
Will know how other counties sped;
“Queens? Richmond?—gone!—nay, ask no more!
“And Rockland?—worse than e'er before!
“Westchester?—all our hopes has crossed!
“But Dutchess?—Dutchess too is lost!!”
O-k-y had said it promised well,
But some are bought who cannot sell!
Now marks the muse in ev'ry face.
What varied tunes the passions trace;
Some sink in sullen mute despair,
Some bite the lip, or rend the hair—
One raves aloud, or curses flings
On Rockland, Putnam, Orange, Kings.



Tammany Hall in 1830

TO SIMON

The Omnipotent and Omnipresent Caterer for Fashionable
Supper-parties.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

AND

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Dear Simon! Prince of pastry-cooks,
Oysters, and ham, and cold neat's tongue,
Pupil of Mitchill's cookery-books,
And bosom friend of old and young!
Sure from some higher, brighter sphere
In showers of gravy thou wert hurled,
To aid our routs and parties here,
And grace the fashionable world!

Taught by thy art, we closely follow
And ape the English lords and misses;
For Music, we've the Black Apollo,
And Mrs. Poppleton for kisses.
We borrow all the rest, you know,
Our glass from Christie for the time,
Plate from our friends to make a show,
And cash, to pay small bills from Prime.

What though old Squaretoes will not bless thee—
He fears your power and dreads your bill;

To Simon

Mother and her dear girls caress thee,
And pat thy cheek, and praise thee still.
Oh, Simon! how we envy thee,
When belles that long have frowned on all,
Greet thee with smiles, and bend the knee,
To beg you'll help them "give a ball!"

Though it is ungenteel to think,
For thought affects the nerves and brain!
Yet oft we think of thee, and drink
Thy health in Lynch's best champagne.
'Tis pity that thy signal merit
Should slumber in so low a station;
Act, Simon, like a lad of spirit,
And thou, in time, mayst rule the nation!

Break up your Saturdays "at home,"
Cut Guinea and your sable clan,
Buy a new eye-glass and become
A dandy and a gentleman.
You must speak French, and make a bow,
Ten lessons are enough for that;
And Leavenworth will teach you how
To wear your corsets and cravat.

Knock all your chambers into one,
Hire fiddlers, glasses, Barons too,
And then invite the whole *haut-ton*;
Ask Hosack, he can tell you who.
The great that are, and—wish to be,
Within your brilliant rooms will meet,
And belles of high and low degree,
From Broadway up to Cherry Street.

This will insure you free admission
 To all our routs, for years to come;
 And when you die, a long procession
 Of dandies shall surround your tomb.
 We'll raise an *almond statue* where
 In dust your honoured head reposes;
 Mothers shall lead their daughters there,
 And bid them twine your bust with roses.

THE BALLOON, 1819

MOSES Y. SCOTT

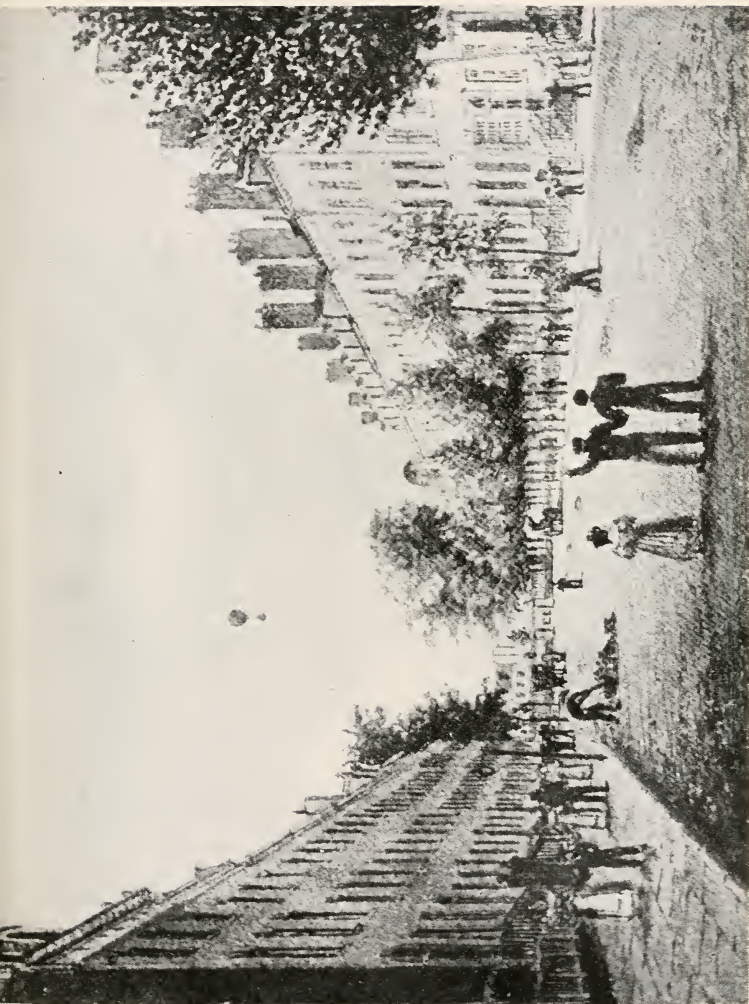
“Huzza! Huzza! clear, clear the way!
“Run—the Balloon goes up to-day!”
See old and young, black, white, and all
Fill every passage to Vauxhall!
Vauxhall, the gold—the flooded shore
Where streams from every quarter pour.
See the innumerable throng,
That in the Bowery crowd along!
See dandy coats and bonnets gay,
Shawls, ribbons, stream along Broad-way!
See carts and coaches dashing on!
See men and boys and women run!
They come, they come, from every side,
Like bubbles on a rushing tide!
They drive with half Niagara’s force—
Nor ever fleeter was his course.
Greece never pour’d to Troja’s wall
So great a throng, so vast a battle—
Call, call your Hector forth, Vauxhall!
Their shouts arise! their chariots rattle.
Is it revenge, or hate or fear,
Or wonder urges their career?
It must be Wonder’s trumpet loud!
Nought else could draw so vast a crowd.

But soon the driving storm is past—
 They all have reached the goal at last!
 Why, what a squeezing, Virgil's bees
 Were not so numerous as these!
 Such multitudes, Communipaw¹
 Of evening singers never saw.
 Nor did a sunbeam ever sprawl
 Such swarms as Monsieur Guillé's ball.
 Like sheep enclosed that burst their bar—
 Like locusts darkening Egypt's air,
 They push and crowd, and squeeze, and —“O,
 That rascal trod upon my toe!”
 “Back, back!—there—yonder's the balloon!
 “We all shall see it moving soon!”

The multitude turns all its eyes
 Right where the flying wonder lies.
 From cart and window; coach and door,
 From wall, and housetop covered o'er,
 From step and block, and shed and tree,
 Where boys, like squirrels, climb to see,
 All gaze, all wonder, all desire
 To see poor Monsieur Guillé higher.
 'Tis all attention, save when rise
 Some false alarm of “there it flies!”
 Or “Voyez donc! le ballon va!—
 Mon Dieu! J'ai peur qu'il n'ira pas!”
 Or save when in the crowd there pass
 Some learned disputes about the gas.
 One cannot get it in his eye
 What makes the mighty bladder fly.

¹ It was from Communipaw that the Moschetoes came, which swarmed upon New York this season.

One fears delay is loss of toil;
And one is sure the gas will spoil.
And now to show his depth profound,
Some wise man calls an audience round.
With arm akimbo, and with brow
That says—behold importance now!
“I can expound all to your eyes—
“Mark yon circumference e’er it flies!
“You see the gas within is brighter
“And being twenty-one times lighter
“Than”— But a loud shout interposes.
And with “She mounts” the harangue closes.
“Huzza! huzza!” tongues, hands, and eyes,
Shout, clap, and strain to see it rise—
All tiptoe stand— “Up! up, Balloon!”
But ah! it stops this side the moon.
“Friends, you can homeward take your way!
“The balloon—don’t ascend to-day!”



Balloon in Park Place. 1835

From a drawing by Charles Burton

ODE TO FORTUNE

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

AND

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Fair lady with the bandaged eye!

I'll pardon all thy scurvy tricks,
So thou wilt *cut* me and deny

Alike thy kisses and thy kicks:
I'm quite contented as I am,

Have cash to keep my duns at bay,
Can choose between beefsteaks and ham,
And drink Madeira every day.

My station is the middle rank,

My fortune—just a competence—

Ten thousand in the Franklin Bank,

And twenty in the six per cents.;

No amorous chains my heart enthrall,

I neither borrow, lend, nor sell;

Fearless I roam the City Hall,

And "bite my thumb" at Sheriff Bell.

The horse that twice a week I ride,

At Mother Dawson's eats his fill;

My books at Goodrich's abide,

My country-seat is Weehawk hill;

My morning lounge is Eastburn's shop,

At Poppleton's I take my lunch,
Niblo prepares my mutton-chop,
And Jennings makes my whiskey-punch.

When merry, I the hours amuse
By squibbing Bucktails, Guards, and Balls,
And when I'm troubled with the blues,
Damn Clinton and abuse canals:
Then, Fortune! since I ask no prize,
At least preserve me from thy frown!
The man who don't attempt to rise,
'Twere cruelty to tumble down.

WEEHAWKEN, 1820

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Weehawken!—In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature, in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear—

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him;
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him—

The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's
days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.



New York from Weehawken. 1839

From a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; engraved by R. Wallis. *American Scenery*

BURLESQUE ADDRESS

On the opening of the New Park Theatre, after the fire,
September 1, 1821.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Ladies and gentlemen,
Enlighten'd as you are, you all must know
Our playhouse was burnt down, some time ago,
Without insurance— 'Twas a famous blaze,
Fine fun for firemen, but dull sport for plays.
The proudest of our whole dramatic corps
Such warm reception never met before.
It was a woeful night for us and ours;
Worse than dry weather to the fields and flowers.
The evening found us gay as summer's lark,
Happy as sturgeons in the Tappan Sea;
The morning—like the dove from Noah's Ark,
As homeless, houseless, innocent as she,
But—thanks to those who ever have been known
To love the public interest—when their own;
Thanks to the men of talent and of trade,
Who joy in doing well—when they're well paid,
Again our fire-worn mansion is rebuilt,
Inside and outside, neatly carv'd and gilt,
With best of paint and canvas, lath and plaster,
The Lord bless Beekman and John Jacob Astor.

ON A FORGOTTEN BY-WAY

ANDREW E. WATROUS

The shabby street-cars jingling go
Where modish coach-wheels rolled and ran,
And back here from the roaring Row
That leads from Beekman Street to Ann,

En route to sup at Philip Hone's
And quiz our New World belles and beaux,
Her feet tripped o'er these very stones—
Fair Kemble. And thy magic toes,

Thou fairer Fanny, Ellsler named,
Twinkled adown the pavement drear,
While (for thy lissome sake defamed)
Followed—with wraps—thy Chevalier.

A gown of white, a girlish form,
Footsteps unused that trembling pause!
'Tis Garcia, frightened by the storm
Of this, her début night's applause.

Again, oh, crinoline and mitts!
Oh, blue and brass with ruffles dight!
A decorous mob of worthy cits—
The ball to "Boz" is at its height.

'Tis Theatre Alley, yet its name
They've spared. A squalid place by day,
Where wrangling boys for coppers game,
Where sottish vagrants snooze or stray.

But when the sun shines slant and low
O'er Trinity's subduing vane,
Vanish these sordid shapes, and so
The alley grows itself again.

And when the dusk in deeper gloom
Is whelmed, and o'er the flag-stones damp,
As if the old stage-door to 'lume,
Glimmers that lonely, midway lamp.

These dear, dead ladies, they that thrilled
The gay world of the "old Park's" time,
Are with me, and—a vow fulfilled—
To their sweet manes this light rhyme.

LA FAYETTE EN AMÉRIQUE.

New York, September, 1824.

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

Républicains, quel cortège s'avance?
— Un vieux guerrier débarque parmi nous.
— Vient-il d'un roi vous jurer l'alliance?
— Il a des rois allumé le courroux.
— Est-il puissant?—Seul il franchit les ondes.
— Qu'a-t-il donc fait?—Il a brisé des fers.
Gloire immortelle à l'homme des deux mondes,
Jours de triomphe, éclairez l'univers!

Ce vieil ami que tant d'ivresse accueille,
Par un héros ce héros adopté,
Benit jadis, à sa première feuille,
L'arbre naissant de notre liberté,
Mais, aujourd'hui que l'arbre et son feuillage
Bravent en paix la foudre et les hivers,
Il vient s'asseoir sous son fertile ombrage.
Jours de triomphe, éclairez l'univers!

Autour de lui vois nos chefs, vois nos sages,
Nos vieux soldats se rappelant ses traits;
Vois tout un peuple et ces tribus sauvages
A son nom seul sortant de leurs forêts.
L'arbre sacré sur ce concours immense
Forme un abri de rameaux toujours verts:
Les vents au loin porteront sa semence;
Jours de triomphe, éclairez l'univers!

FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK

Sung with applause at Chatham Garden, 1825.

ROBERT STEVENSON COFFIN

First of May, clear the way!
Baskets, Barrows, Trundles;
Take good care, mind the Ware!
Betty, where's the bundles?
Pots and Kettles, Broken Victuals,
Feather Beds, Plaster Heads,
Looking Glasses, Torn Mattresses,
Spoons and Ladles, Babies' Cradles,
Cups and Saucers, Salts and Castors,
Hurry, scurry—grave and gay,
All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start, mind the cart!
Shovels, Bedclothes, Bedding;
On we go, soft and slow,
Like a beggar's wedding!
Jointed Stools, Domestic Tools,
Chairs unbacked, Tables cracked,
Gridiron black, Spit and Jack,
Trammels, Hooks, Musty Books,
Old Potatoes, Ventilators,
Hurry, scurry, grave or gay,
On we trudge, the First of May.

First of May in New York

Now we've got, to the spot,
Bellows, Bureau, Settee;
Rope untie, mind your eye,
Pray, be careful Betty;
Lord! what's there? Broken Ware;
Decanters dash'd, China smash'd,
Pickles spoiled, Carpets soiled,
Sideboard scratch'd, Cups unmatch'd,
Empty Casks, Broken Flasks,
Hurry, scurry—grave or gay,
Devil take the First of May.



The Elysian Fields, Hoboken, about 1830

HOBOKEN, 1825

This place is opposite New York, on the Jersey shore, and has become notorious as the battle-ground of duellists.

ROBERT STEVENSON COFFIN

To the dark, bloody shore of *Hoboken* is gliding
The skiff of false honour, deep freighted and strong;
And the sceptre of murder its helm is bestriding,
While the fiends of false friendship propel it along.

Lo, their feet press the strand which the billows are
laving,
Nor heed they the night-bird that screams through the
air,
And proclaims that e'er long o'er a corse shall be
waving
The high knotty pine, the thorn, and the briar.

The battle is closed, and all ghastly and bleeding,
The friend of his murderer hath sunk to the earth;
And the skiff from the beach is full quickly receding,
While the fate of true friendship's their subject of
mirth.

Now the spirit of Cain on the steep is reclining,
While the dæmons of darkness dance light o'er the
ground;
And the grim fiends of hell for the *murderer* are
twining
The flowers of the nightshade his temples around.

WINTER, 1825

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Nor is stern Winter's icy sceptre swayed
O'er sylvan scenes alone—his shafts invade
Our splendid city, too—and every street
Is rendered cheerless by his pointed sleet;
For every arrow from the *centaur's* bow,
Is tipt with ice, and feathered, too, with snow.
The Battery, now, each verdant charm has lost,
And e'en the Park is silvered o'er with frost;
Vauxhall and Castle-Garden, late so gay,
Where night gave place to artificial day,
Are now deserted—even Chatham mourns,
And all must droop till gentle Spring returns.

But Winter's brightest joy, in towns like this,
Is yet unsung—I mean that scene of bliss
To which our annual holy-days give birth,
A foretaste of Elysium here on earth!
That period to generous hearts so dear,
That little week of joy that shuts the year,
And brings to light the bright auspicious morn,
When all unite to hail a New-Year born—

In all my wanderings thro' this vale of tears,
From infancy, to manhood's riper years,

Whatever pains assail'd, or griefs oppress'd,
Christmas and New-Year always saw me blest!
A lengthened absence o'er, how pleasant, then,
The friends I dearest love to meet again!
Grasp the warm hand, or share the fond embrace,
And see new smiles lit up in every face!
'Twas Christmas eve! the supper board was spread,
The fire blazed high, with logs of hickory fed;
The candles, too, unusual lustre lent,
Candles expressly made for this event.
Old tales were told, the cheerful glass went round,
While peals of laughter made the cot resound.
A thousand welcomes hail'd the truant boy,
And swift the moments flew on wings of joy;
Till (as they thought, too soon) the hour of prayer
Bade the young urchins to their beds repair.
But first the stocking, from each little leg,
Must be suspended to a hook or peg,
That *Santa Claus*, who travels all the night,
Might, in the dark, bestow his favours right;
These rites observed, they take a parting kiss,
And go to dream of morning's promised bliss!
Thus did a week of festive pleasures roll,
Till New-Year's happy morning crown'd the whole.

THE SWEEP'S CAROL, 1826

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Through the streets of New York City,
Blithely every morn,
I carolled o'er my artless ditty,
Cheerly though forlorn!
Before the rosy light, my lay
Was to the maids begun,
Ere winters snows had passed away,
Or smiled the summer sun.
Carol-O-a-y-e-o!

In summer months I'd fondly woo,
Those merry dark-eyed girls,
With faces of the ebon hue,
And teeth like eastern pearls!
One vowed my love she would repay—
Her heart my song had won—
When winter songs had passed away
Or smiled the summer sun.
Carol-O-a-y-e-o!

A year, alas! had scarcely flown—
Hope beamed but to deceive—

Ere I was left to weep alone,
From morn till dewy eve!
She died one dreary break of day!—
Grief weighs my heart upon!—
In vain the snows may pass away,
Or smile the summer sun.
Carol-O-a-y-e-o!

HARLEM MARY

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

They sing of blue-eyed Mary,
Who gathered flowers to sell,
But there's a sweeter fairy
In Harlem's flowery dell;
Whose violets, pinks, and roses,
Display a richer bloom,
'Twere bliss to gain such posies,
And taste their rich perfume.

The violet's softest azure
Is swimming in her eye;
The rose's vermeil treasure
On either cheek we spy;
The fragrant pink's carnation,
Its nectar and perfume,
In sweetest combination
Have dress'd her lips in bloom.

And she has learned to cherish
A never-fading flower;
When pinks and roses perish
'Twill still adorn her bower;
Its tints will never vary,
Its fragrance ne'er depart,
'Twill always bloom with Mary,
'Tis planted in her heart.

NEW YORK IN 1826

Address of the carrier of the New York *Mirror*, on the first
day of that year.

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Two years have elapsed since the verse of S. W.

Met your bright eyes like a fanciful gem;
With that kind of stanza the muse will now trouble
you,

She often frolicks with one G. P. M.
As New Year approaches, she whispers of coaches,
And locketts and broaches, without any end.
Of sweet rosy pleasure, of joy without measure,
And plenty of leisure to share with a friend.

'Tis useless to speak of the gas-light so beautiful,¹
Shedding its beams through "the mist of the night."
Eagles and tigers and elephants, dutiful,
Dazzle the vision with columns of light.
The lamb and the lion—ask editor Tryon,
His word you'll rely on—are seen near the Park,
From which such lights flow out, as wind cannot blow
out,
Yet often they go out, and all's in the dark.

¹Gas-light was introduced into New York at this time and the
gas-burners were in the shapes here mentioned.

'Tis useless to speak of the many civilities
Shown to Fayette in this country of late,
Or even to mention the splendid abilities
Clinton possesses for ruling the state,
The Union of water and Erie's bright daughter,
Since Neptune has caught her they'll sever no
more;
And Greece and her troubles (the rhyme always
doubles)
Have vanished like bubbles that burst on the
shore.

'Tis useless to speak of Broadway and the Bowery;
Both are improving and growing so fast!
Who would have thought that old Stuyvesant's
dowery
Would hold in its precincts a play-house at last!
Well, wonder ne'er ceases, but daily increases,
And pulling to pieces, the town to renew,
So often engages the thoughts of our sages,
That when the fit rages what will they not do?

'Tis useless to speak of the want of propriety
In forming our city so crooked and long;
Our ancestors, bless them, were fond of variety—
'Tis naughty to say that they ever were wrong!
Tho' strangers may grumble and thro' the street
stumble,
Take care they don't tumble through crevices
small,
For trap-doors we've plenty, on side-walks and entry,
And no one stands sentry to see they don't fall.



Sleighs in Wall Street. 1825

From a print by Maverick

'Tis useless to speak of the din that so heavily
Fell on our senses as midnight drew near;
Trumpets and bugles and conch-shells, so cleverly
Sounded the welkin with happy New Year!
With jew's-harps and timbrels and musical thimbles,
Tin platters for cymbals, and frying-pans too;
Dutch-ovens and brasses, and jingles and glasses,
With reeds of all classes, together they blew!

For holy-day pleasure, why these are the times for it;
Pardon me, then, for so trifling a lay;
This stanza shall end, if I can find rhymes for it—
May you, dear patrons, be happy to-day!
Tho' life is so fleeting, and pleasure so cheating,
That we are oft meeting with accidents here,
Should Fate seek to dish you, oh then may the issue
Be what I now wish you—a Happy New Year.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY—1834

H. C. BUNNER

DEAR MOTHER,

When the Coach rolled off
From dear old Battery Place
I hid my face within my hands—
That is, I hid my face.
Tom says (*he's leaning over me!*)
'Twas on his shoulder, too;
But, oh, I pray you will believe
I wept to part from You.

And when we rattled up Broadway
I wept to leave the Scene
Familiar to my happy Youth
(I did love Bowling Green).
I wept at Slidell's Chandlery
To see the smoak arise—
'Twas only at the City Hall
Tom bade me wipe my Eyes.

By Mr. Niblo's Garden, where
You would not let me go,
We went, and travell'd up the Hill—
So fast, and yet so slow!

And so we left behind the Town
 And ere the Sun had set
 We reached the Inn at Tubby Hook—
We have not left it yet!

I know that we are very Wrong—
 Dear Mother, pray forgive!
 From Sun to Sun 'tis all so sweet—
 It seems so sweet to Live!
 I know the things we meant to do,
 The road we vowed to go,
 But Tom and I are here, and—oh,
 Dear Mother, *do* you know?

We have not gone to Uncle John's,
 Though Yonkers is so near—
 We never shall see Cousin Van
 At Tarrytown, I fear.
 Our Peekskill friends, the Fishkill folk,
 And all the waiting rest—
 Tom bids me tell you they may wait—
 (He says they may be Blest).

I know 'tis ill to linger here
 Hid in this woodland Inn,
 When all along Queen Anne's broad road
 Await our Friends and Kin;
 But, Dear Mama (when I was small
 You let me call you so),
 'T is such Felicity and Joy
 With Him, Here! Do you know?
 YOUR ISABEL.

P. S.—Tom sends his love.
 Please write, "*I know.*"

DELICIAE NOVI EBORACI, 1839

JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON

I

With much the soul that fetters and degrades,
In thee, Manhatta! yet are some things seen,
That lift to joy and love thy citizen.
Refreshing as a dream of forest glades,
Not seldom meets his eye whom business jades,
In the brick desert an oasis green.
St. Luke's low tower has yet its rural screen;
St. John's its thick and rose-besprinkled shades;
And many spots and sights as fair there be.
But one fair sight is prized above the rest;
Beheld, when, loitering home at sun-down, we
Have frequent glimpses of the crimson west,
Tinging the woody shores and glittering breast
Of kingly Hudson passing to the sea.

II

With step that times the pulse's languid beats,
Forth to the Battery at the cool of day,
Forth to the wave-washed Battery we stray,
Glad to exchange the city's central heats,
And scorching pavements of unshaded streets,

For long and gravelled walks, where children play,
And the pure breeze, fresh-blowing from the bay,
Rifles the perfumed bosom of its sweets.
Thence, "loitering home at sun-down," we perceive,
Bright streaming up each vistaed street we pass,
A flush, from western skies by purple eve
Suffused, and from the river smooth as glass,
'Gainst which, and 'gainst the sky, a tangled mass
Of masts and spars their blackened lines relieve.

THE PITY OF THE PARK FOUNTAIN

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

'Twas a summery day in the last of May—
Pleasant in sun or shade;
And the hours went by, as the poets say,
Fragrant and fair in their flowery way;
And a hearse crept slowly through Broadway—
And the Fountain gaily play'd.

The Fountain play'd right merrily,
And the world look'd bright and gay;
And a youth went by, with a restless eye,
Whose heart was sick and whose brain was dry;
And he prayed to God that he might die—
And the Fountain play'd away.

Uprose the spray like a diamond throne,
And the drops like music rang—
And of those who marvell'd how it shone,
Was a proud man, left, in his shame, alone;
And he shut his teeth with a smother'd groan—
And the Fountain sweetly sang.

And a rainbow spann'd it changefully,
Like a bright ring broke in twain;
And the pale, fair girl who stopp'd to see,
Was sick with the pangs of poverty—

And from hunger to guilt she chose to flee
As the rainbow smiled again.

With as fair a ray, on another day,
The morning will have shone;
And as little mark'd, in bright Broadway,
A hearse will glide among busy and gay,
And the bard who sings will have pass'd away—
And the Fountain will play on!

UNSEEN SPIRITS

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honour charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And call'd her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her,
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honour'd well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company



The Park Fountain and City Hall

From an engraving by James D. Smillie, *Graham's Magazine*

To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow.
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

FIVE POINTS, 1838

LAUGHTON OSBORN

Fast by the dike, where frown the granite eaves
Of the huge dome Manhattan rears for thieves,
A range of filthy dwelling houses stood,
Fac'd with dull brick, and bridg'd with steps of wood.
Here, in chalk'd spaces, seven feet by four,
Crowd various families a common floor;
The night's straw sack their musty couch by day,
While on the loathsome plank their broken victuals
lay.

Dogs, cats, and children in one litter cry,
And mud-cak'd pigs encroach upon the sty.
Without, all wreck and nastiness; within,
Starvation, sickness, vermin, stench, and sin.
Such hives as still are found, with ev'n less room,
In Laurens Street, the southern side of Broom.



Five Points. 1827

Valentine's Manual, 1855

FANNY ELSSLER, 1840

The clock has struck, we mean St. Paul's—
And hark! there goes the City Hall's;
'Tis noon, a sunny noon in May,
The park is cloth'd in early green,
While beauty, floating through Broadway,
In dyes of ev'ry shade is seen!
Upon the lofty steps behold,
Of the "American" or "Astor,"
Groups of the gallant and the bold—
Mustached and strapp'd, of fashion's mould;
Their glances after beauty cast, or
As often turned themselves to view,
A set of precious beauties too,
From boot to castor!
The 'Busses roll by dozens by,
The cabs, and hacks, half crazy, rattle;
The private carriage solemnly
Glides on in dignity of cattle;
The City Hall, too, loftily,
Above the trees is soaring; see!
A glow upon its marble face,
Gives it a sort of modest grace,
As though it blush'd for its inferior
And unillumined brown posterior!
While Justice, perchèd high in air,

And smiling in the pleasant ray,
Seems just as light of conscience there,
As if it were not "sentence day."

Three hours—it lacks three hours of dark—
What murmur rises on the air—
The sound of many voices—hark!
And from the Astor steps, look there!
That crowd investing the old "Park,"
As if half mad they were!
And Blake has had a busy time,
The "first tier" gone, the boxes private;
The "second," "third," yet rings the chime
Most welcome—"places" still they strive at.
And now the rosy day descends—
The Jersey flats, the bay, and islands
Are bathed in the rich light it lends;
Weehawken too, and Brooklyn highlands;
And, lingering, thy lofty spire
And ball, St. Paul's, are wreathed in fire—
The longing glances of the Sun,
That thence, "Old Drury" look upon!
But, "La Déesse," thy hour is night,
By magic made than day more bright;
Go, lagging beams, the struggle vain,
Resplendent gas usurps thy reign.

Too eager fool! we find ourselves
Scrouged in a corner of the pit;
While carried out by tens and twelves
The fainting fair the boxes quit.
The overture!—oh, agony
Of pressure and of expectation;
Hats off—sit down—get up—dear me!

Toes—elbows—struggle—suffocation;
The orchestra's invaded, and
The stage behold them now a-cramming;
While, louder than the music band,
Is heard remonstrance, prayer and d—g!
But what is this which stills the roar,
Which bids the groaning groan no more;
Which, like an angel's glance below
Into the murky pits of woe
Bids sound of sin and blasphemy
Subside into an anxious hope
That one so rare and heavenly
Hath come the fatal gates to ope!
What is it? La Déesse! 'tis she!
As ne'er before, she smileth now,
An angel promise certainly,
And she hath still'd the row!
An airy, fairy wingèd thing!
With drapery, untaught to fling
A veil o'er aught so bright, so fair:
A film, made of imagining,
She seems to wear!
As faintly floating round the moon.
By poet seen at starry noon,
Or silv'ry mist, a shifting sheen.
Frenzy and love each change between,
Is seen!
In mazy beauty only clad,
She moves—we're mad!

CITY LYRICS

Argument: The poet starts from the Bowling Green to take his sweetheart up to Thompson's for an ice, or (if she is inclined for more) ices. He confines his muse to matters which an everyday man and young woman may see in taking the same promenade for the same innocent refreshment.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

Come out, love—the night is enchanting!
The moon hangs just over Broadway;
The stars are all lighted and panting—
(Hot weather up there, I dare say!)
'Tis seldom that "coolness" entices,
And love is no better for chilling—
But come up to Thompson's for ices,
And cool your warm heart for a shilling!

What perfumes come balmily o'er us?
Mint juleps from City Hotel!
A loafer is smoking before us—
(A nasty cigar, by the smell!)
Oh Woman! thou secret past knowing!
Like lilachs that grow by the wall,
You breathe every air that is going,
Yet gather but sweetness from all!

On, on! by St. Paul's and the Astor!
Religion seems very ill-plann'd,

For one day we list to the pastor,
 For six days we list to the band!
 The sermon may dwell on the future,
 The organ your pulses may calm—
 When—pest!—that remembered cachucha
 Upsets both the sermon and psalm!

Oh, pity the love that must utter
 While goes a swift omnibus by!
 (Though sweet is ice-cream when the flutter
 Of fans shows thermometers high)—
 But if what I bawl, or I mutter,
 Falls into your ear but to die,
 Oh, the dew that falls into the gutter
 Is not more unhappy than I!

THE CROTON ODE

Written at the request of the Corporation of the City of New York and sung near the Park Fountain by the members of the New York Sacred Music Society, on the completion of the Croton Aqueduct, celebrated October 14, 1842.

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Gushing from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the goddess of the mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her back with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy land.

Round the aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethé throng,



The Croton Water Celebration. 1842

From Wilson's *History of New York*

Croton's waves in all her glory
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright, and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When posterity shall mingle
Like the gathered waters here.

TO THE LADY IN THE CHEMISETTE WITH
BLACK BUTTONS

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

I know not who thou art, oh lovely one!
Thine eyes were droop'd, thy lips half sorrowful—
Yet thou didst eloquently smile on me
While handing up thy sixpence through the hole
Of that o'er-freighted omnibus! Ah me!
The world is full of meetings such as this—
A thrill, a voiceless challenge and reply—
And sudden partings after! We may pass,
And know not of each other's nearness now—
Thou in the Knickerbocker Line, and I,
Lone, in the Waverley! Oh, life of pain!
And even should I pass where thou dost dwell—
Nay—see thee in the basement taking tea—
So cold is this inexorable world,
I must glide on! I dare not feast mine eye!
I dare not make articulate my love,
Nor o'er the iron rails that hem thee in
Venture to fling to thee my innocent card—
Not knowing thy papa!

Hast thou papa?
Is thy progenitor alive, fair girl?
And what doth he for lucre? Lo again!

A shadow o'er the face of this fair dream!
 For thou mayst be as beautiful as Love
 Can make thee, and the ministering hands
 Of milliners, incapable of more,
 Be lifted at thy shapeliness and air,
 And still 'twixt me and thee, invisibly,
 May rise a wall of adamant. My breath
 Upon my pale lip freezes as I name
 Manhattan's orient verge, and eke the west
 In its far down extremity. Thy sire
 May be the signer of a temperance pledge,
 And clad all decently may walk the earth—
 Nay—may be numbered with that blessed few
 Who never ask for discount—yet, alas!
 If, homeward wending from his daily cares,
 He go by Murphy's Line, thence eastward tending—
 Or westward from the Line of Kipp & Brown,—
 My vision is departed! Harshly falls
 The doom upon the ear, "She's not genteel!"
 And pitiless is woman who doth keep
 Of "good society" the golden key!
 And gentlemen are bound, as are the stars,
 To stoop not after rising!

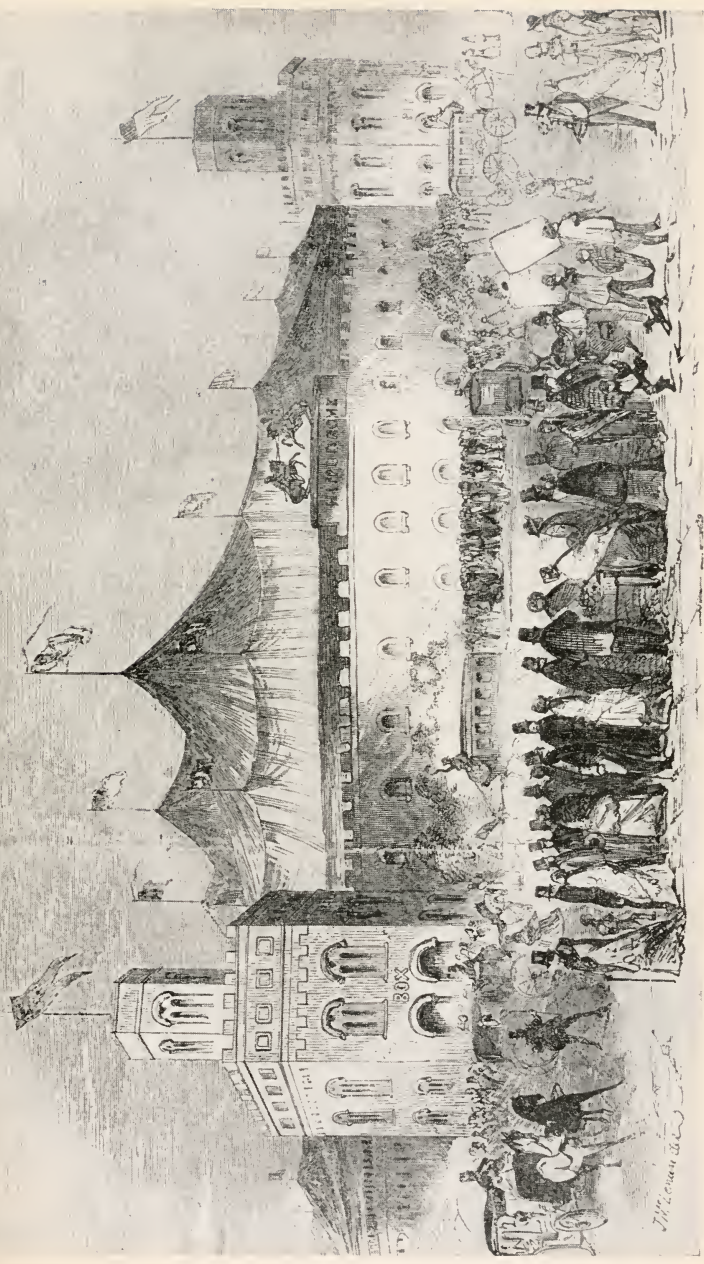
But farewell,

And I shall look for thee in streets where dwell
 The passengers by Broadway Lines alone!
 And if my dreams be true, and thou, indeed,
 Art only not more lovely than genteel—
 Then, lady of the snow-white chemisette,
 The heart which vent'rously crossed o'er to thee
 Upon that bridge of sixpence may remain—
 And, with up-town devotedness and truth,
 My love shall hover round thee!

THE CITY, 1850.

JOHN G. SAXE

I love the city, and the city's smoke;
The smell of gas; the dust of coal and coke;
The sound of bells, the tramp of hurrying feet;
The sight of pigs and Paphians in the street;
The jostling crowd, the never-ceasing noise
Of rattling coaches, and vociferous boys;
The cry of Fire and the exciting scene
Of heroes running with their mad "mersheen";
Nay, now I think that I could even stand
The direful din of Barnum's brazen band,
So much I long to see the town again!
Good-bye! I'm going by the evening train!



Franconi's Hippodrome, Twenty-third Street and Broadway

SPRING IN TOWN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The country ever has a lagging Spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses—showers and sunshine bring,
Slowly, the deeping verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing-birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes through the sky of March the airs of
May,
Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom—
And lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
That overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,
And they who search the untrodden wood for flowers
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,

And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
The anemones by forest mountains rise;
And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has curled,
Thrice happy man! whose trade it is to buy,
And bake, and braid those love-knots of the world;
Who curls of every glossy colour keepest,
And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest.

And well thou mayst—for Italy's brown maids
Send the dark locks with which their brows are
dressed,
And Gascon lasses, from their jetty braids,
Crop half, to buy a riband for the rest;
But the fresh Norman girls their tresses spare,
And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then, henceforth, let no maid nor matron grieve,
To see her locks of an unlovely hue,
Frouzy or thin, for liberal art shall give
Such piles of curls as nature never knew.
Eve with her veil of tresses, at the sight
Had blushed, outdone, and owned herself a fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
Like notes of woodbirds, and where'er the eye
Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling
feet
Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.
The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleeter pace.

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,
Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn;—

A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
To Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots! who will care

For steeds or footmen now? ye cannot show
Fair face, and dazzling dress, and graceful air,

And last edition of the shape! Ah, no,
These sights are for the earth and open sky,
And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

HYMN OF THE CITY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see,
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.
Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—

Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

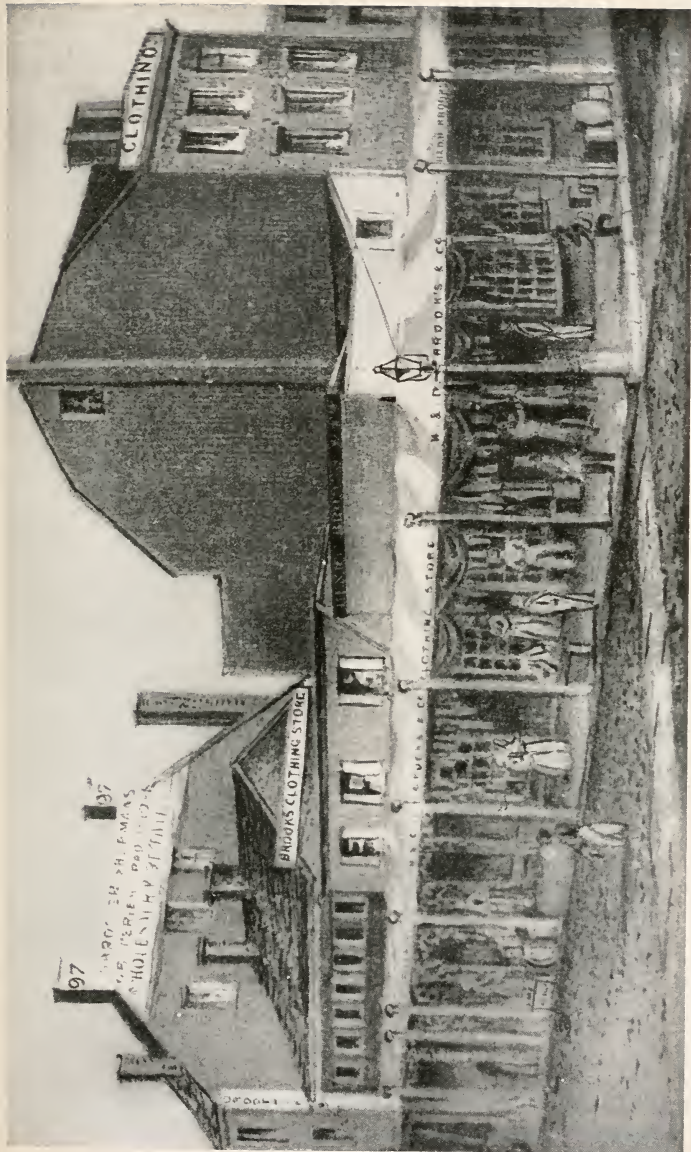
THE DOG-STAR RAGES, 1850

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Unseal the city fountains,
And let the waters flow
In coolness from the mountains
Unto the plains below.
My brain is parched and erring,
The pavement hot and dry,
And not a breath is stirring
Beneath the burning sky.

The belles have all departed—
There does not linger one!
Of course the mart's deserted
By every mother's son.
Except the street musician,
And men of lesser note,
Whose only earthly mission
Seems but to toil and vote!

A woman—blessings on her!—
Beneath my window see;
She's singing—what an honour!—
Oh! "Woodman, spare that tree!"
Her "man" the air is killing—
His organ's out of tune—



Brooks's Clothing Store, Catharine Street. 1845

From *Valentine's Manual*, 1864

They're gone with my last shilling,
To Florence's saloon.

New York is most compactly
Of brick and mortar made—
Thermometer exactly
One hundred in the shade!
A furnace would be safer
Than this my letter-room,
Where gleams the sun, a wafer
About to seal my doom.

The town looks like an ogre,
The country like a bride;
Wealth hies to Saratoga
And Worth to Sunny-Side.
While fashion seeks the islands
Encircled by the sea,
Taste finds the Hudson Highlands
More beautiful and free.

The omnibuses rumble
Along their cobbled way—
The "twelve inside" more humble
Than he who takes the pay.
From morn to midnight stealing,
His horses come and go—
The only creatures feeling
The "luxury of woe!"

A stillness and a sadness
Pervade the City Hall,
And speculating madness
Has left the street of Wall.

The Dog-Star Rages

The Union Square looks really
Both desolate and dark,
And that's the case, or nearly,
From Battery to Park.

Had I a yacht like Miller,
That skimmer of the seas—
A wheel rigged like a tiller,
And a fresh gunwale breeze,
A crew of friends well chosen,
And all a-tauto, I
Would sail for regions frozen—
I'd rather freeze than fry.

I'm weeping like the willow
That droops in leaf and bough—
Let Croton's sparkling billow
Flow through the city now;
And, as becomes her station,
The muse will close her prayer;
God save the Corporation!
Long live the valiant Mayor!

EMPORIUM VERSUS NEW YORK, 1854

JACOB BIGELOW

With head erect and stately stride,
In Broadway, on the western side,
I marched, and viewed, in conscious pride,
The splendours of New York.

What gorgeous domes confront the sky,
What proud hotels are soaring high,
What windows lure the passers by,
The strangers in New York!

All gems are there in sparkling showers,
All trophies of barbaric powers,
And fabrics wrought for princely dowers,
Are gathered in New York.

And pilgrims press with eager feet,
And curious eyes with wonders meet
In Broadway's world-surpassing street,
The glory of New York.

Tall ships are in from many a shore,
And streets and shops are running o'er,
And lumbering drays can hold no more
The transport of New York.

I tried in vain to cross the street,
Where whirling wheels cut off retreat,
And clattering tramp of horses' feet
Announced the great New York.

I gazed upon the motley throng;
The ceaseless current surged along,
And sinewy legs and elbows strong
Went struggling through New York.

Saxons and Celts, and Greeks and Jews,
Creoles, Italians and Hindoos,
Germans and Franks and Kickapoos,
All crowded in New York.

I looked ahead and read the fates,
I scanned the rise and fall of states,
And saw the destiny that waits
The future of New York.

Not fifty years shall pass when she,
Whose commerce floats on every sea,
The world's first banking-place shall be,
Though then no more "New York."

Indignant voices shall proclaim,
That she, the first in wealth and fame,
No more shall wear the paltry name
Of pitiful "New York."

When old Æneas and his boy
From the mast-head cried "Rome, ahoy!"
They did not call the place New Troy,
Like fools that named New York.

When Moses led his wandering Jews
To bathe their feet in Canaan's dews,
They proved too wise to name and use
New Egypt, like New York.

New Amsterdam, might fit the Dutch;
But when the English got their clutch,
Why need they coin another such
And dub the town "New York"?

I summon poets, one and all,
Who help to spin this mundane ball,
To rescue from degrading thrall
The trodden-down New York.

I call on patriots, fierce or tame,
To wipe away this burning shame,
And kick down hill, with one acclaim,
Detestable "New York."

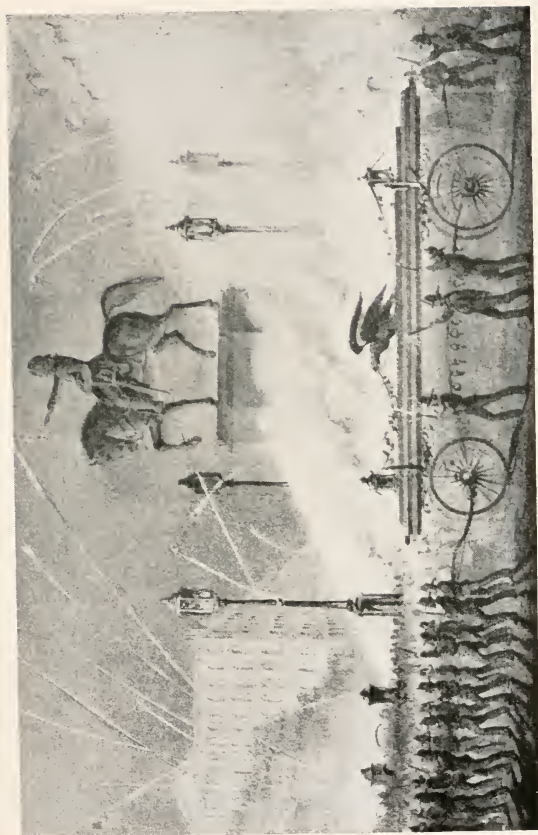
Vast continents have changed their name;
Cities and ladies do the same,
A part for pride and part for shame,
Both which should move New York.

New Holland is Australia now;
Toronto made one "York" to bow;
The late Miss Smith is Mrs. Howe;
Why don't you change New York?

A generous name sounds well in verse,
A bad one is a clinging curse;
I never heard nor dreamt a worse
Than pestilent "New York."

I ask a bold, descriptive name,
Of classic birth and faultless claim,
To grow amid the growing fame
Of what was once New York.

Emporium shall that title be,
The empire mart of earth and sea,
The central city of the free;
EMPORIUM,—not New York!



The Firemen's Procession Passing the Washington Monument, Union Square,
Atlantic Cable Celebration. September 1, 1858

THE WEDDED FLAGS

A song of the Atlantic Cable, August 16, 1858.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D.D.

Hang out that glorious old red cross!
Hang out the stripes and stars!
They faced each other fearlessly
In two historic wars.

But now the ocean circlet binds
The bridegroom and the bride:
Old England, young America—
Display them, side by side.

High up, from Trinity's tall spire,
We'll fling the banners out;
Hear how the world-wide welkin rings
With that exulting shout.

Was ever sign so beautiful,
Hung from the heavens, abroad?
Old England, young America
For freedom, and for God!

THE PRINCE'S BALL, 1860

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

O, haven't you heard how an English Prince, prince,
prince,

A genuine royal scion—

How an English Prince, not three months since,
Came sailing, singing, dancing along,
His true American friends among?

To him I dedicate this song,

By leave of the British Lion.

Maidens were saying, long before
He came in sight of a Yankee shore,
That all the princes of fairy rhyme,
Voyaging "once upon a time,"
Never compared with this island Prince;
His lips were sweeter than sugared quince;

His locks as brown

As Prince Charming's own;

When he spoke, his tone

Was nice to be heard, as that of the bird,
To which Prince Ruby was cruelly turned
By the spell his magical rival learned.

.

For the honour and commerce of the city,

'Twas plain to see there must be a Committee!

So men of means and might were chosen,

Score by score and dozen by dozen,

In all, four hundred noble names,

With General Scott to lead them:

So great their fortunes and their fames,

That when the Aldermen came to read them,

They blessed their luminaries stellar

And hid, abashed, in the City Hall cellar.

In fine, so stylish and wealthy a set

Were never gathered together yet—

Full of bankers, clubmen, and scholars;

A *Herald* reporter, who knows how to count,

Added up their estate to the gross amount

Of Two Hundred Million Dollars!

Birds of a feather, they came together,

To hold a primal caucus!

It don't appear in what mystic hall

They met, or whether in daylight at all;

Perhaps in the shades of Orcus

Wherever it was, the question arose—

“How do members to honour the Prince propose?”

Some wanted a Dinner, and midnight speeches

Along with the wine and brandy-peaches;

Others on having a Ball insisted,

Which proposition the first resisted,

Till quite a dignified contest was raging;

But, while gentlemen fiercely the battle were waging,

One member, most potent and wealthy, began

To speak up for the Terpsichorean plan;

For he thought, if “Lord Renfrew” himself were to
choose,

A Ball would exactly accord with his views;
That very accomplished and noble young man
Could ride, sing, and shoot, and, if need be, eat,
In a manner that others found hard to beat.

But none of these arts
Made him Prince of Hearts,
So much as his talent for dancing;
Of all the Princes under the sun,
There surely never was such an one
For frolicking and romancing!

Then from their sofas uprose ten
Very wealthy and righteous men,
With consciences sorely troubled:
"They'd dance if they must, but if they could call
The thing a Reception, instead of a Ball,
They'd see their subscriptions doubled."
Four were Presbyterians blue;
High-Church Episcopalians two;
Low-Church Episcopalian one;
Broad-Church Unitarian, none;
Three were Baptists, open and close:
All pillars in firm position.
For two, the Ball was too much of a dose;
But the eight resolved, with one accord,
That, as David danced before the Lord,
They'd foot it once for the royal nonce,
Despite the risk of perdition;
Yet, the better to wash the sin away,
Each secretly vowed to shortly pay
Very much more than ever before
To the Afghanistan mission.
Thereupon the Committee voted, all,

That My Lord should have an Academy Ball.

.

Passing the Quaker City's gates,
 My Lord has left the United States
 To cross the Jersey peninsula;
 Has slept once more on American shore:
 Ridden from Castle Garden, through
 Three miles of flags—red, white, and blue,
 Walls of marble, iron, and brick—
 Roofs and balconies, noisily thick
 With thousands sprawling after a view,
 'Till he's lodged on the handsomest Avenue
 Of the greatest of cities insular.

But now, as October Twelfth drew near,
 What hurry and bustle, joy and fear;
 Jealous hatred of those to appear,
 By those whose hopes were blasted and sere;
 As if all the life of a hemisphere
 Were mingled in hocus-pocus,
 And, through Vanity's lenses flashing hot,
 Made the Empire City a radiant spot,
 With Irving Place for its focus!
 What costume-trying in visits flying:
 Days of dress-and-jewelry buying!
 A hundred mantua-makers were dying
 Of sheer exhaustion, and half a score
 Exchanged the smiles they usually wore
 For a reckless inurbanity;
 While every tailor, from Fulton to Bond,
 Declared himself in the Slough of Despond,
 And solemnly swore that one order more
 Would drive him into insanity.

What scintillant splendours found display,
In mirrored windows along Broadway!
By the "Vanderbilt" they sent, in advance,
For jewels of Florence and silks of France.
Homeward she paddled, deeply laden,
With stuffs to make a Manhattan maiden
 A princess, minus the dowry;
To make a matron of forty years,
As fine as a Dowager Duchess appears
 In a spectacle-play, at the Bowery.
No lady-shopper could ever escape
From the robes of every fabric and shape—
Satins, taffetas, gauzes, crape;
Skirts of tulle embroidered with gold;
Watered silks in waves unrolled;
Heaviest textures, marvellous hues,
Ashes of Roses, buffs and blues;
Gros des Indies and rich brocade,
In lustrous folds and colours arrayed;
Dark Moirées, with silver garniture,
 Light Moirées, brilliant with gold and cherry—
Fabrics costly enough, I'm sure,
 A queen to wed, or even to bury;
Chantilly laces, Valenciennes;
Ribbons woven by Lyons men;
Fancy fans, with flower and feather,
Lavishly piled in heaps together;—
What can compare with sights so rare,
Save the Paris booth in Vanity Fair!

But the world turns over and over again,
With cloud and sunshine, wind and rain,
 Love and envy and rancour,
At last It has come! the crowning night;

The ultimatum of all delight;
The hour, when even an anchorite
 May be pardoned for weighing anchor,
Hoisting sails, and bearing away
To the rendezvous in Prince's Bay,
 For which thousands vainly hanker;
(You see it is not the Committee's fault
That Smith or Jones isn't worth his salt
 Or wasn't born a banker.)

It has come at last! How bright the sight
Of a Grand-Academy gala-night!
The blaze of the whirling calcium rays
Lightens the spacious entrance-ways,
Flashing on up-turned, glaring faces
Of thousands thronging about the squares:
Thousands, to whom your jewels and laces
Are things for which nobody this night cares.
For a sight of the Prince the people crowd;
To your simple hearts should be allowed
A sight of the Prince, poor people! since
He came to visit us one and all,
Asked or not asked to go to the Ball!
Scores of policemen will never convince
The crowd that it oughtn't to see the Prince.

Up to the porch the carriages rumble,
 By yellow-plushes attended;
No wonder the labouring-men feel humble,
 In the presence of scenes so splendid!
 Never before, never before,
Such diamonds and dresses entered that door;

Into the radiance we glide,
As a bayou-voyager follows the tide,

From mangrove shadows and fallen trees,
To the silvery sheen of moonlit seas;
Into the glare of countless lights,
And the wedding of sweetest sounds and sights;
Where gilded walls and tapestried halls,
Repeat the Music's dying falls,
And flowers of multitudinous hues,
Their blended, odorous breaths diffuse,
But through the glamour we move along
To glance at the guests that with us throng,
And study the queer variety
It takes to fashion that paradox-
Ical edifice, built on golden "rocks,"
Entitled "Our Best Society."

Enough, you say, of polemical rhyme;
And the ladies whisper, 'tis fully time
For the Prince to make his appearance;
"He's coming!" "He isn't!" "Yes, that is he";
And better for him, to be seen and to see,
If the flower of our aristocracy
Would give him a better clearance.
But as Albert Edward, young and fair,
Stood on the canopied dais-stair,
And looked, from the circle crowding there,
To the length and breadth of the outer scene,
Perhaps he thought of his mother, the Queen;
(Long may her empery be serene!)
But what were his thoughts I can never tell,
For sharply, as belle was jostling belle—
Each making a Flora-Temple "burst,"
For the honour of dancing beside him first—
The staging before him fell in with a crash,

And fifty young ladies, as quick as a flash,
Sank down in a kind of ethereal hash,
As dainty a dish as a Prince could wish;
But he passed to the supper-pavilion,
And we saw him no more, till they mended the floor,
And opened the primal cotillion.
There, gracefully dancing with Mrs. Morgan,
He had quite forgotten his thoughts, I suppose,
Just as hearers a sermon forget, at its close—
When the "Jubilate" is played on the organ;
Whatever his fancies were, nobody knows.

Now, how strange the feeling that comes to one,
When the royal Show is almost done,
When the gas for hours has dazzled the eye,
And the air grows dense as the flowers die!
How strange to go out, from the crowded rout,
To the open street, where to all is given
A sight of the clear and infinite Heaven,
Out into the cool October night,
Where, in place of that garish inner light,
Are all those silvery cressets, fed
With rays from God's own glory shed.
Ah! if one now might only flee
Across that measureless, lucid sea,
To lustres—O, how pure and far!—
What, from the spirit's chosen star,
Would all this glittering turmoil seem,
Save the fantasy of an earthly dream?

And even the Man who lives in the Moon—
(You'd reach him a million times as soon!)
Who, day after day, sees the whole round world
Like a map to his curious gaze unfurled—

Would perceive no increase in the polarized ray
 Thrown off from this part of our sphere,
Though the roof of the Opera House were away,
 And the lights that illuminate each tier—
And all the lamps that make Paris, they say,
And London, as cheerful by night as by day,
With all in New York, together were burning;
To the Man in the Moon they'd be past all discern-
 ing;
So there's one man, at least, will know nothing at
 all
Of the splendour and fame of The Prince's Ball!

FIRST O SONGS FOR A PRELUDE

WALT WHITMAN

First O songs for a prelude,
Lightly strike on the stretch'd tympanum pride and
joy in my city,
How she led the rest to arms, how she gave the cue,
How at once with lithe limbs unwaiting a moment she
sprang,
(O superb! O Manhattan, my own, my peerless!
O strongest you in the hour of danger, in crisis! O
truer than steel!)
How you sprang—how you threw off the costumes of
peace with indifferent hand,
How your soft opera-music changed, and the drum
and fife were heard in their stead,
How you led to the war, (that shall serve for our
prelude, songs of soldiers,)
How Manhattan drum-taps led.

Forty years had I in my city seen soldiers parading,
Forty years as a pageant, till unawares the lady of this
teeming and turbulent city,
Sleepless amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable
wealth,
With her million children around her, suddenly,

At dead of night, at news from the south,
Incens'd struck with clinch'd hand the pavement.

A shock electric, the night sustain'd it,
Till with ominous hum our hive at daybreak pour'd
out its myriads.

From the houses then and the workshops, and through
all the doorways,
Leapt they tumultuous, and lo! Manhattan arming.

To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming,
The mechanics arming (the trowel, the jack-plane, the
blacksmith's hammer, tost aside with precipi-
tation,)

The lawyer leaving his office and arming, the judge
leaving the court,

The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping
down, throwing the reins abruptly down on the
horses' backs,

The salesman leaving the store, the boss, book-keeper,
porter, all leaving;

Squads gather everywhere by common consent and
arm,

The new recruits, even boys, the old men show them
how to wear their accoutrements, they buckle
the straps carefully,

Outdoors arming, indoors arming, the flash of the
musket barrels,

The white tents cluster in camps, the arm'd sen-
tries around, the sunrise cannon and again at
sunset,

Arm'd regiments arrive every day, pass through the
city, and embark from the wharves,



Departure of the 7th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Friday, April 19, 1861, Broadway and Cortland Street

From *Valentine's Manual*, 1862

(How good they look as they tramp down to the river,
sweaty, with their guns on their shoulders!
How I love them! how I could hug them, with their
brown faces and their clothes and knapsacks
cover'd with dust!)

The blood of the city up—arm'd! arm'd! the cry
everywhere,
The flags flung out from the steeples of churches and
from all the public buildings and stores,
The tearful parting, the mother kisses her son, the
son kisses his mother,
(Loth is the mother to part, yet not a word does she
speak to detain him,)

The tumultuous escort, the ranks of policemen pre-
ceding, clearing the way,
The unpent enthusiasm, the wild cheers of the crowd
for their favourites,
The artillery, the silent cannons bright as gold, drawn
along, rumble lightly over the stones,
(Silent cannons, soon to cease your silence,
Soon unlimber'd to begin the red business;)

All the mutter of preparation, all the determin'd
arming,
The hospital service, the lint, bandages and medicines,
The women volunteering for nurses, the work begun
for in earnest, no mere parade now;
War! an arm'd race is advancing! the welcome for
battle, no turning away;
War! be it weeks, months, or years, an arm'd race is
advancing to welcome it.

Mannahatta a-march—and it's O to sing it well!
It's O for a manly life in the camp.

And the sturdy artillery,
The guns bright as gold, the work for giants, to serve
 well the guns,
Unlimber them! (no more as the past forty years for
 salutes for courtesies merely,
Put in something now besides powder and wadding).

And you lady of ships, you Mannahatta,
Old matron of this proud, friendly turbulent city,
Often in peace and wealth you were pensive or covertly
 frown'd amid all your children,
But now you smile with joy exulting old Manna-
 hatta.

THE MARCH OF THE REGIMENT, 1861.

H. H. BROWNELL, U. S. N.

Here they come!—'tis the Twelfth, you know,—
The colonel is just at hand;
The ranks close up, to the measured flow
Of music cheery and grand.
Glitter on glitter, row by row,
The steady bayonets, on they go
For God and the Right to stand;
Another thousand to front the foe!
And to die—if it must be even so—
For the dear old fatherland!

O trusty and true! O gay warm heart!
O manly and earnest brow!
Here, in the hurrying street, we part—
To meet—ah! when and how?
O ready and staunch! who, at war's alarm,
On lonely hill-side and mountain-farm
Have left the axe and the plough!
That every tear were a holy charm,
To guard, with honour, some head from harm,
And to quit some generous vow!
For, of valiant heart and of sturdy arm
Was never more need than now.

Ay! 'tis at hand!—foul lips, be dumb!
Our Armageddon is yet to come!
But cheery bugle and angry drum,
 With volleyed rattle and roar,
And cannon thunder-throb, shall be drowned
That day in a grander, stormier sound;
 The Land, from mountain to shore,
Hurling shackle and scourge and stake
Back to their Lender of pit and lake;
 ('Twas Tophet leased them of yore),—
O mighty heart! thou wast long to wake.—
'Tis thine, to-morrow, to win or break
 In a deadlier close once more,—
If but for the dear and glorious sake
 Of those who have gone before.

O Fair and Faithful! that, sun by sun,
Slept on the field, or lost or won,—
Children dear of the Holy One!
 Rest in your wintry sod.
Rest, your noble devoir is done,—
Done—and forever! Ours, to-day,
The dreary drift and the frozen clay
 By trampling armies trod;
The smoky shroud of the War-Simoom,
The maddened crime at bay with her Doom,
 And fighting it, clod by clod.
O Calm and Glory!—beyond the gloom,
Above the bayonets bend and bloom
 The lilies and palms of God.

TO THE TENTH LEGION, NEW YORK STATE
VOLUNTEERS. 1862

That passed down Broadway singing the Refrain:
"For God and Our Country, We Are Marching Along"

RUTH N. CROMWELL

Marching along!—marching to the war—
I saw them as they passed, a thousand men or more;
Their bayonets were gleaming in the sun's burning
light,
For God and their Country, they were marching to
the fight,—
Marching along—marching along—
"For God and our Country, we are marching along."

I could not see their banners, for my eyes grew
dim;
I but thought of my country, and sublime grew their
hymn,
Till my soul echoed back, oh! again and again,
The song of the battle!—the soldiers' refrain—
Marching along—marching along—
"For God and our Country, we are marching along."

I have bowed to the song, when love was the theme;
I have listened to the chime, when fame was the
dream;

Not the psalmodies of life, nor the cadences of art,
Were so grand to my ear, or so dear to my heart—

Marching along—marching along—
“For God and our Country, we are marching along.”

Loud blew the bugle—God keep them where they
roam,

For the hearts that are waiting, for the firesides
at home—

Loud blew the bugle and they answered in their
might,

For God and our Country, we are marching to the
fight.

Marching along—marching along—
“For God and our Country, we are marching along.”

Marching along—marching along—
Brave were their hearts, and brave was their song.
Oh, I know there are leaves on the old bay-tree,
That are growing for their brows, in the land of the
free,—

Marching along—marching along—
“For God and their Country, they were marching
along.”

THE DRAFT RIOT

July, 1863. In the University Tower

CHARLES DEKAY

Is it the wind, the many-tongued, the weird
That cries in sharp distress about the eaves?
Is it the wind whose gathering shout is heard
With voice of peoples myriad like the leaves?
Is it the wind? Fly to the casement, quick,
And when the roar comes thick
Fling wide the sash,
Await the crash!

Nothing. Some various solitary cries,
Some sauntering woman's short hard laugh,
Or honester, a dog's bark—these arise
From lamplit street up to this free flagstaff.
Nothing remains of that low threatening sound;
The wind raves not the eaves around . . .
Clasp casement to,
You heard not true.

Hark there again! a roar that holds a shriek!
But not without, no, from below it comes:
What pulses up from solid earth to wreak
A vengeful word on towers and lofty domes?

The Draft Riot

What angry booming doth the trembling ear,
Glued to the stone wall, hear—

So deep, no air

Its weight can bear?

Grieve! 'Tis the voice of ignorance and vice,
The rage of slaves who fancy they are free,
Men who would keep men slaves at any price,
Too blind their own black manacles to see.

Grieve! 'Tis that grisly spectre with a torch,
Riot—that bloodies every porch,

 Hurls justice down

And burns the town.



Hanging a Negro at Clarkson Street. The Draft Riots

From Harper's Weekly, August 1, 1863

LE GRENIER

"Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans."—BERANGER.

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE

Here is the street—the house is standing yet!
Four stories up the little window gleams.
The basement still announces "Rooms to Let";
Through the wide door the dusty sunlight streams.
But how the place has changed! Across the way
A tenement its swarming bulk uprears—
'Twas here I weathered it for many a day,
With Youth and Hope for friends, at Twenty
Years.

A small hall-room! I seek it half by stealth—
Who cares? the world may know it if it will!
The worst is told. I had stout heart, good health,
A modest clerkship, wants more modest still;
Companions too, (I had companions then!)—
What room in all my "up-town palace" hears
Such peals of mirth as yonder little den
When I and Youth kept house, at Twenty Years!

'Twas here I brought my bride. In that dim place
The too brief summer of our joy first smiled.
Which of your carpet-knights, my queenly Grace,
To such a lot will woo your mother's child?

Just Powers! how dared we to be gay and glad,
To face the world, unvexed by cramping fears?
Rash?—reckless? We were mad!—how nobly mad
With the brave wine of Love and Twenty Years!

Once, as we listened at the window there,
In the warm sunlight of an April day,
A sound of loyal thunder filled the air—
The Massachusetts Sixth marched down Broad-
way.

O gallant hearts and times! O drum and fife!
In '62 I joined the volunteers.
Poor wounded soldier, lonely waiting wife,
We learned what glory meant, at Twenty Years!

It's time to go. The place looks chill and drear.
Fate! were it lot of mine to overlive
But half the happy days I've counted here,
I'd give—what have I that I would not give?—
Again to struggle on, to breast the tide,
To know the worst of Fortune's frowns and fears,
Brave heart within, my darling at my side,
And all the world to win, at Twenty Years!

SIRO DELMONICO

SAMUEL WARD

He lieth low whose constant art
For years the daily feasts purveyed
Of wayfarers from every mart,
The Paladins of every trade.

And yet to-night gay music stirs
The halls he strolled through yestere'en,
And mantles high the wine that spurs
The revellers by him unseen.

Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!
One leader drops, another comes;
On flows the dance,—a stream of joy
Staccatoed by the muffled drums

That soon for us shall mark the tread
Of mourning friends and chanting priests.
Ah! there are other banquets spread
Than Siro's memorable feasts.

BROWN, OF GRACE CHURCH, 1864

PETER MARIÉ

O glorious Brown! thou medley strange
Of church-yard, ball-room, saint, and sinner;
Flying by morn through Fashion's range,
And burying mortals after dinner—
Walking one day with invitations,
Passing the next at consecrations,
Tossing the sod at eve on coffins,
With one hand drying tears of orphans
And one unclasping ball-room carriage,
Or cutting plum-cake up at marriage—
Dusting by day the pew and missal—
Sounding by night the ball-room whistle—
Admitted free through Fashion's wicket,
And skilled at psalms, at punch, at cricket;
Relate by what mysterious art
Thou canst so well fulfil thy part—
And how, thus sorely tasked each week,
Thou look'st so happy, fat and sleek.
Repeat to us the prittle-prattle
About thine ears must daily rattle,
When marching round through Fashion's quarters
Thou'rt questioned oft by Eve's fair daughters,
And tell us why seek up, seek down,

O'er all the earth, there's but one Brown—
One man alone whom church and state
At once consent to consecrate,
With license boundless to combine
The pew, the ball, the hearse, the wine!

THE TWEED RING, 1868

ANONYMOUS

The great Moguls of Gotham! their proud purses
Grow with the rich man's spoil and poor man's
 curses;
With a firm grasp on ev'ry pocket, they
Build fanes for which the servile people pay.
The Rich and Poor they plunder as they will—
The more the people howl the more they steal;
Millions on millions to their minions fling,
And make all rich who battle for the Ring.
As on a foe upon New York they forage,
Whose people stand it patiently—with courage.
Meanwhile the City debt by millions grows,
And what it is no human being knows,
Nor will, till Tweed lets Connolly declare
The mighty load the patient people bear.
The money which at Albany does work—
Comes from the tax-afflicted of New York;
The feather ravished from that well-plucked mart,
Wings the sharp arrow to her bleeding heart!
A bold Triumvirate now masters all,—
Chief consuls, Sweeney, Tweed, and Oakey Hall,—
The World's Emporium, soon to be,
Sleeps in the throttles of this ruthless Three.



The Tweed Ring. 1871

From a caricature by Nast, in *Harper's Weekly*, August 19, 1871

THE STREETS, 1869

W. O. STODDARD

Our city is born of the pure, blue sea,
And girt by the waters of rivers three—
Two of them large and one of them small—
And the ocean tides, as they rise and fall,
Wash the feet of our island town,
Swinging and plashing up and down.
Easy it should be to keep us clean,
A city that lies such washings between;
Plenty of water and plenty of soap,
Plenty of shovels and hoes, we hope,
And other hose that may carry and squirt
Streams of water wherever there's dirt;
And yet this town, that should be so clean,
Is the dirtiest city that ever was seen.
From end to end of each filthy street
Nothing is pure and nothing is sweet,
And the mire our rolling wheels that clogs
Is foul with the bodies of cats and dogs,
And the offal of cleaner brutes than they
Who leave our streets in so vile a way
In spite of all the money we pay.
For, know, oh monarch of Scanderoon,
That we, thy people, from June till June,
Pay enough, in our hard won gold,

Fairly counted and straightly told,
If into a sheet it was properly rolled,
To cover the pavement of stone and wood—
The pavement that is, we mean, that *should*
Be under the sloppy and slippery mire
Where our garments spoil and our horses tire—
From end to end of the city wide,
And leave an elegant fringe outside.
And the thing is a thing, oh king, that sours
On us all, to find that the city powers,
The grand magnorums who round you stand,
And take our money with greedy hand,
See no evil, or shame, or hurt
In leaving our streets all hid in the dirt.

DAWN IN THE CITY

CHARLES DEKAY

The city slowly wakes:
Her every chimney makes
Offering of smoke against the cool white skies.
Slowly the morning shakes
The lingering shadowy flakes
Of night from doors and windows, from the city's eyes.

A breath through heaven goes:
Leaves of the pale sweet rose
Are strewn along the clouds of upper air.
Healer of ancient woes,
The palm of dawn bestows
Peace on the feverish brow, comfort on grim despair.

Now the celestial fire
Fingers the sunken spire,
Crocket by crocket swiftly creepeth down;
Brushes the maze of wire,
Dewy, electric lyre,
And with a silent hymn one moment fills the town.

A sound of pattering hoofs
Above the emergent roofs
And anxious bleatings tell the passing herd;

Scared by the piteous droves
A shoal of skurrying doves
Veering, around the island of the church has whirred.

Soon through the smoky haze
The park begins to raise
Its outlines clearer into daylit prose;
Ever with fresh amaze
The sleepless fountains praise
Morn that has gilt the city as it gilds the rose.

High in the clear air
The smoke now builds a stair
Leading to realms no wing of bird has found;
Things are more foul, more fair;
A distant clock somewhere
Strikes, and the dreamer starts at clear reverberant
sound.

Farther the tide of dark
Drains from each square and park;
Here is a city fresh and new-create,
Wondrous as though the ark
Should once again disbark
On a remoulded world its safe and joyous freight.

Ebbs all the dark, and now
Life eddies to and fro
By pier and alley, street and avenue:
The myriads stir below,
As hives of coral grow—
Vaulted above, like them with a fresh sea of blue.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

At the Unveiling of his Statue, 1877

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Among their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O city of his love, make room
For one whose gift was song.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,
And through a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew;
The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Not less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreeep
The lines of Halleck's name.

THE "STAY AT HOME'S" PLAINT, 1878

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

The Spring has grown to Summer;
The sun is fierce and high;
The city shrinks and withers
Beneath a burning sky.
Ailanthus trees are fragrant,
And thicker shadows cast,
While berry-girls, with voices shrill,
And watering-carts go past.

In offices like ovens
We sit without our coats;
Our cuffs are moist and shapeless,
No collars bind our throats.
We carry huge umbrellas
On Broad Street and on Wall,
Oh, how thermometers go up!
And, oh, how stocks *do* fall!

The nights are full of music,
Melodious Teuton troops
Beguile us, calmly smoking,
On balconies and stoops.
With eyes half-shut and dreamy,
We watch the fire-flies' spark,
And image far-off faces,
As day dies into dark.

The avenue is lonely,
The houses choked with dust;
The shutters, barred and bolted,
The bell-knobs all a-rust.
No blossom-like spring dresses,
No faces young and fair,
From "Dickels" to "The Brunswick,"
No promenader there.

The girls we used to walk with
Are far away, alas!
The feet that kissed its pavement
Are deep in country grass.
Along the scented hedge-rows,
Among the green old trees,
Are blooming city faces
'Neath rosy-lined pongees.

They're cottaging at Newport;
They're bathing at Cape May;
In Saratoga's ball-rooms
They dance the hours away.
Their voices through the quiet
Of haunted Catskill break;
Or rouse those dreamy dryads,
The nymphs of Echo Lake.

The hands we've led through Germans,
And squeezed, perchance, of yore,
Now deftly grasp the bridle,
The mallet, and the oar.
The eyes that wrought our ruin
On other men look down;
We're but the broken play-things
They've left behind in town.

BALLADE OF BARRISTERS

C. C. STARKWEATHER

To the shy, sweet face that I saw this morning,
I toss this kiss from my window-sill.
And mayhap my partner will give me warning
If I shove not quicker my grey goose-quill.
I've twenty folios yet to fill.
So it's Blue Eyes, Down! till this deed is drawn;
For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

From seal and parchment and dust-covered papers,
My thoughts fly back to her—willy nil.
I lunch at Cable's on lamb and capers,
And a secret bumper I drain with Phil,
And I smile when he leaves me to pay the bill.
Oh, it's Blue Eyes, Down! till this deed is drawn;
For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

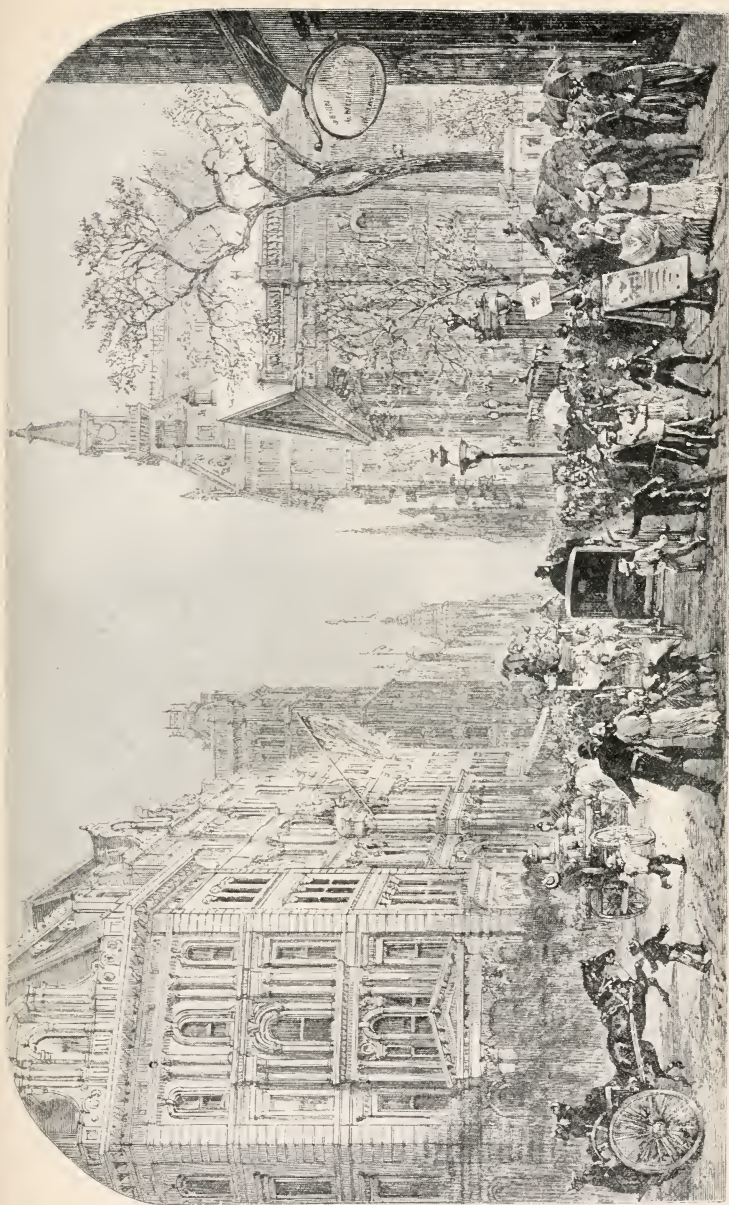
My office is no conservatory;
Its walls are like blanks for a clerk to fill;
But that mignonette, jasmine, and morning-glory
The charms of a whole hothouse would kill

Ballade of Barristers

In the white vase there, on the window-sill.
But it's Blue Eyes, Down! till this deed is drawn;
For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

ENVOY

Barristers! with brief-bags to fill
It's Blue Eyes, Down! till the deeds are drawn,
For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
And the rattle of Broadway never is still.



Broadway. 1881

A SUMMER SUMMARY

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Shall I, lying in a grot,
Die because the day is hot?
Or declare I can't endure
Such a torrid temperature?
Be it hotter than the flames
South Gehenna Junction claims,
If it be not so to me,
What care I how hot it be?

Shall I say I love the town
Praised by Robinson and Browne?
Shall I say, "In Summer heat
Old Manhattan can't be beat"?
Be it luring as a bar,
Or my neighbor's motor-car,
If I think it is pazziz
What care I how fine it is?

Shall I prate of rural joys
Far from civic smoke and noise?
Shall I, like the others, drool
"But the nights are always cool"?
If I hate to rise at six
Shall I praise the suburbs? Nix!

A Summer Summary

If the country's not for me,
What care I how good it be?

Town or country, cool or hot,
Differs nothing, matters not;
For to quote that Roman cuss,
Why dispute "de gustibus"?
If to this or that one should
Take a fancy, it is good.

If these rhymes look good to me,
What care I how bad they be?

HYMN

Sung at the Presentation of the Obelisk to the City of New
York, February 22, 1881.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Great God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
To thee our praise is given.
Here, by this ancient Sign
Of Thine own Light divine,
We lift to thee our eyes,
Thou Dweller of the Skies;
Hear us, O God in Heaven!

Older than Nilus' mighty flood
Into the Mid-Sea pouring,
Or than the sea, Thou God hast stood—
Thou God of our adoring!
Waters and stormy blast
Haste when thou bid'st them haste;
Silent, and hid, and still,
Thou sendest good and ill;
Thy ways are past exploring.

In myriad forms, by myriad names,
Men seek to bind and mould Thee;

But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames,
The cords that would enfold Thee
Who madest life and light,
Bring'st morning after night,
Who all things did create—
No majesty, nor state,
Nor word, nor world can hold Thee!

Great God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
To Thee our praise is given.
Of suns Thou art the Sun,
Eternal, holy One;
Who us can help save Thou?
To Thee alone we bow!
Hear us, O God in heaven!

THE BUNTLING BALL, 1884

EDGAR FAWCETT

Mr. Buntling Speaks :

O proud New York, that wast New Amsterdam,
How art thou fallen away from dignity!
Methinks thy Battery and thy Bowling Green
Should split in angered earthquake at thy shame!
Thou, too, indignant Peter, shouldst arise,
A shade with slim clay pipe and ligneous leg,
To lay thy broad staff on the ungrateful heads
Of these thy base descendants, them that love
Gross pelf and pander to the parvenu!
For such am I, even such, and better far
The laboring Scythia's westward-pointed prow
Nor me nor mine had hither borne unscathed
Through the strait Narrows; but that either strand
Had clashing met, and whelmed off Sandy Hook
The great ship's vigor in tumultuous waves!
Thus were averted this unseemly Ball,
Its hollow and absurd extravagance
Checked by the grim economy of death!

Chorus of Knickerbocker Young Men

Old man, do not be nonsensical
In your views about New York;

The Buntling Ball

You are needlessly forensical
For a potentate in Pork!
Why not recollect with gratitude
That we throng your mansion wide,
And express no moral platitude
Upon Knickerbocker pride?
Since the days when dull old Trinity
Was a temple far up town,
And a girl was thought divinity
If she owned but one silk gown;
Since the days when each festivity
They would all by twelve forsake,
And the dominant proclivity
Was for lemonade-and-cake;
Since the days when aristocracy
Of the gender known as male,
Would esteem it vain plutocracy
To exploit a swallow-tail;
Since the days when custom's manacle
Was a bond of rigid force,—
Since the days thus puritanical,
We have altered things, of course.
For the years are cruel pillagers,
As they lay old fashions low,
And to live like simple villagers
Is no longer *comme il faut*.
Our progenitors (peace be with them!)
Were a very stupid lot,
And so little we agree with them
That we imitate them not.
They were certainly respectable,
As with pride we now declare,
But we find it more delectable
If we draw the line just there.

For to fling aside all flattery,
And to speak as hits the mark,
They were narrow as the Battery
When compared with Central Park.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT

New York, August 8, 1885

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,
Once more from roaring cannon, and the drums,
And bugles blown at morn, the summons comes;
Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar;
Once more your Captain calls to you;
Come to his last review!

And come ye, too, bright spirits of the dead,
Ye who flamed heavenward from the embattled
field;
And ye whose harder fate it was to yield
Life from the loathful prison or anguished bed;
Dear ghosts! come join your comrades here
Beside this sacred bier!

Nor be ye absent, ye immortal band,—
Warriors of ages past, and our own age,—
Who drew the sword for right, and not in rage,
Made war that peace might live in all the land,
Nor ever struck one vengeful blow,
But helped the fallen foe.

And fail not ye,—but, ah, ye falter not
To join his army of the dead and living,—
Ye who once felt his might, and his forgiving;
Brothers, whom more in love than hate he smote.
For all his countrymen make room
By our great hero's tomb!

Come soldiers—not to battle as of yore,
But come to weep; ay, shed, your noblest tears;
For lo, the stubborn chief, who knew not fears,
Lies cold at last, ye shall not see him more,
How long grim Death he fought and well,
That poor, lean frame doth tell.

All's over now; here let our Captain rest,
Silent among the blare of praise and blame;
Here let him rest, while never rests his fame;
Here in the city's heart he loved the best,
And where our sons his tomb may see
To make them brave as he;—

As brave as he—he on whose iron arm
Our Greatest leaned, our gentlest and most wise;
Leaned when all other help seemed mocking lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the state,
And made it free and great.

A BALLAD OF CLAREMONT HILL

HENRY VAN DYKE

The roar of the city is low,
Muffled by new-fallen snow,
And the sign of the wintry moon is small and round
and still.

Will you come with me to-night,
To see a pleasant sight
Away on the river-side, at the edge of Claremont
Hill?

“And what shall we see there,
But streets that are new and bare,
And many a desolate place that the city is coming to
fill;
And a soldier's tomb of stone,
And a few trees standing alone—
Will you walk for that through the cold, to the edge of
Claremont Hill?”

But there's more than that for me,
In the place that I fain would see:
There's a glimpse of the grace that helps us all to bear
life's ill;
A touch of the vital breath
That keeps the world from death;

A flower that never fades, on the edge of Claremont
Hill.

For just where the road swings round,
In a narrow strip of ground,
Where a group of forest trees are lingering fondly still,
There's a grave of the olden time,
When the garden bloomed in its prime,
And the children laughed and sang on the edge of
Claremont Hill.

The marble is pure and white,
And even in this dim light,
You may read the simple words that are written
there if you will;
You may hear a father tell
Of a child he loved so well,
A hundred years ago, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

The tide of the city has rolled
Across that bower of old,
And blotted out the beds of the rose and the daffodil;
But the little playmate sleeps,
And the shrine of love still keeps
A record of happy days, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

The river is pouring down
To the crowded, careless town,
Where the intricate wheels of trade are grinding on like
a mill;
But the clamorous noise and strife
Of the hurrying waves of life
Flow soft by this haven of peace on the edge of Clare-
mont Hill.

And after all, my friend,
When the tale of our years shall end,
Be it long or short, or lowly or great, as God may
will,
What better praise could we hear,
Than this of the child so dear:
You have made my life more sweet, on the edge of
Claremont Hill.



Riverside Drive. 1881

RIVERSIDE

JOHN MYERS O'HARA

Across the slopes whose wooded spaces hide
The Hudson's sweep, rising more royal than
Above the Tiber that of Hadrian,
A tomb looms domed and dim o'er dusk and tide;
All dreams of alien beauty that abide,
The memory of lands beyond the span
Of seas that sing the deeds of god and man,
May reinspire the soul on Riverside.
And now the mists are falling on the far
Wide silver of the river, and a star
Burns in the pines that crown the Palisades.
Slowly the final streak of sunlight fades,
And Claremont, with the lamps against its white,
Shines like a limpid jewel in the night.

THE LAST OF THE NEW YEAR'S CALLERS

The Story of an Old Man, an Old Man's Friendship,
and a New Card-Basket

H. C. BUNNER

The door is shut—I think the fine old face
Trembles a little, round the under lip;
His look is wistful—can it be the place
Where, at his knock, the bolt was quick to slip
(It had a knocker then), when, bravely decked,
He took, of New Year's, with his lowest bow,
His glass of egg-nog, white and nutmeg-flecked,
From her who is—where is the young bride now?

O Greenwood, answer! Through your ample gate
There went a hearse, these many years ago;
And often by a grave—more oft of late—
Stands an old gentleman, with hair like snow.
Two graves he stands by, truly; for the friend
Who won her, long has lain beside his wife;
And their old comrade, waiting for the end,
Remembers what they were to him in life.

And now he stands before the old-time door,
A little gladdened in his lonely heart
To give of love for those that are no more
To those that live to-day a generous part.

The Last of the New Year's Callers 219

Ay, *She* has gone, sweet, loyal, brave, and gay—

But then, her daughter's grown and wed the while;
And the old custom lingers: New Year's Day,
Will she not greet him with her mother's smile?

But things are changed, ah, things are changed you
see;

We keep no New Year's, now, not we—

It's an old-time day,

And an old-time way,

And an old-time fashion we've chosen to cut—

And the dear old man

May wait as he can

In front of the old-time door that's *shut*.

THE COLUMBUS PARADE, 1893

STARR HOYT NICHOLS

Huge warships of all nations side by side,
Oarless and sailless, heedless of the breeze
Drive their colossal prow with conquering ease
Against the thrusting of an adverse tide;
And 'mid them three curved caravels—the pride
Of bold Columbus, when he clove the seas,
The windy sport of what storm-gods might please,
Seeking strange ports where keel did never ride,
Yet these leviathans are proud to dip
Their bright flags to the pigmy counterpart
Of his slight ships; and from the flame-wreathed lip
Of thundering cannon cheer his dauntless heart.
Greater than Cæsar's fortunes carried well
The fragile oak of Christopher's caravel.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

New York Harbor, August 20, 1898

GUY WETMORE CARRILL

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er map-
less miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the further-
most isles are free;
And the furthest isles make answer, harbor,
and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach, cry each to each, "'Tis the
Mother who calls! Be still!"

Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from
harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade
her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest;
The black cloud dies in the August skies and deep in
the golden west

222 **When the Great Gray Ships Come In**

Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened
stars!

Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannon-
ade,

Peace at last! is the bugle-blast the length of the long
blockade;

And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace!"

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of those who swept the seas how she bade
them rise and go;

How, when the stirring summons smote on her chil-
dren's ear,

South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole
land answered "Here!"

For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
sailor's song

Are all of those who meet their foes as right should
meet with wrong,

Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on
the decks they trod,

Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of
their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and
free,

To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends
of sea,

To see the day steal up the bay, where the enemy lies
in wait,

When the Great Gray Ships Come In 223

To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her
across the strait:—

But better the golden evening when the ships round
heads for home,

And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl
of seething foam,

And the people wait at the haven's gate, to greet the
men who win!

Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when
the great gray ships come in!

INTERCESSIONAL, 1898

MCCREADY SYKES

Godkin the Righteous, known of old,
Priest of the nation's moral health;
Within whose *Post* we daily read
The gospel of the rights of wealth;
Great *Evening Post*, be with us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

The *Tribune* drools; the *Sun* is vile;
The *Journal* and the *World* are lies;
Alone thy *Post* speaks forth the truth—
Not humble, but divinely wise.
Omniscient *Post*, don't leave us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

Far East our navy swats the foe;
Manila falls beneath our fire;
We're tempted, Larry, to exult—
But chide us with thy caustic ire.
Great *Evening Post*, réprove us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

If, proud of Dewey, we cheer his name,
And count the ships the Spaniards lost,
Such boastings as our fathers used—

Benighted folks without the *Post*;
Godkin, be quick; remind us yet,
Lest we forget; lest we forget.

For Yankee heart that puts her trust
In twenty-inch guns and armor plate,
And recognizeth not that all—
Save Godkin—are degenerate;
For licking Spain and wicked brag;
Godkin, forgive thy country's flag.

THE OLD LYCEUM

FOURTH AVENUE AND 23RD STREET

Lines read by Miss Annie Russell, at the Final Performance,
March 22, 1902

A. E. LANCASTER

The end has come. Dare we, who face you thus,
To bid good-bye to you, as you to us,
Dare we expect a place, however small,
With those you love to turn to and recall?
Ah, yes! You are too generous to begrudge
The Little Girl who loved the Loyal Judge.
Her tempted parents now avoid temptation;
The Probate Judge is scarcely on probation;
Ditto the youth familiarly called Jim,
The clerk who lost the clue he found with vim,
The Ikensteins, on whom existence dawned
As numbering put the Pawnors and the Pawned,
And Mrs. Brown, to better fortunes bred,
But now must keep a boarding-house instead;
Likewise, comparing one thing with another,
The Judge's quite "incorrigible" mother,
Since Mrs. Gilbert throws on every role
The genial sunshine of a radiant soul.

Then, when destruction lays its ruthless hand
Where once the play and player took their stand,
Hope and not grief will cause our hearts to swell,
Since "*au revoir*" will lurk behind "farewell,"
And from afar there sounds a sweet Te Deum,
Because the *New* springs from the *Old* Lyceum!

THE REGIMENT, 1909

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

The traffic clears, and the crowd to the curb shifts to
the roll of drums,
As down the dusty avenue the long brown column
comes,
And their faces match their khaki. From Luzon's
tropic suns
They took this tan, and the glint of their eyes like the
glitter of their guns
Flamed on the way to Pekin till they saw the flag still
there.
They bear their faded colors past, and something in
the air
Lessens the roar of the city. One gray bystander sees
The Stars and Stripes at Gettysburg and faces set like
these
When death broke battle's mould. They pass, in-
domitable, strong,
Wearing the deathless order of discipline. The throng
Gentile and Jew and Kelt and Hun and their own blood
brothers thrill
To the ripple of their cadenced ranks; for now the
drums are still
And the measured tread of feet that marched to set the
Cubans free,

Falls on the asphalt like the sound of breakers when
the sea
Strikes on the sands at midnight to mark the pulse of
time,
And the nation's heart-beat blends with them; the
boys that breathless climb
To a lamp-post or a column's height, the girls whose
ardent eyes
Wake to a world of fighting men and the dream that
never dies;
Embattled, grim in touch with them; crude as brown
powder grains
That leap to life and shake the air when freedom fires
the trains.
Essential, hard, dynamic, fit, and silent still they
go,
Down the pathway of their duty to a goal that none
may know.
Here is the nation's last reserve, these and their next
of kin
When the ends of earth are looted bare and the years
of wrath begin.
For each heart guards its citadel and these shall serve
alone
When millions fail and navies sink and forts are
overthrown.
They pass and the city's tumult throbs through its
arteries
And fills them full of greed and lust, dishonor and
disease,
And dreams insane of peace unearned, decadence and
disgrace;
But still the red blood corpuscles shall vitalize the race.

CONSECRATED GROUND

An ode read at the New York City Hall, July 4, 1911

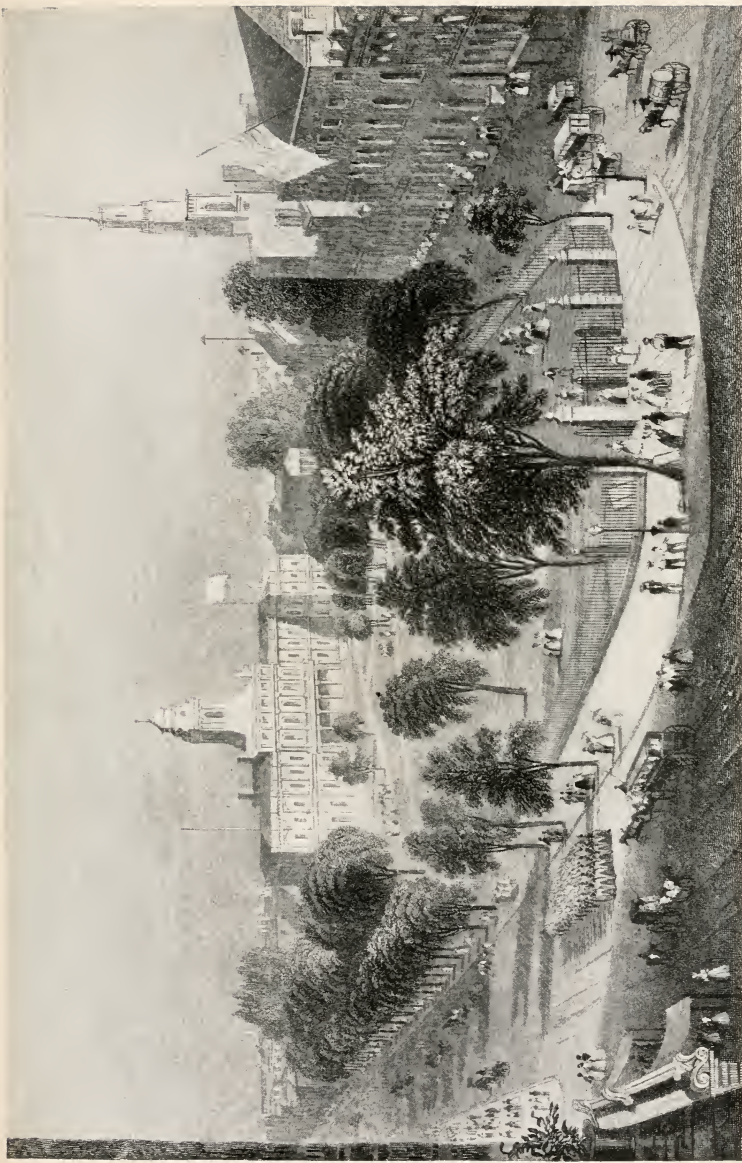
EDWIN MARKHAM

I

Let there be prayer and praise
On these worn stones and on these trodden ways;
For all around
Is holy ground,
Ground that departed years
Have hallowed with high dreams
(Freedom's immortal themes)—
Made sacred, too, with fall of noble tears.

II

Let there be prayer and praise,
For here once, in the old, heroic days,
Appeared our Washington,
(Time had no nobler son!)
And here, beneath these lifted skies, he heard
From the new page God's last oracular word—
The word the Bell of Liberty gave tongue—
The word forever old, forever young—
The cry, "Let Freedom be
On land, on sea!"



A View of City Hall Park Looking North, about 1830

From a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; engraved by S. Lacy

It was the great word that had sounded on
From far Thermopylæ and Marathon.

III

Here they brought Lincoln, dead but deathless—
here,
When hate had torn the April from the year.
Here on that darkened day
They brought the martyr on his homeward way;
And in this storied place
They laid him with his hushed, heroic face,
With all the patient mercies of his look
Still written there as in the Judgment Book—
A great soul that had greatly lived, and then,
Dying, sent out his greatness upon men.

IV

And here with stately step and measured chant,
They brought our stern, sad, silent soldier, Grant;
Only a little more stilled, a little more
Than he had been on life's loud ways before.
He was no babbler by the noisy gate:
Only in deeds was he articulate—
Strong to strike blows that Righteousness might
live—
Strong also to forgive.

V

So here where we have brought our greatest dead,
Here is a shrine, here is an altar spread,
Where we may consecrate our hearts again
To their high hopes for men;

Knowing our heroes watch us from their spheres,
Still touched by mortal tears—
Knowing they watch us with their serious eyes,
There where the deathless climb the deathless skies.

NEW YORK HARBOR

Written in view of the harbor of New York on the loveliest and calmest of the last days of autumn.

PARK BENJAMIN

Is this a painting? Are those pictured clouds
Which on the sky so movelessly repose?
Has some rare artist fashioned forth the shrouds
Of yonder vessel? Are these imaged shows
Of outline, figure, form, or is there life—
Life with a thousand pulses—in the scene
We gaze upon, those towering banks between,
Ere tossed these billows in tumultuous strife?

Billows! there's not a wave! the waters spread
One broad, unbroken mirror! all around
Is hushed to silence,—silence so profound
That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
Into the distance, would, like larum bell,
Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the spell!

NEW YORK IN SUNSET

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

The island city of dominion stands,
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the waters' crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybéle of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around here; yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
She sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees through storm and
fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

NEW YORK BAY AT DUSK

MILDRED L. MCNEAL-SWEENEY

Now comes the fragrant night in from the sea
And all her flowery purples soon unfolds,
Like April-countries, violet sown, where we
May have the hush the eager time withholds.
Methinks heaven sometimes takes the world aside
And lends a happy ear to all it says—
Soothing its great unrest, and for its pride
Showing again the simple fields of praise.
This starry-lighted island is no more
The quick and restless city of my task;
It dreams with me and what may be in store
For either, we do neither care nor ask,
Leaving the dear fulfilment of my youth
In the safe care of thought and time and truth.

ON THE BAY

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

This watery vague how vast! This misty globe,
Seen from this center where the ferry plies,—
It plies, but seems to poise in middle air,—
Soft gray below gray heavens, and in the West
A rose-gray memory of the sunken sun;
And, where gray water touches grayer sky,
A band of darker gray pricked out with lights,—
A diamond-twinkling circlet bounding all;
And where the statue looms, a quenchless star;
And where the lighthouse, a red, pulsing flame;
While the great bridge its starry diadem
Shows through the gray, itself in grayness lost!

RETURN TO NEW YORK

JOHN HALL WHELOCK

Far and free o'er the lifting sea, the lapsing wastes and
the waves that roam,
Hour by hour with sleepless power the keel has fur-
rowed the soft, sad foam;
Slowly now, with steadier prow, she steals through the
dim gray fog-banks home.

Faint and far from across the bar the first lines burn
of the cloudy day,
From whistle and horn in the twilit morn low murmurs
are wafted across the bay.
The fleet, sweet swing of the sea-bird's wing beats
down the darkness and dies away.

Dawn,—and lo, as the rifted snow that melts from the
sun on a mountain height,
As the veils from a bride that fall and divide, the fog
veils sunder and leave in sight,
Like Venice, dim on the water's rim, the city, my
mother, bared and bright.

In the first hours her stately towers and clustered
summits show faint and fair:
Mother, mother, to thee and none other the heart
cries out in the morning there!

Solemnly, slowly, the white mists wholly fade, and the whole, sweet form lies bare.

Hail, all hail, with the dawn for veil, the sea for throne and the stars for crown!

Mother, thy son, his journeying done, triumphantly here at thine heart bows down;

Love that sings, on the sea-wind's wings runs on to greet thee his very own.



The Bay from the Telegraph Station. 1839

From a drawing by W. H. Bartlett; engraved by R. Wallis

THE NEW COLOSSUS

EMMA LAZARUS

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glowes world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbour that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

BARTHOLDI'S PHAROS

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND

Manhattan Bay in glory lay
When Verrazano entered;
His heart was cold, on thoughts of gold
And ivory concentrated:
“Now go about and sail we out!—
Although this scene entrances;
For we Italians seek rich mines
To satisfy King Francis.”

The Portugee came in from sea,
Sir Estevan de Gomez;
“I smell,” said he, “no spicery
Nor gum, such as at home is;
King Charles of Spain, he would raise Cain
And cuss-words use terrific,
If we clove not this granite main
To cloves of the Pacific.”

The *Half-Moon* next our harbor vexed—
The Dutchman made appearance—
The Northwest Passage was his text,
And Albany his clearance;
The Indian damsels pleased his ways,—
He was a gay deceiver,—

And nothing met his sordid praise
But buffalo and beaver.

Next came Lord Howe, guns at his prow,
His nose and clothes vermilion,
With Hessian bayonets, to plough
The hills around new Ilion;
Seven years the fleet stayed here to eat,—
King George he paid the ration,—
Till French and Yankees down the street
Saw an evacuation.

The artisan American
Came now—a buoyant schemer—
With fleets of fire-winged birds to span
The shores with many a steamer.
At Fulton's wand our sparkling pond
Leaped into life and duty,
But nothing came to correspond
Unto the sense of Beauty.

The gold we made, the South-Sea trade,
The peltries and the spices,
And mechanisms, like crystal prisms,
Refracted our devices.
Yet in the heart the spell of Art
Slept, like the winter thristle,
Or Faith, in old Diana's mart,
Awaiting an apostle.

The son of France his kindling glance
Threw o'er this radiant Edom,
And like a Bayard of romance
Knelt to the strength of Freedom;

He saw arise athwart our skies
A Goddess ever living,
Illumination in her eyes,
And flame to darkness giving.

Lift high thy torch and forward march,
O dame of Revolution!—
All heaven thy triumphal arch,
All progress the solution;
And from the earth and all its dross
May man behold the story—
Friendship is pious as the cross,
And only Art is glory!

AT ELLIS ISLAND

MARGARET CHANLER ALDRICH

Across the land their long lines pass;
More souls come to us sun by sun,
Each ship a city as she rides,
Than manned the march of Washington.

From ancient states where burthens lie
Extortionate upon the poor,
Men rise like flocks from leafless woods,
Then flight a shadow at our door.

A shadow passing life by life
Into the morrow of our race;
What know we of the unseen minds?
These hands have riches we embrace.

What common thought so many moves?
Our laws with Liberty are brave;
Beneath them men will take content
A wage, a lodging, and a grave.

Strange to each other as to us,
The races of the world are ours;
No sleepless frontiers here impede
A secret ballot's sacred powers.

At Ellis Island

Ye patient aliens! Sifting in
Where trades a fateful welcome burn,
Bequeath your children what you find—
A land to which all peoples turn.

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them “scum o’ the earth”;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates’ land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the Master Praxiteles’ hand?
So you’re of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass?
Ah, I forgot the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth
That have doomed you to march in our “immigrant
class”
Where you’re nothing but “scum o’ the earth.”

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower brings you to the land of the free?

Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvořák took whole from the dancers,
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget they’re nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are “polacks”—and “scum o’ the earth.”

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
A-stare at Manhattan’s pinnacles now
In a first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer’s eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the *Santa Maria’s* prow
In that still grey dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it’s hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy’s dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;

Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You’re only a “dago”—and “scum o’ the earth”!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you “scum o’ the earth,”
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have I not known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! ’tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You’re merely a butt for our mirth.
You’re a “sheeny”—and therefore despised
And rejected as “scum o’ the earth.”

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvellous folk,

Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
“Rabble and refuse,” we name them
And “scum o’ the earth,” to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.
Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

THE HUDSON

STARR HOYT NICHOLS

With tranquil majesty our river flows
From lordly Adirondack Mountains green,
Where muskrats slink and otter fish unseen,
And antlered stags wait for their lonely does.
How swell its waters as it grandly goes
By cloudy Catskill through West Point's ravine,
Floating rich fleets its sculptured banks between,
Toward pillared Palisades past Anthony's Nose!
Next laps Manhattan's wharves in light caress,
Blent with green Neptune's earth-surrounding
streams
And dancing by the city's blithesomeness
Gives port to navies where the high gull screams;
Then sinks its being in the featureless sea,
As souls melt theirs in death's infinity.

THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS

New York from the North River

LLOYD MIFFLIN

In deepening shades the haunting vision swims;
A denser greyness settles o'er the stream;
The domes are veiled; the wondrous City dims—
Dims as a dream:

The night transforms it to a palace vast
Lit with a thousand lamps from cryptic wires;
The vaporous walls are phantoms of the Past,
Strange with vague spires:

Huge, peopled monoliths that touch the skies,
Whose indeterminate bases baffle sight,
Each with its Argus, incandescent eyes
Pierces the night:

Undreamt-of heights of glimmering marble loom
Like some enchanted fabric wrought of air;
Gigantic shafts of insubstantial gloom
Lift, shadowy, there:

Could fabled Camelot of the poet's dream
Surpass these towers soaring from the mist?—
These steel-ribbed granite miracles that gleam
Dim amethyst? . . .

Slow on the tide, from murky coves remote,
The freighted barges move, laboriously,
While some palatial, golden-lighted boat
Steams for the sea:

Now that the moon is breaking through the cloud
The radiant halo o'er the City pales;
Shimmer the dusky wharves with mast and shroud
And furlèd sails:

Soft strains of music, hovering, drift away;
In cloudy turrets toll the spectral bells;
While the sea-voices, from the wastes of grey,
Send faint farewells:

The homing sloops are sheltered in the slip:
The silence deepens; and up-stream, afar,
A fading lantern on an anchored ship
Seems a lost star.

THE CITY

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

Beside the shining water, serene she sits in state,
Fronting the noonday splendour, keeping the New
World's gate;

Mother of hope and promise, city of light and dream,
Smiling in beauty's triumph, changed with each chang-
ing gleam;

Beside the shining water, she draws her veil of mist
Over her flashing jewels, opal and amethyst.

In twilight's purple vapour, in morning's rain of
gold,

Forever round her island walls the glittering tides are
rolled;

And the great sea's utmost secret, the river's tenderer
song,

Sound through her mingled voices the changeful year
along.

Like doves to her bosom flocking, the proud swift
ships come home,

Tracking her glassy waters with arabesques of foam;
And to her heart's strong throbbing a thousand hearts
keep time,

Where far across the bay's clear stretch is borne her
silver chime.

Indrawn the sullen shadows from lapping waters
 creep,
 Cold, through the teeming channels where her life's
 stream runs deep;
 Indrawn, her breath comes faintly, in broken sob
 and moan,
 Slow, through her up-tossed thunders—a secret
 monotone
 Sounding from dark recesses the voice of want and
 wrong,
 Till her mad, sweet, varied music seems but a syren
 song;
 And all her noonday glories, her midnight crown of
 flame,
 Seem but the false regalia of anguish and of shame;
 While o'er that aching tumult she draws her veil of
 mist,
 With the mocking gleam of jewels, opal and ame-
 thyst.

Still by the shining water, serene she sits in state,
 Fronting the noonday splendour, keeping the New
 World's gate;
 And still her sun-wrought signals flash from her lifted
 spires,
 And still beneath the lights of heaven she burns her
 midnight fires,
 And the proud, swift ships flock homeward, and hope-
 drawn hearts beat time,
 As far across the bay's clear stretch is borne her silver
 chime.

NEW YORK

DON MARQUIS

She is hot to the sea that crouches beside,
Human and hot to the cool stars peering down,
My passionate city, my quivering town,
And her dark blood, tide upon purple tide,
With throbs as of thunder beats,
With leaping rhythms and vast, is swirled
Through the shaken lengths of her veined streets—
She pulses, the heart of a world!

I have thrilled with her ecstasy, agony, woe—
Hath she a mood that I do not know?
The winds of her music tumultuous have seized me
and swayed me,
Have lifted, have swung me around
In their whirls as of cyclonic sound;
Her passions have torn me and tossed me and brayed
me;
Drunken and tranced and dazzled with visions and
gleams,
I have spun with her dervish priests;
I have searched to the souls of her haunted beasts
And found love sleeping there;
I have soared on the wings of her flashing dreams;
I have sunk with her dull despair;

I have sweat with her travails and cursed with her
pains;
I have swelled with her foolish pride;
I have raged through a thick red mist at one with her
branded Cains,
With her broken Christs have died.

O beautiful half-god city of visions and love!
O hideous half-brute city of hate!
O wholly human and baffled and passionate town!
The throes of thy burgeoning, stress of thy fight,
Thy bitter, blind struggle to gain for thy body a
soul,
I have known, I have felt, and been shaken there-
by!
Wakened and shaken and broken,
For I hear in thy thunders terrific that throb through
thy rapid veins
The beat of the heart of a world.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE TOWERS

(As Unconnected)

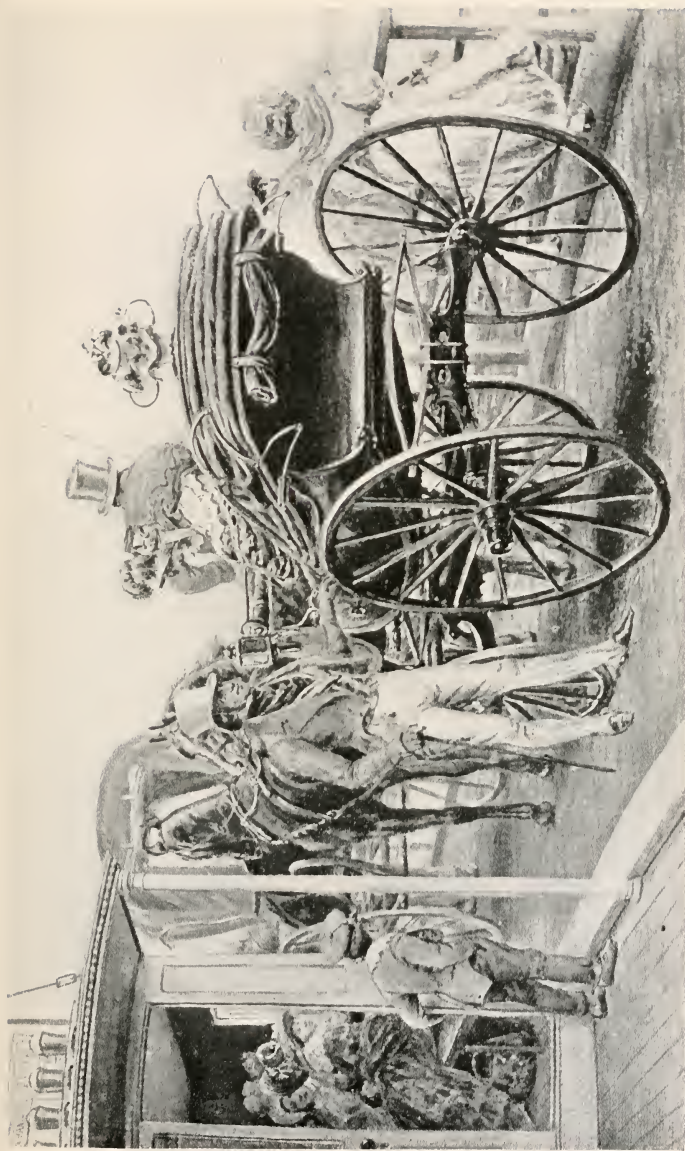
GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND

BRONTÉS

Brother! are you waiting
Faithfully for me?
Stand fast and at last
I'll reach my hair to thee.
Though of vacant sight,
Blindly we are feeling
Tow'rd each other, till the light,
Through our sockets stealing
O'er the stream, in one beam
Shall meet, and see!

ARGÉS

Brother! I am listening
To the words you say,
As they reach me, whistling
Across the windy bay.
Though my feet are cold,
And they long divide us,
Here I'll hold till I am old;
Our echoes shall provide us



On a Brooklyn Ferry-boat. 1820

From the picture by E. L. Henry

On bounding feet a pathway fleet,
Till we behold!

BRONTÉS

Like two gates asunder
Something swings between.
On our heads the thunder
Strikes. We stand serene!
Earliest on our brows,
Still the latest tarry
The rosy clouds; the birds in crowds
Sail round to see us marry.
We will win, though, my twin,
Waves intervene.

ARGÉS

Hark, behind! the churches
Faintly lift their bells.
And far below come and go
The city's hollow swells;
Frightened ferry fleets
Disappear in vapour,
And the camps of twinkling lamps
Struggle for a taper.
To them all, starry tall,
We are sentinels!

BRONTÉS

Aye! I cannot see them,
Yet I feel them there;
And clambering stars their silver bars
Wind o'er me like a stair.

Brooklyn Bridge Towers

Brother, does a pulse
Start not in thy shoulder,
For a mystic destiny,—
Something better, bolder,—
When the rainbow its skein
Twineth in air?

ARGÉS

Yes! A host of spirits
In procession creep
O'er me silently,
From darkened deeps of sleep.
Far away I hear
Wheels imperious driven
Up the heights of the atmosphere,
By the image of Heaven!
His path we span, and, brother! Man
Is the charioteer!

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT DAWN

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Out of the cleansing night of stars and tides,
Building itself anew in the slow dawn,
The long sea-city rises: night is gone,
Day is not yet; still merciful, she hides
Her summoning brow, and still the night-car glides
Empty of faces; the night-watchmen yawn
One to the other, and shiver and pass on,
Nor yet a soul over the great bridge rides.

Frail as a gossamer, a thing of air,
A bow of shadow o'er the river flung,
Its sleepy masts and lonely lapping flood;
Who, seeing thus the bridge a-slumber there,
Would dream such softness, like a picture hung,
Is wrought of human thunder, iron and blood?

THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN

DON MARQUIS

On the middle arch of the bridge I stood
And mused, as the twilight failed;—
The bridge that swings and sings 'twixt tide and sky
Like a harp that the sea-winds sweep;—
Night flooded in from the bay
With billow on billow of shadow and beauty,
Wave upon wave of illusion and dusk,
And before me appavelled in splendor,
Banded with loops of light,
Clothed on with purple and magic,
Rose the tall towers of Manhattan,
Wonderful under the stars.

Whence has this miracle sprung
To challenge the skies?
From the plinth of this girdled island,
Guarded by sentinel waters,
How has this glory arisen?
Whence is the faith, and what is the creed, that has
 dowered
The dumb brute rock and the sullen iron
With a beauty so bold and vital,
A grace so vivid and real?

Whence the strong wings of this lyric that soars like a
song in stone?

For the builders builded in blindness;
Little they thought of the ultimate
Uses of beauty!
Little they kenned and nothing they recked of the
raptures
Of conscious and masterful art;
They builded blinder than they who raised
The naïvely blasphemous challenge of Babel;
For they wrought in the sordid humor
Of greed, and the lust of power;
They wrought in the heat of the bitter
Battle for gold;
And some of them ground men's lives to mortar,
Taking the conqueror's toll,
From the veins of the driven millions;
Of curses and tears they builded,
Cruelty and crime and sorrow—
And behold! by a baffling magic
The work of their hands transmuted
To temples and towers that are crowned
With a glamour transcendent
That lifts up the heart like the smile of a god!

The dust is the dust, and forever
Receiveth its own;
But the dreams of a man or a people
Forever survive;
These builders, their crimes and their curses,
Their greed and their sordid endeavor,
Lie in the dust,
Dead in the dust.

But the vision, the dream, and the glory
Remain:

Triumphantly over all
Rises the secret hope,
Rises the baffled illusion,
Rises the broken dream
That hid in the heart of the conquered,
That dwelt in the conqueror's breast;
By the side of each man as he labored,
Unseen and unknown,
Labored his dream;
Now, eminent, fronting the morning,
Mysterious, clothed with the night,
Rises the crushed aspiration,
The unconscious and scarcely articulate prayer,
Rises the faith forgotten,
Triumphs the spurned ideal,
Rises the god denied,
Conquers the creed betrayed,
Rises the baffled spirit
Flowering in visible durable marvel of stone and of
steel,
Miraculous under the heavens,
Wonderful under the stars.

Nay, mock at the gods if you will,
Even forget their existence,
But always they labor in secret
To bring to a sudden and golden achievement
Their subtle intentions;
And lo! from the dung a lily!
A temple out of the clay!

A city out of the rabble!
And lo! the strong hands of Manhattan,
Mightily lifted up
To grasp at the gold of the sunset
For a crown for her head!

THE MORaine

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

Look down, love, from the Bridge's height
And see the buildings piled below,
A heap of pebbles in the night
Where stars like fireflies come and go.

Here by the border of the sea
Where life has left its last moraine,
The soul of man eternally
Resigns its pleasure and its pain.

The glacier glides into the deep,
An endless river of the years,
From the far mountains where they sleep
Who first begot our hopes and fears.

Cave-man, Crusader, scientist,
They pass as pass the centuries;
And teach these stones to still persist
To tally time's infinities.

What does it all mean? Æons dear
Have left Manhattan here to-day
That we might meet. Our home is here
To share with others while we may.

THAT DEAR CONEY

CHESTER FIRKINS

A city walled against the golden day,
A city starless in the silver night,
Hath reared in glory down her teeming bay,
Past many a roaring quay,
Electra's Temple pinnacled with light.

Fountains ablaze and whirling wheels of fire,
A phantom garden by the rumbling sea;
Not Ctesiphon nor flame-adoring Tyre,
Not Carthage's red pyre
E'er burned the night to such a brilliancy.

Bright mirrored towers tremble in the wave;
My black prow cleaves through faery citadels;
I gaze upon a deep, enchanted pave,
Some sea-tombed city's grave,
Whence music 'mid the voice of revel wells.

The ghostly castles crumble; but the cry,
The song, the shouting grow; and far away
Weird echo-voices call me as they fly;
"Come! Join the night city at her play!
Forget the dark of day;
For here the ways of light and laughter lie."

CITY OF SHIPS

WALT WHITMAN

City of ships!
(O the black ships! O the fierce ships!
O the beautiful sharp-bow'd steamships and sail-
ships!)

City of the world! (for all races are here,
All the lands of the earth make contributions here;)
City of the sea! city of hurried and glittering tides!
City whose gleeful tides continually rush or recede,
whirling in and out with eddies and foam!

City of wharves and stores—city of tall façades of
marble and iron!

Proud and passionate city—meddlesome, mad, extra-
vagant city!

Spring up, O city—not for peace alone, but be indeed
yourself, warlike!

Fear not—submit to no models but your own, O
city!

Behold me—incarnate me as I have incarnated
you!

I have rejected nothing you offer'd me—whom you
adopted I have adopted,

Good or bad I never question you—I love all—I do
not condemn anything,



Steamboat Landing, Pier No. 1, North River

From a drawing by Wade; engraved by Dougal

I chant and celebrate all that is yours—yet peace no
more,
In peace I chanted peace, but now the drum of war is
mine,
War, red war is my song through your streets, O
city!

THE INDIA WHARF

SARA TEASDALE

Here in the velvet stillness
The wide sown fields fall to the faint horizon,
Sleeping in starlight . . .

A year ago we walked in the jangling city
Together . . . forgetful.
One by one we crossed the avenues,
Rivers of light, roaring in tumult,
And came to the narrow, knotted streets.
Through the tense crowd
We went aloof, ecstatic, walking in wonder,
Unconscious of our motion.
Forever the foreign people with dark, deep-seeing
 eyes
Passed us and passed.
Lights and foreign words and foreign faces,
I forgot them all;
I only felt alive, defiant of all death and sorrow,
Sure and elated.

That was the gift you gave me . . .

The streets grew still more tangled,
And led us at last to water black and glossy,

Flecked here and there with lights, faint and far off.
There on a shabby building was a sign
"The India Wharf" . . . and we turned back.

I always felt we could have taken ship
And crossed the bright green seas
To dreaming cities set on sacred streams
And palaces
Of ivory and scarlet.

NEW YORK

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

O Titan daughter crouching by the sea,
 Playing with ships and channelling the sands
 And gathering evermore in eager hands
Poor shells and pebbles for thy jewelry,
Unheedful how the nations swarm to thee
 From all the shallows of distressful lands,—
 More busy braiding weeds in idle bands
Than mothering the millions at thy knee,—
Oh, when thy destiny shall bid thee rise,
 And thy god-heart with love of man shall burn,
 How towards thy feet the human tides will yearn,
While all the muses waken in thine eyes,
 And floods of blessing leave thy lifted urn
As April mornings overflow the skies!

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE MARKET

JAMES OPPENHEIM

The riveted rafters drip the rain and the twilight pave
is puddle and mud,
But the peddlers' carts are huddled again and the
crowd jams past in a woollen flood—
They weave a pattern of reds and blacks, women in
shawls and men in coats,
Women who trudge with broken backs and wisps of
men with bearded throats.

From jets cart-held the wind-tossed gas flames a
shadowy fire that traces
Poverty's stamp on the forms that pass, misery's
blight on the world-old faces—
Pain, that sculptor of men, has creased many a line
in many a brow,
Till he, with love divine, released a splendour which is
shining now.

For under the greys and the saffrons daubed on the
ancient faces, life looks through,
Every atom of soil absorbed in the human stir and the
struggle new—
These as by red-hot rivets are clutched to the nerve-
live business thrilling the hour—

Here where the strings of the purse are touched the
brain becomes a working power.

Where have I mixed in this scene before? In what
strange world, in what strange age?
Lo, in the flesh of life's uproar these people float from
a printed page,
Rises Isaiah, Rizpah, Ruth, prophet, and woman-in-
love, and mother,
See where Isaiah is visioning Truth as he peddles fish
to Abel's brother.

Worlds away and worlds behind all living worlds these
souls assemble,
Rizpah there with her dead to mind, Ruth with her
yearning heart a-tremble!
What to these are Wall Street's currents of electricity
circling Earth?
What to these are Broadway's torrents of roaring work
and rippling mirth?

By what nerve do these souls connect with the huge
skyscraping towers of steel
That girdle Earth with their intellect, a might that
world-end millions feel?
What place have these in the world we sense and
glimpse in the morning paper's print?
Lost, they are lost in a world immense, and who is
aware of their strife and stint?

And yet America's mightiest age shall be child of these
wonderful mothers of men—
Each in her realm is queen and sage, and shall remake
the world again—

Her babes are the masters of dim To-morrows, her
daughters the wives and teachers to come,
Out of her woes and her infinite sorrows she breeds
the Lincolns of the Slum.

Out of the simple and common clay, out of the very
earth of Earth,
Now, as ever, there break away spirits that feed the
world's great dearth—
Take the startling gas-fire glow, stand, stand still, let
me see your face!
Mother, that your strange heart might know you are
the fount of a future race!

LOWER NEW YORK—A STORM

DON MARQUIS

White wing'd below the darkling clouds
The driven sea-gulls wheel;
The roused sea flings a storm against
The towers of stone and steel.

The very voice of ocean rings
Along the shaken street—
Dusk, storm, and beauty overwhelm the world
Where sea and city meet—

But what care they for flashing wings,
Quick beauty, loud refrain,
These huddled thousands, deaf and blind
To all but greed and gain?

IN TRINITY CHURCHYARD AT SUNSET

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

How still they sleep within the city moil
In their old churchyard with its sighing trees,
Where sometimes through the din a twilight breeze
Makes one forget the busy streets of toil;
But they have little thought of worldly spoil
Or the great gain of mortal victories,
Their hopes, their dreams, are cold and dead as
these
Quaint, time-worn gravestones crumbling on the soil.

Yet they once lived and struggled years ago;
Their hearts beat madly as these hearts of ours—
And now is all undone in dreamless rest?
See, a great city stands against the glow—
Their city, they who here beneath the flowers
Have known so long God's gift of peace, most
blest!

THE WALL STREET PIT, May, 1901

EDWIN MARKHAM

I see a hell of faces surge and whirl,
Like maelstrom in the ocean—faces lean
And fleshless as the talons of a hawk—
Hot faces like the faces of the wolves
That track the traveller fleeing through the night—
Grim faces shrunk up and fallen in,
Deep-ploughed like weather-eaten bark of oak—
Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,
Grown suddenly old upon the brink of Earth.

Is this a whirl of madmen ravening,
And blowing bubbles in their merriment?
Is Babel come again with shrieking crew
To eat the dust and drink the roaring wind?
And all for what? A handful of bright sand
To buy a shroud with and a length of earth?

Oh, saner are the hearts on stiller ways!
Thrice happier they who, far from these wild hours,
Grow softly as the apples on a bough.
Wiser the ploughman with his scudding blade,
Turning a straight fresh furrow down a field—
Wiser the herdsman whistling to his heart,
In the long shadows at the break of day—

Wiser the fisherman with quiet hand,
Slanting his sail against the evening wind.

The swallow sweeps back from the south again,
The green of May is edging all the boughs,
The shy arbutus glimmers in the wood,
And yet this hell of faces in the town—
This storm of tongues, this whirlpool roaring on,
Surrounded by the quiet of the hills;
The great calm stars forever overhead,
And, under all, the silence of the dead!

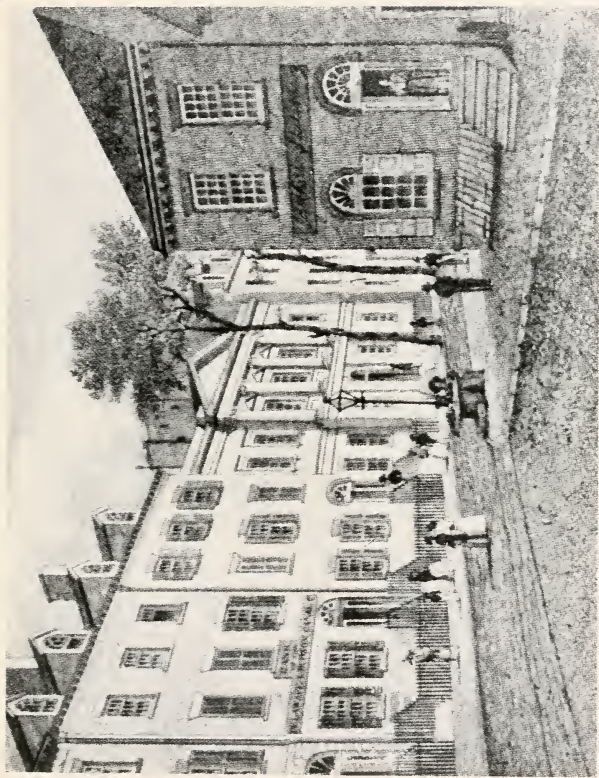
PAN IN WALL STREET

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,—
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations,—
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple;—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamour,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer,—
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned



Banks in Wall Street. 1830

From a drawing by Charles Burton

Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;

The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,—
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Naïs at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,

And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead!”—and all the people
Went on their ways:—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

A FAUN IN WALL STREET

JOHN MYERS O'HARA

What shape so furtive steals along the dim
 Bleak street, barren of throngs, this day of June;
 This day of rest, when all the roses swoon
In Attic vales where dryads wait for him?
What sylvan this, and what the stranger whim
 That lured him here this golden afternoon;
 Ways where the dusk has fallen oversoon
In the deep canyon, torrentless and grim?

Great Pan is far, O mad estray, and these
 Bare walls that leap to heaven and hide the skies
Are fanes men rear to other deities;
 Far to the East the haunted woodland lies,
And cloudless still, from cyclad-dotted seas,
 Hymettus and the hills of Hellas rise.

THE CURB-BROKERS

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

Hail, ye frenzied creatures, antic, mask-like figures,
Shouting gibberish symbols, wheat and corn and
cotton.

Lo, the whole world is a maniac vision,
Worm-eaten by black hopes and wriggling poison-
ous alarms;

Neither flesh nor blood nor God nor devil,
One great brazen throat and dollar-signs for arms.

Hail, ye frenzied creatures,

'Tis a blue autumn morn!

And did ye ever walk among the rustling rows of
corn?

IN LOWER NEW YORK

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Stand here with me. The throngs dissolve away.
The sunset fades. A single star grows bright.
The moon as purely sheds her balm of light
Through these cliff-corridors as on the bay
Pure-spread beyond them. Sea-breeze murmurs say,
Not all of time is pledged for gain, the night
Means sleeping even here, and in despite
Of gold and greed will dawn a Sabbath-day.

There is no peace like this, the deep repose
Of citadels of haggard restlessness.
Prairie and mountain-top and twilit snows
Breathe of the benison of silence less
Than these tired streets, dazed with the noise of men,
When the calm darkness bids them rest again.

WHEN BETSY COMES DOWN-TOWN

LOUISE MORGAN SILL

When Betsy comes down-town,
From her remote suburban lair,
There seems to blow a brighter air;
The grimy streets seem debonair
For touching of her gown;
And under muslin frills her feet,
As tiny and as silvery fleet
As some gazelle's, go tapping sweet
When Betsy comes down-town.

When Betsy comes down-town,
The musty volumes mountain-high,
The shelves where dust and papers lie,
Seem ill to suit a butterfly
Fresh from the meadow brown—
But when she goes a lingering light,
Reflection from the vision bright,
Makes everything divinely right
That seemed askew down-town.

IN NEW YORK

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Within the modern world, deformed and vast,
Lurks everlasting, though all men deny,
The awful force that in the ages past
Walked on the waves and cried on Calvary.

I feel it in the crowded city street
'Mid iron walls and wheels and clanging cars,
I feel it in my pulses as they beat,
The monstrous secret that propels the stars.

MONODY ON THE ASTOR HOUSE

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Lament, O Muse, and heave a suspiration,
Make me an epicedium, a threne,
An ode to fit my humid lachrimation,
A dirge ultramarine!
For heavy I, and supercharged with woe,
On reading that the Astor House must go.

Thou noble inn where oft I (Crys of "Louder")
Repaired to find a frugal bit of lunch;
Where grew the city's only perfect chowder
And hot Jamaica punch—
So deep my woe that thou art to be razed
I question it can fittingly be phrazed.

Farewell, farewell! If Byron I may borrow—
I read of thee in many an Alger tome,
Unthinking that, in age and bowed with sorrow,
I'd spill to thee a pome;
Unknowing that some day I should deplore
The announcement that thou wert to be no more.

Yet though my trend be super-sentimental,
Thine end I truly do not mind a bit;

My grief for that is wholly incidental,

 This is my woe, to wit:

The riveting and blasting that I hear—

Shades of the Woolworth tower!—another year!



Lincoln at the Astor House, February 19, 1861

From *Harper's Weekly*, February, 1861

A FORGOTTEN BARD

CLINTON SCOLLARD

In a dim nook beneath the street
Where Pine and noisy Nassau meet,
This little book of song I found
In scarred morocco quaintly bound.
Each musty and bemildewed leaf
Bespeaks long years of grime and grief;
Long years,—for on the title page
A dim date tells the volume's age.

Ah, who was he, the bard that sung
In that dead century's stately tongue
In those envanished days of yore?—
An empty name—I know no more!
Yet as I read will fancy form
A face whose glow is fresh and warm,
A frank, clear eye wherein I view
A nature open, genial, true.

Mayhap he dreamed of fame, but fate
Has barred to him that temple's gate;
He loved,—was loved,—for one divines
An answered passion in his lines;
He died, ah, yes, he died, but when
He ceased to walk the ways of men,

A Forgotten Bard

Or where his clay with mother clay
Commingles sweetly, who can say!

In pity will I give his book
A not too lonely study nook,
Where kindly gleams of light may play
Across it of a wintry day;
And I will take it down sometimes
To con the prim and polished rhymes.—
Will thus, when the grey years have fled,
Some book of mine be housed and read?

NATHAN HALE

CHESTER FIRKINS

*Somewhere beneath the thundering city's pave,
An unmarked grave;
Somewhere in the vast spaces beyond Time,
A fame sublime;
And that is all we watchers here below
May dream or know
Of him, the tranquil and intrepid soul
Who died for us among the death-drum's roll
In Henry Rutgers' orchard long ago.*

.

You've been, perchance, in Market Street,
Where now the weary, hurrying feet
Of thousands clatter, day by day,
To join the throngs of East Broadway;
Where creak and crash of car and dray
Mingle with children's voices sweet;
Where poverty and sorrow meet,
And yet where some seem always gay.

Though toil and tumult wrap you 'round,
Tread softly—it is holy ground!
'Twas in September of the year
When Liberty first lifted clear

Her daring sword, they brought him here,
And slew him as he faced them, bound,
And buried him without a mound
Or yet a blossom for his bier!

Oh, if your heart as mine doth burn,
These tenemental walls will turn
Into a yellowing orchard close,
With redcoat men in silent rows;
And he, in high, serene repose,
Lifts eyes that but a moment yearn
Toward his torn letters 'mongst the fern
As proudly to his doom he goes.

.

Somewhere beneath the thundering city's pave,
An unmarked grave;
But is not the great city o'er him sprent
His better monument?
These mighty sons of Cæsar and of Shem,
He died for them!
The tumult of the hosts he helped to free,
The roar of the wide mart, his elegy,
His solemn and triumphant requiem!

DIGGING FOUNDATIONS AT NIGHT

Cortland Street

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

Here, where the forges sound their giant scale
Of thud and groan, and braziers belch their smoke;
In depths, unseen, backs bent, nor fear, nor quail
The myriads toil; bearing in cheer the yoke,
Knowing full well that soon, aloft, will rise
Some new Aladdin's dream, scraping the very skies.

THE ANGEL OF THE CORNICE

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

Listen to me, ye creeping ants of men,
Because of human hearts I snatched and slew,
Because of blood poured out, because of blood,
I am drawn close to you.

Listen, across the quivering sea of roofs
Thousands of miles—that cry along the wires!
Aerial signals, soundless waves of air
Heavy with import, moan of steel-spun spires!

I brood above the costliness of the task
Through which these human creatures fall consumed.
Men, bow the head before the dizzying grave
Whose valour and toil to such a death are doomed.

This is the harvest you have sowed;
Your blood is mixed with mine, with mine;
And I, who break you on my fiery wheel,
Not Moloch am I, but divine, divine.

The pitiless Angel of the Mercenary?
Nay, for I too am great,
Lifting the vast hopes of the modern world
As on the knees of fate.

I am Winged Victory at the prow,
Oh ye who serve the God of force,
Pilgrims that ride the deep with me,
Ye, too, shall learn the love that is remorse.

THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING

MADISON CAWEIN

Enormously it lifts
Its towers against the splendour of the west;
Like some wild dream that drifts
Before the mind, and at the will's behest,—
Enchantment-based, gigantic steel and stone,—
Is given permanence;
A concrete fact,
Complete, alone,
Glorious, immense,
Such as no nation here on earth has known:
Epitomizing all
That is American, that stands for youth,
And strength and truth;
That's individual,
And beautiful and free,—
Resistless strength and tireless energy.

Even as a cataract,
Its superb fact
Suggests vast forces Nature builds with—Joy,
And Power and Thought,
She to her aid has brought
For eons past, will bring for eons yet to be,
Shaping the world to her desire: the three

Her counsellors constantly,
Her architects, through whom her dreams come
true,—

Her workmen, bringing forth,
With toil that shall not cease,
Mountains and plains and seas,
That make the Earth the glory that it is:
And, one with these,
Such works of man as this,
This building, towering into the blue,
A beacon, round which like an ocean wide,
Circles and flows the restless human tide.

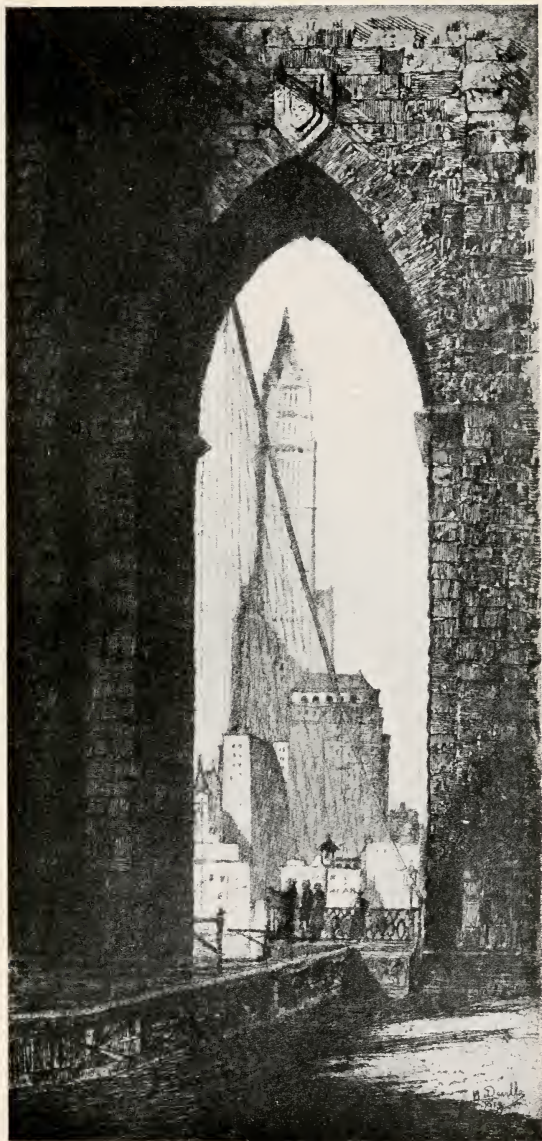
FROM THE WOOLWORTH TOWER

SARA TEASDALE

Vivid with love, eager for greater beauty
Out of the night we came
Into the corridor, brilliant and warm.
A metal door slides open,
And the lift receives us.
Swiftly, with sharp unswerving flight
The car shoots upward,
And the air, swirling and angry,
Howls like a hundred devils.
Past the maze of trim bronze doors,
Steadily we ascend
I cling to you
Conscious of the chasm under us,
And a terrible whirring deafens my ears.

The flight is ended.

We pass through a door leading onto the ledge—
Wind, night and space!
Oh terrible height
Why have we sought you?
Oh bitter wind with icy invisible wings
Why do you beat us?
Why would you bear us away?



The Woolworth Tower, 1915

From an etching by Henri de Ville

We look through the miles of air,
 The cold blue miles between us and the city,
 Over the edge of eternity we look
 On all the lights,
 A thousand times more numerous than the stars;
 Oh lines and loops of light in unwound chains
 That mark for miles and miles
 The vast black mazy cobweb of the streets;
 Near us clusters and splashes of living gold
 That change far off to bluish steel
 Where the fragile lights on the Jersey shore
 Tremble like drops of wind-stirred dew.
 The strident noises of the city
 Floating up to us
 Are hallowed into whispers.
 Ferries cross through the darkness
 Weaving a golden thread into the night,
 Their whistles weird shadows of sound.

We feel the millions of humanity beneath us,—
 The warm millions, moving under the roofs,
 Consumed by their own desires;
 Preparing food,
 Sobbing alone in a garret,
 With burning eyes bending over a needle,
 Aimlessly reading the evening paper,
 Dancing in the naked light of the café,
 Laying out the dead,
 Bringing a child to birth—
 The sorrow, the torpor, the bitterness, the frail joy
 Come up to us
 Like a cold fog wrapping us round,
 Oh in a hundred years
 Not one of these blood-warm bodies

From the Woolworth Tower

But will be worthless as clay.
The anguish, the torpor, the toil
Will have passed to other millions
Consumed by the same desires.
Ages will come and go,
Darkness will blot the lights
And the tower will be laid on the earth.
The sea will remain
Black and unchanging,
The stars will look down
Brilliant and unconcerned.

Beloved,
Tho' sorrow, futility, defeat
Surround us,
They cannot bear us down.
Here on the abyss of eternity
Love has crowned us
For a moment
Victors.

NEW YORK

A Nocturne

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Down-gazing, I behold,
Miraculous by night,
A city all of gold.
Here, there, and everywhere,
In myriad fashion fair,
A mystery untold
Of Light!

Not royal Babylon,
Nor Tyre, nor Rome the great—
In the all-powerful state
Her wisdom and her armèd legions won—
Was so illuminate
As the strange world which, awed, I look upon.
With it compared, the ancient glories fail,
And, in the glow it doth irradiate,
The planets of the firmament grow pale!

Night, birth-fellow to Chaos, never wore
A robe so gemmed before.
The splendour streams
In lines and jets and scintillating gleams

From tower and spire and campanile bright,
And palaces of light.

How beautiful is this
Unmatched Cosmopolis!—
City of wealth and want,
Of pitiless extremes,
Selfish ambitions, pure aspiring dreams;
Whose miseries, remembered, daunt
The bravest spirit hope hath cheered—
This city loved and hated, honoured, feared:
This Titan City, bold to dare:
This wounded Might
That, dreading darkness, still conceals its care
And hides its gaping hurt 'neath veils of light!

Oh, I have looked on Venice when the moon
Silvered each dark lagoon,
And have in dreams beheld her
Clothed in resplendent pride,
The Adriatic's bride!
Naples I, too, have seen—
An even lovelier Queen—
And thought that nothing in the world excelled
her—
Nay marvelled, as at close of day
I gazed across her opalescent bay
And saw Vesuvius burn on high
Against the soft Italian sky,
That anything on earth could wear
A charm so past compare!

Yet, O Manhattan! Glowing now
Against the sombre night,

Thine opulence and squalor hid from sight,
Never was aught more beautiful than thou
Dost in thy calm appear—
So glorified and so transfigured here—
Since the Eternal, to creation stirred,
Breathed from His awful lips the mystic word:
Let there be Light!

A DREAM TEMPLE

New York City

EDITH M. THOMAS

My temple hath yon city roofs for floor;
For roof, the azure; and, to stay the roof,
A thousand alabastrine columns soar
In coiling smoke that, silent, steals aloof!

My temple builds itself at windless prime,—
At dawn,—or in the rosy eventime;
Ere garish midday, roof and pillar melt,—
And they are gone,—the Blest, who there have knelt!

THE EMPIRE CITY

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Huge steel-ribbed monsters rise into the air
Her Babylonian towers, while on high
Like gilt-scaled serpents glide the swift trains by,
Or, underfoot, creep to their secret lair.
A thousand lights are jewels in her hair,
The sea her girdle, and her crown the sky,
Her life-blood throbs, the fevered pulses fly,
Immense, defiant, breathless she stands there

And ever listens in the ceaseless din,
Waiting for him, her lover who shall come,
Whose singing lips shall boldly claim their own
And render sonant what in her was dumb:
The splendour and the madness and the sin,
Her dreams in iron and her thoughts of stone.

NEW YORK, FROM A SKYSCRAPER

JAMES OPPENHEIM

Up in the heights of the evening skies I see my City of
cities float
In sunset's golden and crimson dyes: I look, and a
great joy clutches my throat!
Plateau of roofs by canyons crossed: windows by
thousands fire-unfurled
O gazing, how the heart is lost in the Deepest City in
the World!

O sprawling City! Worlds in a world! Housing each
strange type that is human—
Yonder a Little Italy curled—here the haunt of the
Scarlet Woman—
The night's white Bacchanals of Broadway—the
Ghetto pushcarts ringed with faces—
Wall Street's roar and the Plaza's play—a weltering
focus of all Earth's races!

Walking your Night's many-nationed byways—brush-
ing Sicilians and Jews and Greeks—
Meeting gaunt Bread Lines on your highways—watch-
ing night-clerks in your flaming peaks—
Marking your Theatres' outpour of splendour—paus-
ing on doorsteps with resting Mothers—

I marvelled at Christs with their messages tender, their
daring dream of a World of Brothers!

Brothers? What means Irish to Greek? What the
Ghetto to Morningside?

How shall we weld the strong and the weak while
millions struggle with light denied?

Yet, but to follow these Souls where they roam—rip-
ping off housetops, the city's mask—

At Night I should find each one in a Home, at Morn I
should find each one at a Task!

Labour and Love, four-million divided—surely the
millions at last are a-move—

Surely the Brotherhood-slant is decided—the Social
Labour, the Social Love!

Surely four millions of Souls close-gathered in this one
spot could stagger the world—

O City, Earth's Future is Mothered and Fathered where
your great streets feel the Man-tides hurled!

For the Souls in one car where they hang on the
straps could send this City a-wing through the
starred—

Each man is a tiny Faucet that taps the infinite
reservoir of God!—

What if they turned the Faucet full stream? What if
our millions to-night were aware?

What if to-morrow they built to their Dream the City
of Brothers in laughter and prayer?

THE RED BOX AT VESEY STREET

H. C. BUNNER

Past the Red Box at Vesey Street
Swing two strong tides of hurrying feet,
And up and down and all the day
Rises a sullen roar, to say
The Bowery has met Broadway.
And where the confluent current brawls
Stands, fair and dear and old, St. Paul's,
Through her grand window looking down
Upon the fever of the town;
Rearing her shrine of patriot pride
Above that hungry human-tide
Mad with the lust of sordid gain,
Wild for the things that God holds vain;
Blind, selfish, cruel—Stay there! out
A man is turning from the rout,
And stops to drop a folded sheet
In the Red Box at Vesey Street.
On goes he to the money-mart,
A broker, shrewd and tricky-smart;
But in the space you saw him stand,
He reached and grasped a brother's hand:
And some poor bed-rid wretch will find
Bed-life a little less unkind

For that man's stopping. They who pass
Under St. Paul's broad roseate glass
Have but to reach their hands to gain
The pitiful world of prisoned pain.
The hospital's poor captive lies
Waiting the day with weary eyes,
Waiting the day, to hear again
News of the outer world of men,
Brought to him in a crumpled sheet
From the Red Box at Vesey Street.

For the Red Box at Vesey Street
Was made because men's hearts must beat;
Because the humblest kindly thought
May do what wealth has never bought.
That journal in your hand you hold
To you already has grown old,—
Stale, dull, a thing to throw away,—
Yet since the earliest gleam of day
Men in a score of hospitals
Have lain and watched the whitewashed walls;
Waiting the hour that brings more near
The Life so infinitely dear—
The Life of trouble, toil, and strife,
Hard, if you will—but Life, Life, Life!
Tell them, O friend! that life is sweet
Through the Red Box at Vesey Street.

ON CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK

HELEN HAY WHITNEY

I, whose totem was a tree
In the days when earth was new,
Joyous leafy ancestry
Known of twilight and of dew,
Now within this iron wall
Slave of tasks that irk the soul,
To my parents send one call—
That they give me of their dole.

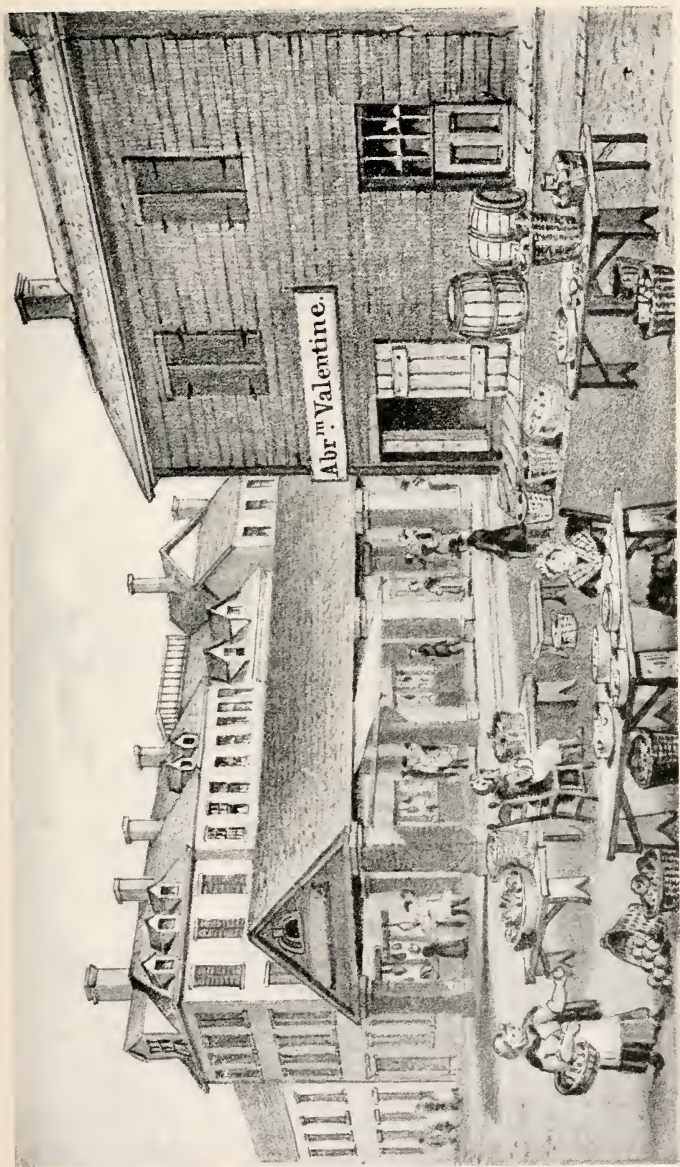
Thro' the roar of alien sound
Grimy noise of work-a-day,
Secretly a voice, half drowned,
Whispers thro' the evening's grey,
"Child, we know the path you tread,
Ghost and manes, we are true:
Cedar spirits, long since dead,
Calm and sweet abide with you."

ISAAC WALTON IN MAIDEN LANE

PERCY MACKAYE

In that Manhattan alley long yclept,
With gentle olden music, *Maiden Lane*,
Where sick and sad-eyed Traffic scarce has slept
Even at midnight, in her lust for gain,
Rolling in restive pain
Through the stern vigil of a century,
There, mid the din of harsh reality—
The newsboy's shriek, car's clang and huckster's chaff,
The cobble's roar, and the loud drayman's laugh,
And the dull stare,
The inhuman, haunted glare
Of the faces—the grey faces
Of Mammon's stark-mad races,
Sordid and slattern,
Modish and tattern,
Loveless in their misery—
There, in the midst of all,
Seated upon a stall,
Musing on meadows, Isaak, I met thee!—
How my heart stopped for too much happiness,
To meet thee there in that maelstrom of men,
Benignant, wise and calm! Ah, gently then
Came back, in fancy's dress,
All that of old was sweet,

Serene and fair, to grace the garish street.
Musing on meadows now in Maiden Lane,
The turbid current surging at my side
Became the flow of Thames' sequestered tide,
The newsboy's cry waned to a curlew's call,
The jangling pedlar tended tinkling sheep
Along green hedgerows; even the drayman's brawl
Sweetened to an old soliloquy, till all
That strident world has chastened to a sleep
Where, in a twilit eddy of my dream,
Thine image, Isaak, pored upon a bream.



The Fly Market, Front Street and Maiden Lane. 1816
Valentine's Manual, 1857

AT THE SHRINE

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK

A pale Italian peasant,
Beside the dusty way,
Upon this morning pleasant
Kneels in the sun to pray.

Silent in her devotion,
With fervent glance she pleads;
Her finger's only motion,
Telling her amber beads.

Dreaming of ilex bowers
Beyond the purple brine
Once more she sees the flowers
Bloom at the wayside shrine.

And, while the mad crowd jostles,
She, with a visage sweet,
Prays where the bisque apostles
Are sold on Barclay Street.

THE FACTORIES

MARGARET WIDDEMER

I have shut my little sister in from life and light
 (For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my
 hair),
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
 Locked from sweets of summer and fine wild spring
 air;
I who ranged the meadowlands, free from sun to sun
 Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far
 wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing-time was
 done—
 Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
 (For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless
 spark),
Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know
 good,
 How shall she go scatheless through the sin-lit
 dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
 I who could have love and mirth before the light
 went by.

I have put my sister in her mating-time away—

Sister, my young sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and
lawn),

Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot
rest—

How can she know motherhood, whose strength is
gone?

I who took no heed of her, starved and labour-worn.

I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads
lie,

Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—

God of Life! Creator! It was I! It was I!

THE CHILDREN

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

In the Spring on the pavements of the city
The little children play marbles and laugh and shout,
Their laughter is drowned by the city all about;
But they laugh back regardless of the city
And clap their hands and shout.

In the sunlight fading from the alleys,
The braided hair, and the short hair are bowed
Over a few soiled marbles; a watching crowd
Circles them in the noisy, dusty alleys,
Where the close heads are bowed.

From the river in the distance flowing
The whistles murmur,—the tired souls of men
Call to each other over the waters again,
Over the river in the sunlight flowing
Answer the souls of men.

When lamps in the street-ways glimmer,
Along the rooves the sky still burns with day,—
A little group watches them where they play.
And in the distance the long waters glimmer
With the receding day.

CHINATOWN UNVISITED

GEORGE MACDONALD MAJOR

In the Sybil Book of Youth
First I read the word in sooth;
Golden legends of a place
Full of romance, full of grace,
Till my radiant childhood teemed
With the glories that I dreamed—
Chinatown, O Chinatown.

There methought the air ne'er ceased
Blowing odors from the East,
Never ceased weird music from
Banjo, tinkling bells, tom-tom.
While each scented breeze unrolled
Flags of yellow, red, and gold—
Chinatown, O Chinatown.

Sheening silks and jeweled shoes
These, methought the Chinese use
Up and down the shining streets,
Only wealth and pleasure meets.
While the bells of Joss peal down
Blessings rich in Chinatown—
Chinatown, O Chinatown.

CHINATOWN VISITED

GEORGE MACDONALD MAJOR

From sullen skies a cheerless rain
That floods the half-choked gutter drain;
Ramshackle houses, brick and wood,
Where hides Disease with shroud and hood;
Worn doors, uncurtained window-panes
And mucky streets and garbage lanes—
And this is—this is Chinatown.

Pattering feet of Chinamen,
Holima, Ching-la,
Ribald girls of Chinatown;
Joss! how foul they are.

Within the ever-swinging door
The halls uncarpeted, where pour
The pungent, sickening opium fumes
From out the poorly furnished rooms,
Where spots of gilt and red attest
What dingy finery is the rest—
In Chinatown, in Chinatown.

Raising Cain in Chinatown,
Drink, and dope and toss;
Day and night are but a day,
Not a God, but Joss.

The Joss, a paint-daubed idol pent,
The third floor of a tenement,
Draped faded silk and tawdry gold,
Where wrinkled priests their service hold
While barbarous drum and banjos whine,
Make thoughts infernal not divine—
Within the fane of Chinatown.

Pictures of pagodas, too;
Tea-fields stretching down
Lumbering junks and sampan boats—
This is Chinatown.

And women old before their time,
With faces cursed by drink or crime,
From many open casements peer
At huddling Chinamen who leer
From doors of dens where gamblers meet
Or dives or corners of the street—
In tawdry, slattern Chinatown.

Calling out to sailor men:
"Sailor mokki hi,
Fightin' dlunk in Doyers Stleet,
China gel no li!"

THE GREEK QUARTER

JOHN MYERS O'HARA

The cryptic letters of the golden tongue
The philhellene upon the window sees,
And hears the music of Maeonides
Above the roar by trains and traffic flung;
Heroic odes to Argive valour sung.
And softer strains of old idyllic ease;
A solace lure for servile destinies
Unknown to Hellas when the world was young.
I sip the coffee of Demetrios
And listen while my thought is far away;
The swarthy faces of the dim café
Are olive vendors on the shores of Cos;
The wall lamps flicker but I peer across
The blue Ægean sparkling in the day.

BALLAD OF DEAD GIRLS

DANA BURNET

Scarce had they brought the bodies down
Across the withered floor
Than Max Rogosky thundered at
The District Leader's door.

Scarce had the white-lipped mothers come
To search the fearful noon
Than little Max stood shivering
In Tom McTodd's saloon.

In Tom McTodd's saloon he stood,
Beside the silver bar,
Where any honest lad may stand
And sell his vote at par.

"Ten years I've paid the System's tax."
(The words fell quivering, raw),
"And now I want the thing I bought—
Protection from the law."

The Leader smiled a crooked smile.
"Your doors were locked," he said.
"You've overstepped the limit, Max—
A hundred women . . . dead!"

Ballad of Dead Girls

Then Max Rogosky gripped the bar,
And shivered where he stood.

"You listen now to me," he cried,
"Like business fellers should.

"I've paid for all my hundred dead,
I've paid, I've paid, I've paid . . ."
His ragged laughter rang, and died—
For he was sore afraid.

"I've paid for wooden hall and stair,
I've paid to strain my floors,
I've paid for rotten fire-escapes,
For all my bolted doors.

"Your fat inspectors came and came,
I crossed their hands with gold,
And now I want the thing I bought,
The thing the System sold."

The District Leader filled a glass
With whisky from the bar;
(The little silver counter where
He bought men's souls at par.)

And well he knew that he must give
The thing that he had sold.
Else men should doubt the System's word,
Keep back the System's gold.

The whisky burned beneath his tongue:
"A hundred women—dead!
I guess the Boss can fix it up;
Go home—and hide," he said.

.

All day they brought the bodies down
From Max Rogosky's place.
And, oh, the fearful touch of flame
On hand and breast and face!

All day the white-lipped mothers came
To search the sheeted dead,
And Horror strode the blackened walls
Where Death had walked in red.

But Max Rogosky did not weep
(He knew that tears were vain);
He paid the System's price, and lived
To lock his doors again.

BOWERY GALs, 1850

(From Christy's Plantation Melodies)

As I was lumbering down de street,
O, down de street,
O, down de street,
Dat pretty color'd gal I chanc'd to meet.
O, she was fair to view.

CHORUS

Den de Bowery gals will you come out to-night?
Will you come out to-night?
Will you come out to-night?
O, de Bowery gals will you come out to-night
And dance by de light ob de moon?

Den we stopp'd awhile and had some talk,
O, we had some talk,
O, we had some talk,
And her heel cover'd up the whole side-walk,
As she stood right by me.

CHORUS: Den de Bowery gals, etc.

I'd like to kiss dem lubly lips,
Dem lubly lips,
Dem lubly lips,

I think that I could lose my wits,
And drap right down on de floor.

CHORUS: Den de Bowery gals, etc.

I ax'd her would she go to a dance,
Would she go to a dance,
Would she go to a dance,
I thought that I might have a chance
To shake my foot wid her.

CHORUS: Den de Bowery gals, etc.

I danc'd all night and my heel kept a-rocking,
O, my heel kept a-rocking,
O, my heel kept a-rocking,
And I balance to de gal wid a hole in her stocking,
She was de prettiest gal in de room.

CHORUS: Den de Bowery gals, etc.

I am bound to make dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife,
Dat gal my wife,
O, I should be happy all my life,
If I had her along wid me.

CHORUS: Den de Bowery gals, etc.

ROMAIIOS

W. G. BALLANTINE

'Twas in the crowded avenue; o'erhead
Thundered the trains; below the pavement shook
With quivering cables; everywhere the crush
Of horses, wheels, and men eddied and swirled.
A river of humanity swept by
With faces hard as ice. I stopped beside
A little push-cart filled with southern fruits
And dickered with the huckster, "Three for five?"
"No, two," in broken English. There we stood—
He shabby, stooping, wolfish, all intent
Upon a penny, I to him no more
Than just another stranger from the throng
Trampling each other in this fierce new world.

Then looking in his sordid eyes I said,
Using the tongue of Plato and of Paul,
"Art thou a Roman?" Never magic word
Of wizard or enchanter wrought more sure.
The man erect, transfigured, eyes on fire,
Lips parted, breath drawn fast, thrust in my hands
His double handful. Huckster? No, a king!
"Could I speak Roman? Did I share it all—
The memories, the pride, the grief, the hope?"
Then welcome to the best of all he had.

Wouldst know, self-glorified American,
The name that sums the grandest heritage
Race ever owned? 'Tis "Roman" spoke in Greek;
ROMAÏOS they call it. Constantine the Great,
Fixed with new capital where East meets West,
Brought Rome's imperial law, the Cross of Christ,
The art and tongue of Greece—the whole world's
best;

And in that fairest spot new Christian Rome
Reigned queen a thousand years, until the Turk
Fell like a blight, and darkness shrouded all.

But still that name lives in the exiles' dreams,
All glories, Christian, Hebrew, Roman, Greek,
Blend in that one unequalled Romaïos.

Abraham, Moses, Homer, Phidias,
Cæsar, Paul, Chrysostom, Justinian,
Bozzaris, Ypsilanti, Byron, all
Are his. O blessed America, these men
That come in rags, bring jewels in their hearts
To shine resplendent in thy future's crown!

A SWEETHEART: THOMPSON STREET

SAMUEL MCCOY

Queen of all streets, Fifth Avenue
Stretches her slender limbs
From the great Arch of Triumph, on—
On, where the distance dims

The splendors of her jewelled robes,
Her granite draperies;
The magic, sunset-smitten walls
That veil her marble knees;

For ninety squares she lies a queen,
Superb, bare, unashamed,
Yielding her beauty scornfully
To worshippers unnamed.

But at her feet her sister glows,
A daughter of the South:
Squalid, immeasurably mean,—
But oh! her hot, sweet mouth!

My Thompson Street! a Tuscan girl,
Hot with life's wildest blood;
Her black shawl on her black, black hair,
Her brown feet stained with mud;

A scarlet blossom at her lips,
A new babe at her breast;
A singer at a wine-shop door,
(Her lover unconfessed).

Listen! a hurdy-gurdy plays—
Now alien melodies:
She smiles, she cannot quite forget
The mother over-seas.

But she no less is mine alone,
Mine, mine! . . . Who may I be?
Have *I* betrayed her from her home?
I am called Liberty!

WASHINGTON SQUARE

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

This is the end of town I love the best.
O, lovely the hour of light from the burning west—
Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy square
Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air
To catch the skyey colours, and fling them down
In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of the
town.

And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night
When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of
white

With one clear planet above; and the sickle moon,
In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,
Silters the sapphire sky. Now soon, ah, soon,
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground,
Through the light of the moon and the stars and the
glowing flower,—

The Cross of Light,—that looms from the sacred
tower.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

JAMES OPPENHEIM

Starless and still—
Who stopped this heart?
Who bound this city in a trance?

With open eyes the sleeping houses stare at the
Park:
And among nude boughs the slumbering hanging
moons are gazing:
And somnambulent drops of melting snow glide from
the roofs and patter on the pave—
I in a dream draw the echoes of my footfall silvery
sharp—

Sleep-walking city!
Who are the wide-eyed prowlers in the night?
What nightmare-ridden cars move through their own
far thunder?
What living death of the wind rises, crackling the
drowsy twigs?

In the enchantment of the ebb of life,
In the miracle of millions stretched in their rooms
unconscious and breathing,
In the sleep of the broadcast people,

In the multitude of dreams rising from the houses,
I pause, frozen in a spell.
We sleep in the eternal arms of night:
We give ourselves, in the heart of peril,
To sheer unconsciousness:
Silently sliding through space, the huge globe turns.

I cannot go:
I dream that behind a window one wakes, a woman:
She is thinking of me.

ON SICK LEAVE

1916

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

He limped beneath the Arch, across the Square,
And through the dazzling shaft of rainbow-air
That blew from where the busy fountain leaped.
For him within that vision-laden cloud
There were no peaceful hills, no valleys loud
With streams, no fields in honeysuckle steeped.

Grim hills there were, emplumed with puffs of smoke—
Valleys there were, where biting guns awoke
Echoes that died amid the eternal din—
Broad honeysuckle-bordered fields there were,
Stamped down by passing troops,—and in the air
That smell which only is where war has been.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NORTH

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Red-brick and sunny in a cheerful row,
Unboastful of the beauty they possess,
These ancient houses face the square; the stress
Of commerce from the nervous town below
Swept round and far beyond them long ago;
Upon their view the high warehouses press;
But they abide in their old-worldliness,
And time with them moves gratefully and slow.

Not otherwise when time and age advance
May I look forth on some green spot in life,
And keep the world aloof to see the sun,
And hold the children in a kindly glance,
There peacefully to pass out from the strife,
Unsoiled, unwearied, when my day is done.

OLD TRAILS

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

I met him as one meets a ghost or two,
Between the gray Arch and the old Hotel.
"King Solomon was right, there's nothing new,"
Said he. "Behold a ruin who meant well."

He led me down familiar steps again,
Appealingly, and set me in a chair.
"My dreams have all come true to other men,"
Said he; "God lives, however, and why care?"

"An hour among the ghosts will do no harm."
He laughed, and something glad within me sank.
I may have eyed him with a faint alarm,
For now his laugh was lost in what he drank.

"They chill things here with ice from hell," he said;
"I might have known it." And he made a face
That showed again how much of him was dead,
And how much was alive and out of place,

And out of reach. He knew as well as I
That all the words of wise men who are skilled
In using them are not so much to defy
What comes when memory meets the unfulfilled.

What evil and infirm perversity
Had been at work with him to bring him back?
Never among the ghosts, assuredly,
Would he originate a new attack;

Never among the ghosts, or anywhere,
Till what was dead of him was put away,
Would he attain to his offended share
Of honour among others of his day.

"You ponder like an owl," he said at last;
"You always did, and here you have a cause.
For I'm a confirmation of the past,
A vengeance, and a flowering of what was.

"Sorry? Of course you are, though you compress,
With even your most impenetrable fears,
A placid and a proper consciousness
Of anxious angels over my arrears.

"I see them there against me in a book
As large as hope, in ink that shines by night.
For sure I see; but now I'd rather look
At you, and you are not a pleasant sight.

"Forbear, forgive. Ten years are on my soul,
And on my conscience. I've an incubus:
My one distinction, and a parlous toll
To glory; but hope lives on clamorous.

"'Twas hope, though heaven I grant you knows of
what—
The kind that blinks and rises when it falls,
Whether it sees a reason why or not—
That heard Broadway's hard-throated siren-calls;

"'Twas hope that brought me through December
storms,

To shores again where I'll not have to be
A lonely man with only foreign worms
To cheer him in his last obscurity.

"But what it was that hurried me down here
To be among the ghosts, I leave to you.
My thanks are yours, no less, for one thing clear:
Though you are silent what you say is true.

"There may have been the devil in my feet,
For down I blundered like a fugitive,
To find the old room in Eleventh Street.
God save us!—I came here again to live."

We rose at that, and all the ghosts rose then,
And followed us unseen to his old room.
No longer a good place for living men
We found it, and we shivered in the gloom.

The goods he took away from there were few,
And soon we found ourselves outside once more,
Where now the lights along the Avenue
Bloomed white for miles above an iron floor.

"Now lead me to the newest of hotels,"
He said, "and let your spleen be undeceived:
This ruin is not myself, but someone else;
I haven't failed; I've merely not achieved."

Whether he knew or not, he laughed and dined
With more of an immune regardlessness
Of pits before him and of sands behind
Than many a child at forty would confess;

And after, when the bells in *Boris* rang
Their tumult at the Metropolitan,
He rocked himself, and I believe he sang.

“God lives,” he crooned aloud, “and I’m the man!”

He was. And even though the creature spoiled
All prophecies, I cherish his acclaim.
Three weeks he fattened; and five years he toiled
In Yonkers,—and then sauntered into fame.

And he may go now to what streets he will—
Eleventh, or the last, and little care;
But he would find the old room very still
Of evenings, and the ghosts would all be there.

I doubt if he goes after them; I doubt
If many of them ever come to him.
His memories are like lamps, and they go out;
Or if they burn, they flicker and are dim.

A light of other gleams he has to-day
And adulations of applauding hosts;
A famous danger, but a safer way
Than growing old alone among the ghosts.

But we may still be glad that we were wrong;
He fooled us, and we’d shrivel to deny it;
Though sometimes when old echoes ring too long,
I wish the bells in *Boris* would be quiet.

OLD SAWS AND SEE-SAWS

ANDREW E. WATROUS

From Eighth Street up, from Eighth Street down,
This is the manner of this great town:
From Eighth Street up, the women are spurning it;
From Eighth Street down the men are earning it.

Borrowing, buying, begging it, lending it,
From Eighth Street up the women are spending it.
'Twill be the manner of this great town
Till Wall Street's up and Harlem's down,

Till green grass grows in Tompkins Square,
Till all the "L's" reduce their fare;
From some street up, the women are burning it,
From some street down, the men still earning it;

Father from son, if need be, rending it,
That daughter and wife may still be spending it.
From Eighth Street up, from Eighth Street down—
A see-saw rhyme and a see-saw town.

THE MENU

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I beg you come to-night and dine.
A welcome waits you, and sound wine—
The Roederer chilly to a charm,
As Juno's breath the claret warm,
The sherry of an ancient brand.
No Persian pomp, you understand—
A soup, a fish, two meats, and then
A salad fit for aldermen
(When aldermen, alas the days!
Were really worth their *mayonnaise*);
A dish of grapes whose clusters won
Their bronze in Carolinian sun;
Next, cheese—for you the Neufchâtel,
A bit of Cheshire likes me well;
Café au lait or coffee black,
With Kirsch or Kümmel or Cognac
(The German Band in Irving Place
By this time purple in the face);
Cigars and pipes. These being through,
Friends shall drop in, a very few—
Shakespeare and Milton, and no more.
When these are guests I bolt the door,
With Not at Home to any one
Excepting Alfred Tennyson.

GRACE CHIMES

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

“Lead, kindly light,” I heard the glad bells ring,
And thought how God existeth everywhere;
’Twas in a city strange that, sweetest thing!
“Lead, kindly light,” I heard the glad bells ring,
And summer quickened in the heart of spring,
For where the kind light leadeth all is fair.
“Lead, kindly light,” I heard the glad bells ring,
And thought how God existeth everywhere.

AT HALF-PAST FIVE

A February Fancy

ANDREW E. WATROUS

This is a common dream enough—
You've dreamt it, friend, and so have I
Along with like romantic stuff
Of how and when a man would die.
Futile! It matters little, when
Upon Death's roll we're reached and read
Where are we; the one wish is then
For more names *'twixt ours and the head*.
We lazy fellows like to prate
Of battles o'er and marches done;
Yet in the grim king's army great,
Conscript, methinks, is every one.
Yet more a fool than dreamer he
(And fools in this are most alive)
Who may in dreams, *seen* dreams to be,
Joy not. I'd die at half-past five,
Then when the flood of Broadway's tide
Sets upward through the winter mist
From the slim city's either side,
Drawn like thin glove on slender wrist;
With all the league of lights aflame,
Above the hurrying roar and bustle
That makes for avenue and square,
As if for life were strained each muscle;



Towers of Manhattan. 1915

From an etching by Henri de Ville

When Trinity points, there below,
 Still skyward, with its awful face
 Framed by the red sun's afterglow,
 In solemn flame from spire to base—
 Then, in this queer old cross-town street,
 By some dim window, where, at length,
 Day, dying, wholly failed to meet
 The task that taxed its noonday strength,
 As in my dull ear duller grew
 The hum, as fainter to my eyes
 The shimmer of the street-lamps through
 The mist that took in two worlds' rise,
 A moment would my numb brain seize
 What prank Fate played so straight-faced well,
 To keep me toiling like to these
 For what I could not dying tell—
 A moment would there at the pest
 Flash laughter—far would buzz their hive,
 Then stilled this beat here in the breast,
 As night came down at half-past five.

YOUTH

SAMUEL MCCOY

You say New York is lovelier than ever?
Ah, is it still the city that I knew?
Is it still . . . tell me first, though, did you never
Dine at that restaurant I sent you to?

You know—the little one that artists know of;
The one you never find without a guide;
The one where no one ever makes a show of
His worldly wealth, or puts on any “side.”

Much chance there was indeed of *our* dissembling,
With those wild Indians there to squelch all sham!
Why, not one of us had a thing resembling
(Even remotely) wealth—nor cared a damn!

You say you missed it? never once you dined there?
I'm sorry! But perhaps you'd not have seen
The glamour that we fellows used to find there;
It might have bored you—though I'm sure 'twas
clean!

Not that *that* mattered! We were young and healthy,
And breakfast, luncheons, never cost us much;
At night, with a half-dollar, we were wealthy,
And dined there ravenously—always “dutch.”

Hesternæ rosæ! Yes, my Latin's scrappy;

I'm not quite certain that it's apropos;
But still those yesterdays were, oh, so happy,
And nights like those are wonderful to know!

I'll try to show you . . . This is how you find it,
This restaurant we called "The Hopeful Heart"—
A silly title; but you mustn't mind it,
We were all youngsters then, and mad on Art—

You leave the Avenue just where the church's
Calm finger points up to the summer stars,
And so go down the cross street till your search is
Ended when you hear some lilting bars

Of music—some warm tenor voice is singing
That old *berceuse* from "Jocelyn" . . . then a
laugh!

That's Alan, bless him! Now his arm he's flinging
Around your shoulder and life's gained a half!

He's waited to surprise you—has some matter,
Some harebrained scheme, to tell to you alone;
Then down the three stone steps you two will
clatter,
And all the worries of your day have flown!

See! there's "The Señor," plump and rosy; meets
you
And smiles his "Messieurs" as you troop on
through
The kitchen, where the steam of cooking greets
you,
And reach the tiny yard, and join the crew!

You never went there? Well, you might have
wondered

At what we found to make us like the place:
It wasn't much to see; sometimes they blundered,
And served us meals that merited no grace;

The tableware was cracked, the forks were greasy,
They charged fantastic sums for their cigars;
But still the waiters always smiled their "*Si, si.*"
And it was pleasant, underneath the stars.

Perhaps it wasn't all my fancy painted:
I only know that something seemed to give
The simplest speech a magic unacquainted,
And all our words (of course) were bound to live!

What was its secret? I can not explain it.
You missed it? Then you've only life's flat lees!
Perhaps to go back would be to profane it,
But, oh, how gay it was! What prophecies!

MACARONI

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

'Tis made of the flour of wheat, so they say,
Although I confess to the dawnings
Of doubt how they mix it in Avenue A
Before it is dried in the awnings.

Fair Italy's sons in the family shed
Alluringly drape it and coil it;
But don't be afraid, for the microbes are dead
As nails when you properly boil it.

'Tis blithe in the cellars of festive New York
To see how the diners assail it!
Some mince it, some reel up its lengths on a fork,
While others devoutly inhale it.

It should be absorbed to "Faniculi's" strains,
Or, maybe, to "Santa Lucia's."
All poets agree it is good for the brains.
The best may be had at Maria's.

I like it served hotter, by twenty degrees,
Than any place mentioned by Dante,
Then, quickly! Beppino, with plenty of cheese,
And don't you forget the Chianti!

TWILIGHT ON SIXTH AVENUE

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Over the tops of the houses
Twilight and sunset meet,
The green, diaphanous dusk
Sinks to the eager street.

Astray in the tangle of roofs
Wanders a wind of June,
The dial shines in the clock-tower
Like the face of a strange-scrawled moon.

The narrowing lines of the houses
Palely begin to gleam,
And the hurrying crowds fade softly
Like an army in a dream.

Above the vanishing faces
A phantom train flares on,
With a voice that shakes the shadows,—
Diminishes, and is gone.

And I walk with the journeying throng
In such a solitude
As where a lonely ocean
Washes a lonely wood.

THE NIGHT COURT

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

"Call Rose Costara!"

Insolent she comes.

The watchers, practiced, keen, turn down their thumbs.

The walk, the talk, the face,—that shell-pink tint,—

It is old stuff; they read her like coarse print.

Here is no hapless innocence waylaid.

This is a stolid worker at her trade.

Listening, she yawns; half smiling, undismayed,

Shrugging a little at the law's delay,

Bored and impatient to be on her way.

It is her eighth conviction. Out beyond the rail

A lady novelist in search of types turns pale.

She meant to write of them just as she found them,

And with no tears of maudlin glamour round them,

In forceful, virile words, harsh, true words, without
shame,

Calling an ugly thing, boldly, an ugly name;

Sympathy, velvet glove, on purpose, iron hand.

But *eighth conviction!* All the phrases she had
planned

Fail; "sullen," "vengeful," no, she isn't that.

No, the pink face beneath the hectic hat

Gives back her own aghast and sickened stare

With a detached and rather cheerful air,

The Night Court

And then the little novelist sees red.
From her chaste heart all clemency is fled.
"Oh, loathsome! venomous! Off with her head!
Call Rose Costara!" But before you stop,
And shelve your decent rage,

Let's call the cop.

Let's call the plain-clothes cop who brought her in.
The weary-eyed night watchman of the law,
A shuffling person with a hanging jaw,
Loose-lipped and sallow, rather vague of chin,
Comes rubber-heeling at his Honor's rap.
He set and baited and then sprung the trap—
The *trap*—by his unsavory report.
Let's ask him why—but first

Let's call the court.

Not only the grim figure in the chair,
Sphinx-like above the waste and wreckage there,
Skeptical, weary of a retold tale,
But the whole humming hive, the false, the frail,—
An old young woman with a weasel face,
A lying witness waiting in his place,
Two ferret lawyers nosing out a case,
Reporters questioning a Mexican,
Sobbing her silly heart out for her man,
Planning to feature her, "lone, desperate, pretty,"
Yes, call the court. But wait!

Let's call the city.

Call the community! Call up, call down,
Call all the speeding, mad, unheeding town!
Call rags and tags and then call velvet gown!

Go, summon them from tenements and clubs,
On office floors and over steaming tubs!
Shout to the boxes and behind the scenes,
Then to the push-carts and the limousines!
Arouse the lecture-room, the cabaret!
Confound them with a trumpet-blast and say,
"Are you so dull, so deaf and blind indeed,
That you mistake the harvest for the seed?"
Condemn them for—but stay!

Let's call the code—

That facile thing they've fashioned to their mode:
Smug sophistries that smother and befool,
That numb and stultify; that clumsy thing
That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,
And plumbs the ocean with a puddling-string—
The little, brittle code. Here is the root,
Far out of sight, and buried safe and deep,
And Rose Costara is the bitter fruit.
On every limb and leaf, death, ruin, creep.

So, lady novelist, go home again.
Rub biting acid on your little pen.
Look back and out and up and in, and then
Write that it is no job for pruning-shears.
Tell them to dig for years and years and years
The twined and twisted roots. Blot out the page;
Invert the blundering order of the age;
Reverse the scheme: the last shall be the first.
Summon the system, starting with the worst—
The lying, dying code! On, down the line,
The city, and the court, the cop. Assign
The guilt, the blame, the shame! Sting, lash, and spur!
Call each and all! Call us! And *then* call her!

UNION SQUARE

WALTER MALONE

I watch the water lilies in this pond,
The white, the blue—the yellow and the red,
The sparrow tripping on their pads beyond,
And splashing dewdrops on his wings and head.

The lotus, like a Cleopatra there,
Reveals a bosom with a roseate glow,
As in her gorgeous old Egyptian lair
She fascinated heroes long ago.

Adown the walk a throng of children goes
With dewy eyes a-peep through hazy curls,
When years are poems, every month a rose,
All morns are rubies and all noons are pearls.

Around these seats I see a motley crowd
Of listless loungers, miserable and low,
With backs bent double, wrinkled faces bowed,
Or, aimless, straggling by with footsteps slow.

With corncob pipes, these old men mumbling sit,
Forsaken, friendless, waiting but for death,
When, like the dead leaves that around them flit,
They fall to be forgotten in a breath.



Union Square. 1849

Valentine's Manual, 1849

And here a hard-faced girl reclines alone,
 Dreaming of dead days with their holy calm,
 Before her happy heart was turned to stone,
 And slumber to her spirit brought no balm.

Here the young poet, once a farmer boy,
 Who with glad heart unto the city came,
 Sees manhood years his high-born hopes destroy,
 And slay his dreams of fortune and of fame.

When night descends, electric argent lamps,
 Like radiant cactus blossoms, blaze on high;
 The city seems a world of warlike camps,
 While Broadway with his legions thunders by.

In gilt play-houses hundreds sigh to see
 The mimic woes of actors on the stage,
 But not one tear for actual grief shall be,
 The snares for childhood or the pangs of age.

Around this Square rich men and women ride,
 Bedizened creatures in their fashion flaunt,
 While this starved outcast, planning suicide,
 Steals back to perish in his dismal haunt.

Strange, while is known so well the sparrow's fall,
 Man heeds not when his brother's plaint is made;
 Strange, that the brightest, whitest light of all
 Should cast the deepest and the darkest shade!

But still the world denies its helping hand
 To those most worthy of its love and care.
 If Christ returned to-night, He too would stand
 Homeless and friendless, here in Union Square.

GRAMERCY PARK

SARA TEASDALE

The little park was filled with peace,
The walks were carpeted with snow,
But every iron gate was locked,
Lest, if we entered, peace should go.

We circled it a dozen times,
The wind was blowing from the sea,
I only felt your restless eyes
Whose love was like a cloak for me.

Oh heavy gates that fate has locked
To bar the joy we may not win,
Peace would go out forevermore
If we should dare to enter in.

CHELSEA, 1860

RT. REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D.

When old Canute the Dane
Was Merry England's king;
A thousand years ago, and more,
As ancient rumours sing;
His boat was rowing down the Ouse,
At eve, one summer day,
Where Ely's tall cathedral peered
Above the glassy way.

Anon, sweet music on his ear
Comes floating from the fane,
And listening, as with all his soul,
Sat old Canute the Dane;
And reverently did he doff his crown
To join the clerkly prayer,
While swelled old lauds and litanies
Upon the stilly air.

Now, who shall glide on Hudson's breast
At eve of summer's day,
And cometh where St. Peter's tower
Peers o'er his coasting way;

A moment let him slack his oar
And speed more still along,
His ear shall catch those very notes
Of litany and song.

The Church that sang those anthem prayers
A thousand years ago,
Is singing yet by silver Cam,
And here by Hudson's flow:
And glorias that thrilled the heart
Of old Canute the Dane
Are rising yet, at noon and eve,
From Chelsea's student train.



St. John's Park. 1829

From the *Mirror*, 1829

THE PARKS

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

There are green islands in the city sea,
Where all day long, the endless, passionate waves
Beat, yet destroy not; and their quiet saves
How many a heart grown sick with memory!

Not derelicts alone are foundered there,
But children with the laughter of the May—
Bright living flowers—in these glad gardens play,
Knowing, yet knowing not, the town's despair!

God made the ocean, where tumultuously
The loud storms burst; and Babylon he made;
Yet all the hills are His, dim valley and glade—
There are green islands in the city sea.

NOTHING TO WEAR

(Abridged)

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, to stand in, to walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall—

All of them different in colour and shape,
 Silk, muslin, and lace, velvet, satin, and crape,
 Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous
 frills;

In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and
 swore,

They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!
 And yet, though scarce three months have passed
 since the day
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broad-
 way,

This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
 The last time we met was in utter despair,
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
 NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
 That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
 Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
 But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
 When at the same moment she had on a dress
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent
 less,

And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
 Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
 Of which let me mention only a few:
 In one single house on the Fifth Avenue

Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-
two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything
new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the
lurch
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion, near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point-lace.
In a neighbouring block there was found, in three
calls,
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found con-
solation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and
collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some new splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of Honor and Fame,
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear?

MADISON SQUARE: CHRISTMAS

BRIAN HOOKER

Here is our worth. We cannot rear the towers
Of other times, nor bid our deeds remain
Where lesser generations dream in vain,
Nor sing their songs, nor crown us with their flowers.
The kingdoms and the glories and the powers
Have been; yet it may be the slow years gain
A thought more sorrow for a brother's pain,
A little joy in other joy than ours.

We in whose sight the world is newly known,
Shall we match works with Babylon, or wars
With Rome, or arts with Athens? Which of them
Will praise our pride? This only is our own—
This dead tree blossoming a thousand stars,
And every one a Star of Bethlehem.



Corporal Thompson's Road House, Corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway and Fifth Avenue. 1856

From an advertising card of Corporal Thompson

THE CLOCK IN THE AIR

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

High on Manhattan's tallest tower
The clock keeps watch and tells the hour.
The chimes ring out their reveille.
The city wakes and turns to see
Its campanile's shaft of light
Against the sunrise. All the night
It points its finger to the sky.

All day the multitudes march by;
While like a skylark's song there falls
To waken souls in prison walls
To thoughts of meadows far away
From dusty rooms that hide the day;
Of snowpeaks and the open sea;
Of all the city's symphony
This note supernal and supreme
Teaching the toilers how to dream.

THE METROPOLITAN TOWER

SARA TEASDALE

We walked together in the dusk
 To watch the tower grow dimly white,
And saw it lift against the sky
 Its flower of amber light.

You talked of half a hundred things,
 I kept each little word you said;
And when at last the hour was full,
 I saw the light turn red.

You did not know the time had come,
 You did not see the sudden flower,
Nor know that in my heart Love's birth
 Was reckoned from that hour.

AT THE FARRAGUT STATUE

ROBERT BRIDGES

To live a hero, then to stand
In bronze serene above the city's throng;
Hero at sea, and now on land
Revered by thousands as they rush along.

If these were all the gifts of fame—
To be a shade amid alert reality,
And win a statue and a name—
How cold and cheerless immortality!

But when the sun shines in the Square,
And multitudes are swarming in the street,
Children are always gathered there,
Laughing and playing round the hero's feet.

And in the crisis of the game—
With boyish grit and ardor it is played—
You'll hear some youngster call his name:
"The Admiral—he never was afraid!"

And so the hero daily lives,
And boys grow braver as the Man they see!
The inspiration that he gives
Still helps to make them loyal, strong, and free!

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

JOHN MYERS O'HARA

In meek seclusion where cathedrals vie,
It shuns the shining dome and spires of pride;
Content to nestle undiscerned beside
The street where wealth and fashion pass it by;
A refuge for the spirit's inmost sigh,
With prayer's consoling hush to none denied;
It keeps the faith for hearts that still confide,
Renunciation that no pomps belie.
And many pass its portal shrine nor stay
The hurried step, impatient of its peace;
But when the pageant vanishes with day
And all the lures of gain and glory cease,
One enters, sad as Dante, long ago,
The convent gate of Fra Hilario.

QUALITY HILL

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Quality Hill! It looked down on the town
With a tinge of contempt, a suspicion of frown;
And why should it not, if you'll please to declare,
With the atmosphere such a superior air,
And the earth to be trod, any hour in the day,
Of a texture more fine than mere commonplace clay?

Quality Hill! As you clambered the slope,
With each step of ascent (to make use of a trope)
An attar pervasive, by some subtle stealth,
Began to steal out from the roses of Wealth;
And wherever you fared, you beheld on each side
A presence arrayed in the trappings of Pride.

Quality Hill! There the blood it ran blue;
There was more than one crest; there were quarter-
ings, too.
Yet small quarter they gave to the stranger that
came,
Those who bowed before Fashion, that debonair
dame,
Unless the new-comer crept into the fold
Through the magical sign of the Goddess of Gold!

Quality Hill! There was satin and silk
For "my lady," and dresses as snowy as milk;
There was poise, there was pose; there was plenty of
art,
But who dare assert that beneath it was heart?
And envy and malice? But, stay! Could aught ill
(God's grace!) have a place upon Quality Hill?

Quality Hill! Lo! it flourishes still!
And who can deny that forever it will?
A blending of breeding with puff and with plume;
A strange sort of mixture of rick and mushroom.
Some amble, some scramble, (some gamble!) to
fill
The motley and medley of Quality Hill.



Murray Hill, Lexington Avenue near Thirty-seventh Street. 1858

Valentine's Manual, 1859

THE GATEWAY

The Pennsylvania Railroad Station, New York

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

What Rome in sheer abandonment of pride
Flung free on high for Purple Ease a lair,
Fretted with gold, a-gleam with spoils most rare,
Here, to a nobler use soars purified.
While from its silent depths controllèd glide
The slaving monsters as the people fare—
Of all things past the free, resplendent heir—
Holding the earth in leash with naught untried.
Lo! 'neath these vaultings how oblivion sweeps
The older portals! What the Golden Horn?
Or Venice, dreaming where soft waters swoon?
Or Atlas towering o'er grey ocean's deep?
Here, where this titan gateway greets the morn
Glad millions press to life's exultant noon!

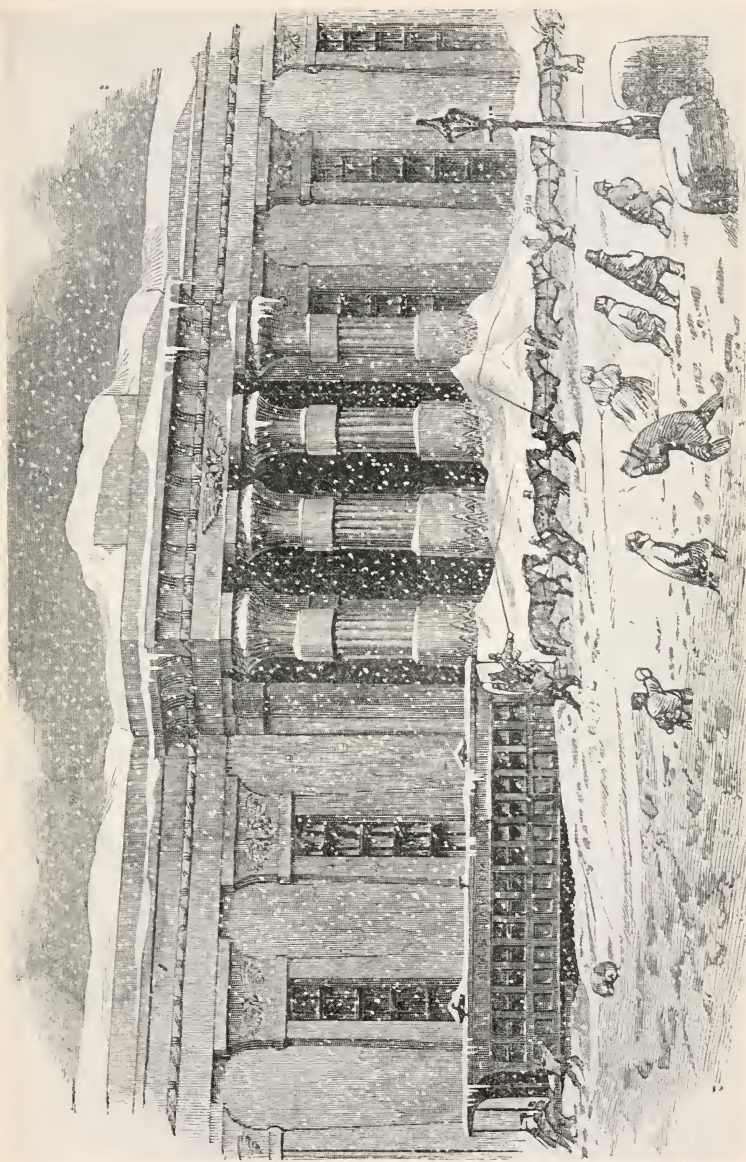
THE SWITCH YARD

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

Out of the glimmer of arc lights and spaces of shade,
Far on the frontier the city has won from the dark,
Rails in the moonlight in ribbons of silver are laid.
Eyes that are watchful the loom of the switch yard
 shall mark,
Ears that are keen to its music shall hark.

Red, green, and gold are the signals that mark the
 design.
Black is the ground where the work of the weaver is
 spread.
Bright in the night is the glittering length of the
 line,
Swiftly and strongly and surely the shuttles are sped
Bringing and braiding and breaking the thread.

Clicking of switches and resonant rolling of wheels
Mix in the midnight with stifled escape of the steam.
Down the long siding a shadowed shape silently
 steals,
Sudden it checks; and the gride of the brakes is a
 scream,
The sound of a rent in the stuff of the dream.



Snow-storm in New York. A Harlem Train at the Tombs. 1860

From *Harper's Weekly*, 1860

The Switch Yard

371

Stars in their courses in switch yards of uttermost
space,

Thrills in the ether that galaxies, systems, obey

Meshes immortal of motion and matter to trace;

Feel as they reel and they race down Heaven's perman-
ent way

Past the tall signal tower holding the void in survey.

HERALD SQUARE

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

You who have felt the pressure and made good,
Who cold and hungry heard the presses thunder;
And watched with eyes that little understood
Sheet after sheet show white, and double under;
And saw beside you there some face of wood,
Some well-clad idler's stare of vacant wonder;

Clubman, collegian, child or priest or maid:
Have you not envied them their careless faces,
Their lives untried, untainted, unafraid;
Their linen white? These are the printless spaces,
The margins for your mark. His ink may fade,
God's sheet moves on. You would not change your
places.

THREE O'CLOCK

Morning

RIDGELY TORRANCE

The jewel-blue electric flowers
Are cold upon their iron trees.
Upraised, the deadly harp of rails
Whines for its interval of ease.
The stones keep all their daily speech
Buried, but can no more forget
Than would a water-vacant beach
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,
Ghastly, from some torn edge of shade;
A drowning one, a reeling one,
And one still loitering after trade.
On high the candour of the clock
Portions the dark with solemn sound.
The burden of the bitten rock
Moans up from underground.

Far down the streets a shutting door
Echoes the yesterday that fled
Among the days that should have been,
Which people cities of the dead.

Three O'Clock

The banners of the steam unfold
Upon the towers to meet the day;
The lights go out in red and gold,
But Time goes out in grey.

NIGHT IN NEW YORK

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

Haunted by unknown feet—
Ways of the midnight hour!
Strangely you murmur below me,
Strange is your half-silent power.
Places of life and of death,
Numbered and named as streets,
What, through your channels of stone,
Is the tide that unweariedly beats?
A whisper, a sigh-laden breath,
Is all that I hear of its flowing,
Footsteps of stranger and foe—
Footsteps of friends, could we meet them—
Alike to me in my sorrow;
Alike to a life left alone.
Yet swift as my heart they throb,
They fall thick as tears on the stone:
My spirit perchance may borrow
New strength from their eager tone.

Still ever that slip and slide
Of the feet that shuffle or glide,
And linger or haste through the populous waste
Of the shadowy, dim-lit square!

And I know not, from the sound,
As I sit and ponder within,
The goal to which those steps are bound,—
On hest of mercy, or hest of sin,
Or joy's short-measured round;
Yet a meaning deeper they bear
In their vaguely muffled din.

Roar of the multitude,
Chafe of the million-crowd,
To this you are all subdued
In the murmurous, sad night-air!
Yet whether you thunder aloud,
Or hush your tone to a prayer,
You chant amain through the modern maze
The only epic of our days.

Still as death are the places of life;
The city seems crumbled and gone,
Sunk 'mid invisible deeps—
The city so lately rife
With the stir of brain and brawn.
Haply it only sleeps;
But what if indeed it were dead,
And another earth should arise
To greet the grey of the dawn?
Faint then our epic would wail
To those who should come in our stead.
But what if the earth were ours?
What if, with holier eyes,
We should meet the new hope, and not fail?

Weary the night grows pale:
With a blush as of opening flowers

Dimly the East shines red.
Can it be that the morn shall fulfil
My dream, and refashion our clay
As the poet may fashion his rhyme?
Hark to that mingled scream
Rising from workshop and mill—
Hailing some marvellous sight;
Mighty breath of the hours,
Poured through the trumpets of steam;
Awful tornado of time,
Blowing us whither it will!

God has breathed in the nostrils of night,
And behold, it is day!

RAINY SUNDAY

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

The soft, grey garment of the rushing rain
Veils in the lonely, Sunday streets afar.
The passengers sit dumb within the car—
Slow drops slip wearily down the window-pane.

A funeral procession takes its way
Across the tracks, the car stands still a space,
All eyes are turned and every anxious face,—
Save one, that laughs oblivious of delay.

Holding her baby close against her breast,
The heart of love, too glad to comprehend,
And Life at war with Death until the end,
The mother throned serene amid the rest.

BROADWAY

WALT WHITMAN

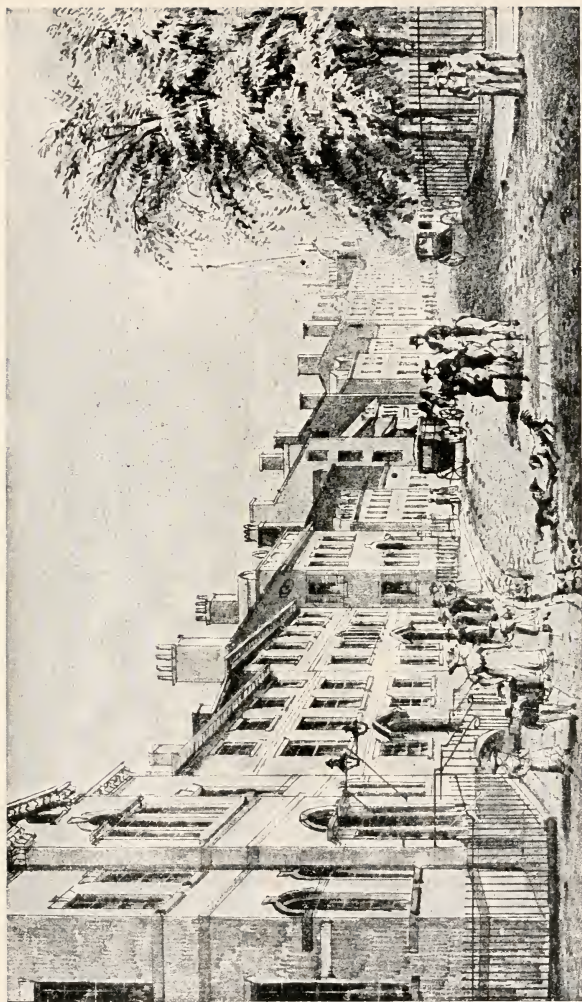
What hurrying human tides, or day or night!
What passions, winnings, losses, ardours, swim thy
waters!
What whirls of evil, bliss and sorrow, stem thee!
What curious questioning glances—glints of love!
Leer, envy, scorn, contempt, hope, aspiration!
Thou portal—thou arena—thou of the myriad long-
drawn lines and groups!
(Could but thy flagstones, curbs, façades, tell their
inimitable tales;
Thy windows rich, and huge hotels—thy sidewalks
wide;)
Thou of the endless sliding, mincing, shuffling feet!
Thou, like the parti-coloured world itself—like
infinite, teeming, mocking life!
Thou visor'd, vast, unspeakable show and lesson!

THE CITY

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Oh, dear is the song of the pine
When the wind of the night-time blows,
And dear is the murmuring river
That afar through my childhood flows;
And soft is the raindrops' beat
And the fountain's lyric play,
But to me no music is half so sweet
As the thunder of Broadway!

Stream of the living world
Where dash the billows of strife!—
One plunge in the mighty torrent
Is a year of tamer life!
City of glorious days,
Of hope, and labour, and mirth,
With room, and to spare, on thy splendid bays
For the ships of all the earth!



Broadway and the Bowling Green in 1828

Showing Kennedy, Watts, Livingston, and Van Cortlandt Houses

LILACS IN THE CITY

BRIAN HOOKER

Amid the rush and fever of the street,
The snarl and clash of countless quarrelling
bells,
And the sick, heavy heat,
The hissing footsteps, and the hateful smells,
I found you, speaking quietly
Of sunlit hill-horizons and clean earth;
While the pale multitude that may not dare
To pause and live a moment, lest they die,
Swarmed onward with hot eyes, and left you
there—
An armful of God's glory, nothing worth.

You are more beautiful than I can know.
Even one loving you might gaze an hour
Nor learn the perfect glow
Of line and tint in one small, purple flower.
There are no two of you the same,
And every one is wonderful and new—
Poor baby blossoms that have died unblown,
And you that droop yourselves as if for shame,
You too are perfect. I had hardly known
The grace of your glad sisters but for you.

You myriad of little litanies!

Not as our bitter piety, subdued
To cold creed that denies

Or lying law that severs glad and good;
But like a child's eyes after sleep
Uplifted; like a girl's first wordless prayer

Close-held by him who loves her—no distress,
No storm of supplication, but a deep,

Dear heartache of such utter happiness
As only utter purity can bear.

For you are all the robin feels at dawn;

The meaning of great dimness, and calm moons
On high fields far withdrawn,

Where the haze glimmers and the wild bee croons.
You are the soul of a June night:—

Intimate joy of moon-swept vale and glade,

Warm fragrance breathing upward from the ground,
And eager winds tremulous with sharp delight

Till all the tense-tuned gloom thrills like a sound—
Mystery of sweet passion unafraid.

O sweet, sweet, sweet! You are the proof of all
That over-truth our dreams have memory of
That day cannot recall:

Work without weariness, and tearless love,
And taintless laughter. While we run
To measure dust, and sounding names are hurled

Into the nothingness of days unborn,
You hold your little hearts up to the sun,

Quietly beautiful amid our scorn—
God's answer to the wisdom of this world.

THE LITTLE FRUIT-SHOP

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

The little Broadway fruit-shop bursts and glows
Like a stained-glass window rioting through the
gloom

Of a grim façade; a garden over seas;
A Syracusan idyl; a lilt that flows
In chords of dusk-red colour; emerald bloom
Loved by the nightingale, voice of the voiceless
trees;

Ripe orchards mellow with innumerable bees.

A dark Greek boy counts up with supple hands
Lucent rotundities, the Bacchic grape
In luscious pyramids, pears like a lute
Most musically carved, nuts from sweet lands
Demeter lost; oh, many a sculptured shape;—
Had he his panther-skin, the thyrsus and the flute,—
Lo, a swart faun-god mid his votive fruit.

NEW YORK

RICHARD HOVEY

The low line of the walls that lie outspread
Miles on long miles, the fog and smoke and slime,
The wharves and ships with flags of every clime,
The domes and steeples rising overhead!
It is not these. Rather it is the tread
Of the million heavy feet that keep sad time
To heavy thoughts, the want that mothers crime,
The weary toiling for a bitter bread,
The perishing of poets for renown,
The shriek of shame from the concealing waves.
Ah, me! how many heart-beats day by day
Go to make up the life of the vast town!
O myriad dead in unremembered graves!
O torrent of the living down Broadway!

TO A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL DRESSED FOR
SUNDAY

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

To-day I saw the shop-girl go
Down gay Broadway to meet her beau.

Conspicuous, splendid, conscious, sweet,
She spread abroad and took the street.

And all that niceness would forbid,
Superb, she smiled upon and did.

Let other girls, whose happier days
Preserve the perfume of their ways,

Go modestly. The passing hour
Adds splendor to their opening flower.

But from this child too swift a doom
Must steal her prettiness and bloom.

Toil and weariness hide the grace
That pleads a moment from her face.

So blame her not if for a day
She flaunts her glories while she may.

She half perceives, half understands,
Snatching her gifts with both her hands.

386 **To a Shop-Girl Dressed for Sunday**

The little strut beneath the skirt
That lags neglected in the dirt,

The indolent swagger down the street—
Who can condemn such happy feet!

Innocent! vulgar—that's the truth!
Yet with the daring wiles of youth!

The bright, self-conscious eyes that stare
With such hauteur, beneath such hair!
Perhaps the men will find me fair!

Charming and charmed, flippant, arrayed,
Fluttered and foolish, proud, displayed,
Infinite pathos of parade!

The bangles and the narrowed waist—
The tinselled boa—forgive the taste!
Oh, the starved nights she gave for that,
And bartered bread to buy her hat!

She flows before the reproachful sage
And begs her woman's heritage.

Dear child, with the defiant eyes,
Insolent with the half surmise
We do not quite admire, I know
How foresight frowns on this vain show!

And judgment, wearily sad, may see
No grace in such frivolity.

Yet which of us was ever bold
To worship Beauty, hungry and cold!

To a Shop-Girl Dressed for Sunday 387

Scorn famine down, proudly expressed
Apostle to what things are best.

Let him who starves to buy the food
For his soul's comfort find her good,

Nor chide the frills and furbelows
That are the prettiest things she knows.

Poet and prophet in God's eyes
Make no more perfect sacrifice.

Who knows before what inner shrine
She eats with them the bread and wine?

Poor waif! One of the sacred few
That madly sought the best they knew!

Dear—let me lean my cheek to-night
Close, close to yours. Ah, that is right.

How warm and near! At last I see
One beauty shines for thee and me.

So let us love and understand—
Whose hearts are hidden in God's hand.

And we will cherish your brief Spring
And all its fragile flowering.

God loves all prettiness, and on this
Surely his angels lay their kiss.

ON BROADWAY

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Great jewels glitter like a wizard's rain
Of pearl and ruby in the women's hair.
And all the men—each drags a golden chain,
As though he walked in freedom. In the glare,
Luxurious-cushioned, wheels a revel-train
Where kings of song with weary feet have trod,
Where Poe, sad priest to Beauty and to Pain,
Bore through the night the Vision and the God.

And yet, perhaps, in this assemblage vast,
In some poor heart sounds the enraptured chord,
And staggering homeward from a hopeless quest
The God-annointed touched me, meanly dressed
And, like a second Peter, I have passed
Without salute the vessel of the Lord.



IN BROADWAY

VANCE THOMPSON

I walk in Broadway to and fro
With the taciturn ghost of Edgar Poe.
Girls idle for us when the lights
Are red on the pavement there o' nights.
Girls sidle with strenuous eyes for us,
With gestures urgent and amorous;
But we mock them, pacing to and fro—
I and the ghost of Edgar Poe.

“Dear Ghost,” I say to him, “to and fro
As you walked in Broadway long ago
Did the small girls idle for you and cry?”
“Ho! the black stars swung in a yellow sky
One night, one night—and a woman came
Out of a harem of wind-blown flame;
But the lips that she laid on mine were snow—
Bitter as ice,” says the ghost of Poe.

I make the sign of the cross.

THE WHITE LIGHTS

Broadway, 1906

EDWARD ARLINGTON ROBINSON

When in from Delos came the gold
That held the dream of Pericles,
When first Athenian ears were told
The tumult of Euripides,
When men met Aristophanes,
Who fledged them with immortal quills—
Here, where the time knew none of these,
There were some islands and some hills.

When Rome went ravening to see
The sons of mothers end their days,
When Flaccus had Leuconoë
To banish her Chaldean ways,
When first the pearled, alembic phrase
Of Maro into music ran,
Here there was neither blame nor praise
For Rome or for the Mantuan.

When Avon, like a faery floor,
Lay freighted, for the eyes of One,
With galleons laden long before
By moonlit wharves in Avalon—

Here, where the white lights have begun
To seethe a way for something fair,
No prophet knew, from what was done,
That there was triumph in the air.

AFTER THE PLAY

Broadway, 1916

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

The great gold room is heavy with the scent
Of flowers crushed by dancers, and smoke, and wine;
The little tables with clustered glasses shine.
And always through the buzzing merriment
And through the thump of tired musicians' play
I hear the drums an ocean's breadth away—

Away—and shaded candles hiss and dance
Into the air—and burst—my pulses quiver—
I smell the stinking field, and 'cross the river
I see a fringe of mud-swamped guns that glance
When shells come whining toward the bitter pit
Of ploughed-up reddened muck and powder-grit—

Ploughed-up and red with blood. But what is
blood

To placid prattlers in another world,
Who only recall the showy flags unfurled
And waving scarfs, as on the curb they stood
Some years ago and watched a regiment pass
With jaunty step and cheerful blare of brass?

Yes, what is blood to those in puppet-land?
 Hung on a new gilt cord they jerk and swing
 Compliant with the propitious breeze and sing
 Self-satisfied thoughtless tunes, nor seek the hand
 That strings them there—discreet torpidity,
 With ears that hear not, eyes that will not see.

There is a sudden stir, and waiters run
 To catch a man whose flabby face goes grey.
 "He's dead!" the whisper comes. The musicians'
 play

Stops. A few white-lipped women have begun
 To cry a little. And all are soon outside.
 Yet this day twenty thousand men have died.

A RHYME ABOUT AN ELECTRICAL
ADVERTISING SIGN

VACHEL LINDSAY

I look on the specious electrical light
Blatant, mechanical, crawling and white,
Wickedly red or malignantly green
Like the beads of a young Senegambian queen.
Showing, while millions of souls hurry on,
The virtues of collars, from sunset till dawn,
By dart or by tumble of whirl within whirl,
Starting new fads for the shame-weary girl,
By maggoty motions in sickening line
Proclaiming a hat or a soup or a wine,
While there far above the steep cliffs of the street
The stars sing a message elusive and sweet.

Now man cannot rest in his pleasure and toil
His clumsy contraptions of coil upon coil
Till the thing he invents, in its use and its range,
Leads on to the marvellous CHANGE BEYOND
CHANGE.

Some day this old Broadway shall climb to the
skies,
As a ribbon of cloud on a soul-wind shall rise,
And we shall be lifted, rejoicing by night,
Till we join with the planets who choir their delight.

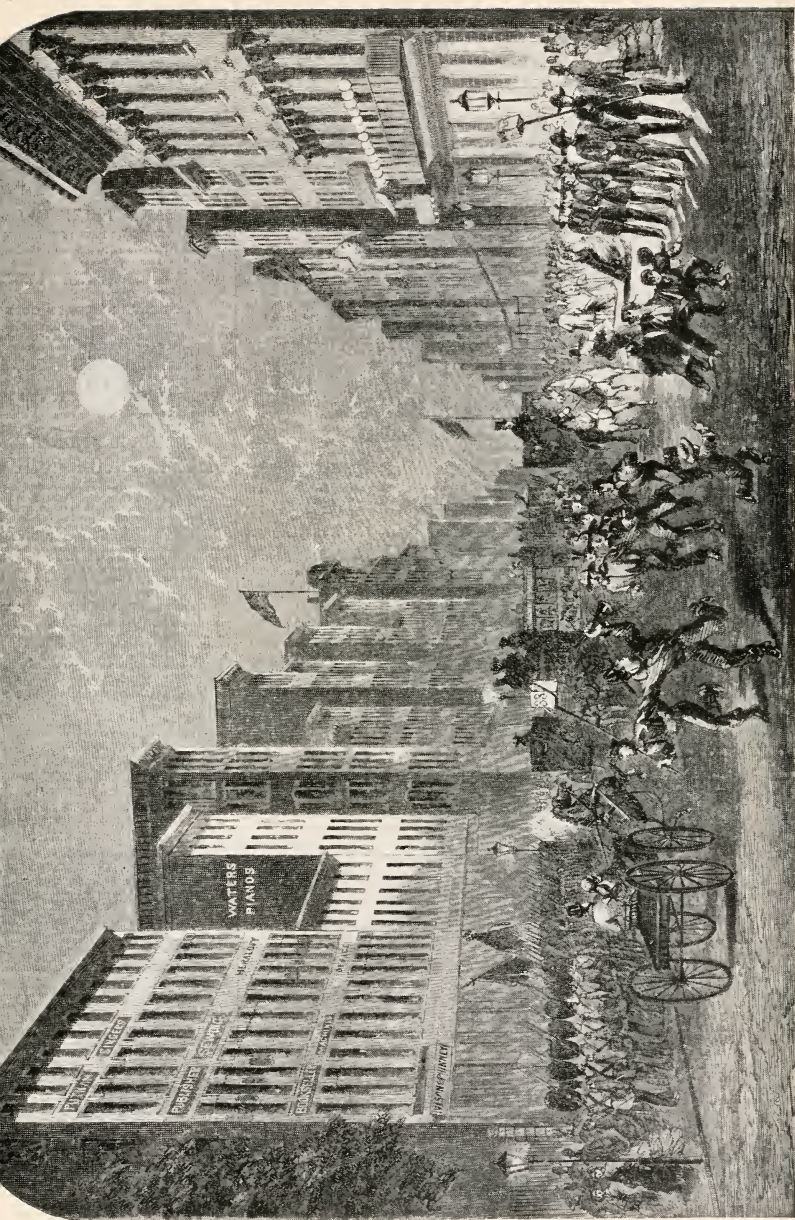
The signs in the streets and the signs in the skies
Shall make a new Zodiac, guiding the wise,
And Broadway make one with that marvellous stair
That is climbed by the rainbow-clad spirits of prayer.

SEVEN SANDWICHMEN ON BROADWAY

JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER

Shuffling and shambling, woebegone, they pass,
Seven in single file, and seven as one,—
As if a spectrum of all woe the sun
Here cast through some bewitched prismatic glass.
From their stooped shoulders, back and fore, hang
crass

High-coloured chromos of a stage *mignonne*
In tights, astride a grinning simpleton
Squat on all fours, and long-eared like an ass.
“*Success! Success!*” we read—yea, *thy* success
We read, O wanton among cities: vice
Saddled on folly, woe beneath sevenfold:
Woe of the lust of life, and the shameful price
Of life,—woe of the want, the weariness,—
Of fear, of hate,—of the thrice false weights of gold!



A View of Broadway in 1850

IN NEW YORK

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

He plays the deuce with my writing time,
For the penny my sixth-floor neighbour throws;
He finds me proud of my pondered rhyme,
And he leaves me—well, God knows
It takes the shine from a tunester's line
When a little mate of the deathless Nine
Pipes up under your nose!

For listen, there is his voice again,
Wistful and clear and piercing sweet.
Where did the boy find such a strain
To make a dead heart beat?
And how in the name of care can he bear
To jet such a fountain into the air
In this grey gulch of a street?

Tuscan slopes or the Piedmontese?
Umbria under the Apennine?
South, where the terraced lemon-trees
Round rich Sorrento shine?
Venice moon on the smooth lagoon?—
Where have I heard that aching tune,
That boyish throat divine?

Beyond my roofs and chimney pots
A rag of sunset crumbles grey;
Below, fierce radiance hangs in clots
O'er the streams that never stay.
Shrill and high, newsboys cry
The worst of the city's infamy
For one more sordid day.

But my desire has taken sail
For lands beyond, soft-horizoned:
Down languorous leagues I hold the trail,
From Marmalada, steeply throned
Above high pastures washed with light,
Where dolomite by dolomite
Looms sheer and spectral-coned.

To purple vineyards looking south
On reaches of the still Tyrrhene;
Virgilian headlands, and the mouth
Of Tiber, where that ship put in
To take the dead men home to God,
Whereof Casella told the mode
To the great Florentine.

Up stairways blue with flowering weed
I climb to hill-hung Bergamo;
All day I watch the thunder breed
Golden above the springs of Po,
Till the voice makes sure its wavering lure,
And by Assisi's portals pure
I stand, with heart bent low.

O hear, how it blooms in the blear dayfall,
That flower of passionate wistful song!
How it blows like a rose by the iron wall
Of the city loud and strong.
How it cries "Nay, nay" to the worldling's way,
To the heart's clear dream how it whispers, "Yea;
Time comes, though time is long."

Beyond my roofs and chimney piles
Sunset crumbles, ragged, dire;
The roaring street is hung for miles
With fierce electric fire.
Shrill and high, newsboys cry
The gross of the planet's destiny
Through one more sullen gyre.

Stolidly the town flings down
Its lust by day for its nightly lust;
Who does his given stint, 'tis known,
Shall have his mug and crust.—
Too base of mood, too harsh of blood,
Too stout to seize the grosser good,
Too hungry after dust!

O hark! how it blooms in the falling dark,
That flower of mystical yearning song;
Sad as a hermit thrush, as a lark
Uplifted, glad, and strong.
Heart, we have chosen the better part!
Save sacred love and sacred art
Nothing is good for long.

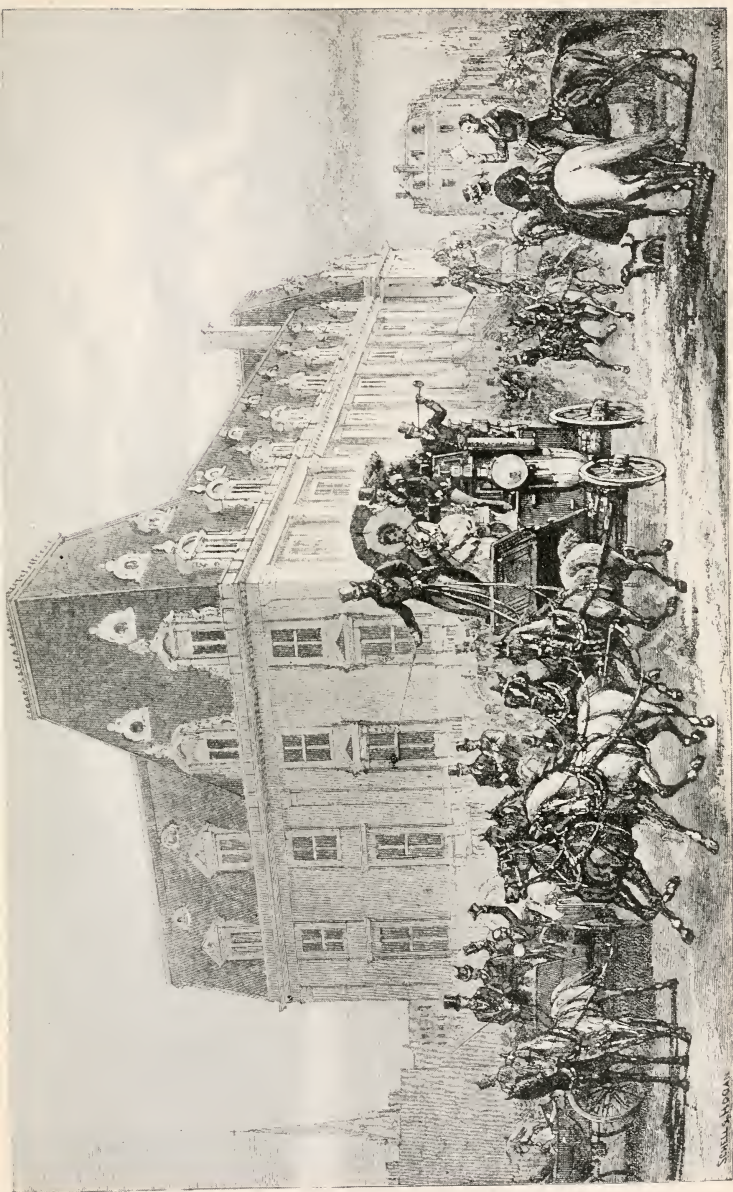
TO FIFTH AVENUE

JOAQUIN MILLER

O beautiful, long, loved Avenue!
So faithless to truth, and yet so true!
The camp in battle with the shouts in air,
The neighing of steeds and the trumpet's blare!
Thou iron-faced sphynx; thy stedfast eyes
Encompass all seas. Thy hands likewise
Lay hold on the peaks. The land and the sea
Make tribute alike, and the mystery
Of time it is thine—Say, what art thou
But the scroll of the Past rolled into the Now?

O throbbing and pulsing proud Avenue!
Thou generous robber! Thou more than Tyre!
Thou mistress of Pirates! Thou heart of fire!
Thou heart of the world's heart, pulsing to
The bald, white poles. So old; so new.
So nude, get garmented past desire.
Thou tall splendid woman, I bend to thee;
I love thy majesty, mystery;
Thy touches of sanctity, touches of taint,
So grand as a sinner, so good as a saint.

Thou heaven of lights! I stood at night
Far down by a spire where the stars shot through



Coaching Day, Fifth Avenue. 1881

Where commerce throbs strong as a burly sea swell,
And searched the North Star, O Avenue!
If the road up to God were thy long lane of light!—
I lifted my face, looking upward and far
By the path of the Bear, underneath the North Star
Beyond the gaslights where the falling stars spin,
And lo! no man can tell, guess he ever so well,
Where thy gaslights leave off or the starlights begin.

FIFTH AVENUE—SPRING AFTERNOON

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

The world's running over with color,
With whispers, strange fervors and April—
There's a smell in the air as if meadows
Were under our feet.

Spring smiles at the commonest waysides;
But she pours out her heart to the city,
As one woman might to another
Who meet after years . . .

Restless with color and perfume,
The streets are a riot of blossoms.
What garden could boast of such flowers—
Not Eden itself.

Primroses, pinks and gardenias,
Shame the grey town and its squalor—
Windows are flaming with jonquils;
Fires of gold!

Out of a florist's some pansies
Peer at the crowd, like the faces
Of solemnly mischievous children
Going to bed . . .

And women—Spring's favorite children—
Frail and phantastically fashioned,
Pass like a race of immortals,
 Too radiant for earth.

The pale and the drab are transfigured,
They sing themselves into the sunshine—
Every girl is a lyric,
 An urge and a lure.

And, like a challenge of trumpets,
The Spring and its impulse goes through me—
Breezes and flowers and people
 Sing in my blood . . .

Breezes and flowers and people—
And under it all, oh belovèd,
Out of the song and the sunshine,
 Rises your face!

MAY DAY

SARA TEASDALE

The shining line of motors,
The swaying motor-bus,
The prancing dancing horses
Are passing by for us.

The sunlight on the steeple,
The toys we stop to see,
The smiling passing people
Are all for you and me.

"I love you and I love you!"—
"And oh, I love you, too!"
"All of the flower girl's lilies
Were only grown for you!"

Fifth Avenue and April
And love and lack of care—
The world is mad with music
Too beautiful to bear.

FIFTH AVENUE AT NIGHT

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Like moonstones drooping from a fair queen's ears
The pale lights seem—
White gems that shimmer when the dark appears
And the old dream—

The ancient dream that comes with every night
Through the long street—
The quiet and the shadows, and the light
Tread of far feet.

RONDEAU À LA NEW YORK

ROBERT GRANT

A pot of gold! O mistress fair,
With eyes of brown that pass compare,
Ere I on bended knee express
The love which you already guess,
I fain would ask a small affair.

Hast thou, my dear, an ample share
Of this world's goods? Will thy proud père
Disgorge, to gild our blessedness,
A pot of gold?

Some swains for mental graces care;
Some fall a prey to golden hair;
I am not blind, I will confess,
To intellect or comeliness;
Still let these go beside, ma chère,
A pot of gold.

ON THE PLAZA

BLISS CARMAN

One August day I sat beside
A café window open wide
To let the shower-freshened air
Blow in across the Plaza, where
In golden pomp against the dark
Green leafy background of the Park,
St. Gaudens' hero, gaunt and grim,
Rides on with victory leading him.

The wet, black asphalt seemed to hold
In every hollow pools of gold,
And clouds of gold and pink and grey
Were piled up at the end of day,
Far down the cross street, where one tower
Still glistened from the drenching shower.

A weary white-haired man went by,
Cooling his forehead gratefully
After the day's great heat. A girl,
Her thin white garments in a swirl
Blown back against her breasts and knees,
Like a Winged Victory in the breeze,
Alive and modern and superb,
Crossed from the circle to the curb.

We sat there watching people pass,
Clinking the ice against the glass,
And talking idly—books or art,
Or something equally apart
From the essential stress and strife
That rudely form and further life,
Glad of a respite from the heat,
When down the middle of the street,
Trundling a hurdy-gurdy, gay
In spite of the dull stifling day,
Three street-musicians came. The man,
With hair and beard as black as Pan,
Strolled on one side with lordly grace,
While a young girl tugged at a trace
Upon the other. And between
The shafts there walked a laughing queen,
Bright as a poppy, strong and free.
What likelier land than Italy
Breeds such abandon? Confident
And rapturous in mere living spent
Each moment to the utmost, there
With broad, deep chest and kerchiefed hair,
With head thrown back, bare throat, and waist
Supple, heroic, and free-laced,
Between her two companions walked
This splendid woman, chaffed and talked,
Did half the work, made all the cheer
Of that small company.

No fear

Of failure in a soul like hers
That every moment throbs and stirs
With merry ardor, virile hope,
Brave effort, nor in all its scope

Has room for thought or discontent,
Each day its own sufficient vent
And source of happiness.

Without
A trace of bitterness or doubt
Of life's true worth, she strode at ease
Before those empty palaces
A simple heiress of the earth,
And all its joys by happy birth,
Beneficent as breeze or dew,
As fresh as though the world were new
And toil and grief were not. How rare
A personality was there!

MORNING IN CENTRAL PARK

JAMES OPPENHEIM

When the morning sun
Spills his red lights among the naked trees
And one by one
The hills awaken—and like wind-played seas
Give back the music of the breeze,
When among film and tracery of boughs
Stripped by the winter's teeth,
Green glow the sun-filled pines—O man, unhouse
Your head of human walls—get from beneath
Shut ceilings—let the skies take off the roof
Of your small room—and into the Park at seven
Go with tremendous stride—
Earth there is open wide
To the sun and the wind and the amplitude of heaven!

That Child, the World, from out the infinite night
Draws through the dark
Into the light—
And all the sacred mystery of Birth
Hovers on the Earth—
Even in the pale of the man-gardened Park
The mystery of Morn, the beauty and the splendor
Through the groves are slipping, from the boughs are
dripping,



Skating Pond, Central Park. 1861

From *Valentine's Manual*, 1861

A miracle without us,
That yet the heart's core owns!—
Chant there the pebble-tripped waters shut in stones,
Sparrows are over the turf chirping and tripping,
And Man's World sings in a swinging circle about us!

O film of ice skimming the crystal pool!
See how it flashes in the wintry sun!
And hear the water splash!—how clean! how cool!
And behold how visible, yea, on every one,
The silences of enormous centuries,
Brood on the rocks and the unstirring trees!

CENTRAL PARK

JOHN MYERS O'HARA

The little lake, sequestered from the wind,
Is white with swans that on its bosom sleep;
A sunken mirror where the skies may keep
The azure of their summer dream enshrined;
Unsullied by the rim of roofs behind
Secluding oaks that cluster on the steep,
Or ripple from the shore whose frondage deep
Is cool with shadow and with fragrance kind.
The tyrant city towers above the trees,
Nor heeds the Attic idyl in its heart;
The grind of wheels and noise of feet depart,
The woods are filled with fabled deities;
A dream recalls them to their sylvan sway,
And Mammon yields Arcadia a day.

THE MAY PARTY

JAMES OPPENHEIM

O million-singing comes the May
And whose dumb heart but wakes and thrills?
Now, as of old, the break-of-day
Sings through the heart as through the hills—
New spirit and new day are born—
Yea, in our souls great suns arise
With flame more glorious than the morn
Lit with sun-centred skies!

O we have watched the blossoms slip
Through hills of sunniest silent green,
And when at morn the bluebirds drip
Dew on wet logs, our eyes have seen—
Yea, marked the unmowed meadow tremble
Through a million blades of grass new-born—
Yea, heard the birds of song assemble
The beauty of the morn!

But there is one thing I have seen
That shall be held within the heart,
When all that deepens into green
Or blooms in bright blue shall depart—

The May Party

It was a hill that blossomed rich
With buds of an all-lovelier hue
Than the wild spring-things that bewitch
Each year our souls anew!

Lo, in the park, and up the lawn,
And laughing in the leafiness,
And fresh with all the fragrant dawn,
And dancing in gay gala dress,
Our city children loosed to skies,
A thousand little souls laid bare
To all the gales of Paradise
That wandered through their hair.

O loveliness more absolute
Than bird or bough or beast or bud,
O pure sweet splendors that transmute
May's unsoul'd marvellous full flood
Into a something lit with God!
O gazing where they danced and ran
I knew then why earth's blossoming sod
Had given birth to man!

THE PINES, SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET

Central Park—Looking Southward

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

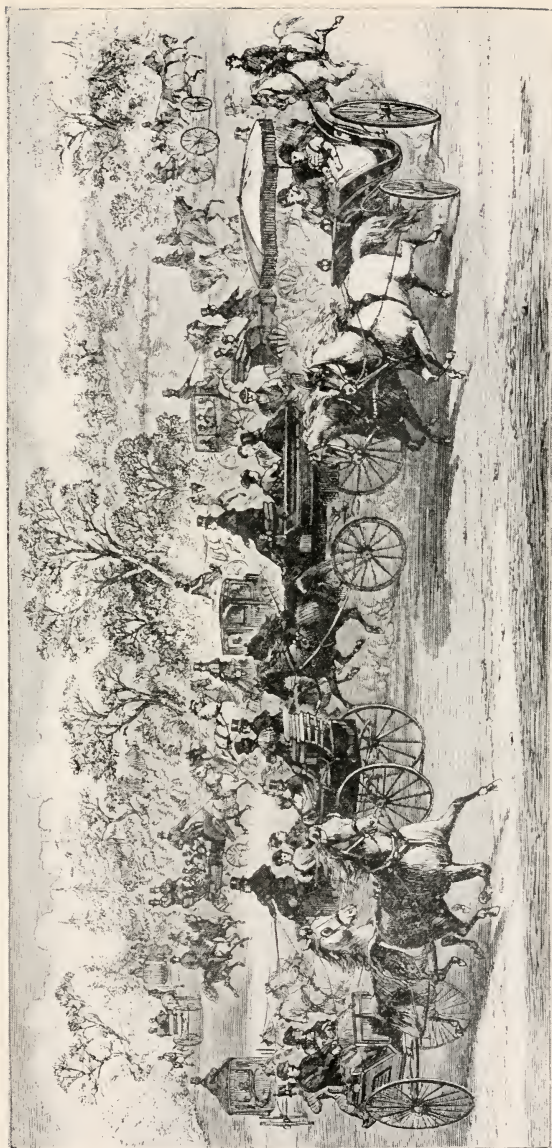
Though winds are bleak this greening tells of May,
Lit by the winter sunset's trailing gleam,
And the susurrus speaks of far-a-way,
Some mountain scarp, some hurrying woodland
stream—
Yet roofed sierras crowd on every side,
And ceaseless flows this restless human tide.

CENTRAL PARK AT DUSK

SARA TEASDALE

Buildings above the leafless trees
Loom high as castles in a dream,
While one by one the lamps come out
To thread the twilight with a gleam.

There is no sign of leaf or bud,
A hush is over everything—
Silent as women wait for love,
The world is waiting for the spring,



Central Park. 1881

TWILIGHT BY THE MALL

SELDON L. WHITCOMB

The moonlight creeps across yon gilded roof,
And northward far of massive block on block
The spire of Grace is dim; the stubborn rock
Echoes beneath the roar of wheel and hoof
Along Broadway—a human warp whose woof
Is spun by hurrying crowds that bridgeward
flock;
Some with glad faces, some who seem to mock,
Some sad, and some who coldly hold aloof.

Yet here is calm for which the self has sought!
When crushing grief and stormy rapture meet
And mingle here, as night subdues the day,
Be silent, till thy anxious soul has caught
The harmony wherein the incomplete,
Defiant, private note must pass away.

SPRING NIGHT

SARA TEASDALE

The park is filled with night and fog,
The veils are drawn about the world,
The drowsy lights along the paths
Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets,
Gold and gleaming the misty lake,
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
Glimmer and shake.

Oh, is it not enough to be
Here with this beauty over me?
My throat should ache with praise, and I
Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.
Oh, beauty are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love
With youth, a singing voice and eyes
To take earth's wonder with surprise?
Why have I put off my pride,
Why am I unsatisfied,
I for whom the pensive night
Binds her cloudy hair with light,
I for whom all beauty burns
Like incense in a million urns?
Oh, beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love?

WHISTLES AT NIGHT

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

At night in the city when the far-off whistles blow
I think of you, far-off in the dark and the night,
And the old days come back of your young delight
So long ago.

I remember the evening we parted forever at last,
The long, dim aisles of trees in the lamp-lit Park,
The windy houses that huddled, chilly and dark,
On the twilit Vast.

And even the sound of the newsboy's voice in the
street
And a rattling car, in that moment of exquisite
pain,
Burned themselves like odors into my brain,
Sharp and yet sweet.

Because we knew it must be forever and aye,
We would laugh, we said, to make it a little thing;
I remember your voice, how your laugh had a curious
ring
Not wholly gay.

Whistles at Night

The old dear way of moving your shoulders had—
And when you had turned away for a little while,
How you turned back with a last, brave ghost of a
smile,—
But not glad, not glad!

At night in the city when the far-off whistles blow
I think of you, far-off in the dark and the night;
The arc-lamp out in the street flares dizzy and
white,
And the dawn comes slow.

THE FLAT-HUNTER'S WAY

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

We don't get any too much light;
It's pretty noisy, too, at that;
The folks next door stay up all night;
There's but one closet in the flat;
The rent we pay is far from low;
Our flat is small and in the rear;
But we have looked around, and so,
We think we'll stay another year.

Our dining-room is pretty dark;
Our kitchen's hot and very small;
The "view" we get of Central Park
We really do not get at all.
The ceiling cracks and crumbles down
Upon me while I'm working here—
But, after combing all the town,
We think we'll stay another year.

We are not "handy" to the sub;
Our hall-boy service is a joke;
Our janitor's a foreign dub
Who never does a thing but smoke;
Our landlord says he will not cut
A cent from rent already dear;
And so we sought for better—but
We think we'll stay another year.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

LLOYD MIFFLIN

Immurmurous Hall, with aisles of grateful shade,
Hushed refuge from the tumult of the street,
Be thou my Fane, with sculptured gods replete,
Mine altar dim—my sanctuary glade!
With genius rare on every side displayed,
Dearer thou art than dreams of waving wheat
In dales of vanished Youth!—O rich retreat
Throbbing with garnered shapes that never fade!
The deathless dead are round me. In these rooms
Glow the achievèd summits of mankind:
The marbles breathe: the color flames and glooms—
Immortal Beauty by the soul divined;
Inviolate here, the pure Ideal blooms,
The flower of man's creative, God-like mind!

THE CITY

EDITH M. THOMAS

Not mine with infancy's film'd eyes
To greet first light from past thy towers,
That soar and dream in stainless skies,
Nor heard I first thy chime told hours:
Far, far from here my childhood's morn—
But here was I reborn.

Not mine to taste the keen, salt spray,
That tingling smites thy downward face—
That stirs the blood, that breaks the fray
Of life, in street and marketplace,
Where, wearied, none be soon outworn!
But here was I reborn.

Here where 'twas given to indraw
The air of larger freedom, yet
To know the closer bond of law,
Here where Fate's lusty blows are met,
But not the pinprick and the thorn—
Here where I was reborn!

In million beating hearts (thine own),
A one pulsed world-heart first I felt;

Then, down upon thy paving stone,
In thankfulness, I could have knelt,
At one with all—of selfhood shorn—
Here where I was reborn!

Dear unto each his native earth,
Renascent life thou gavest me,
O city of my glad rebirth!
I am thy native; shut from thee
What but an exile most forlorn,
I who was here reborn!

Let who will count thee but as part
Of this wide land—I, in my soul
(More in the gravure on my heart)
Proclaim thee greater than the whole!
I am thy patriot. Do not scorn
Thy singer here reborn.

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS

CHESTER FIRKINS

I, who have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether Night—

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous;—and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
Beneath the city's floor.

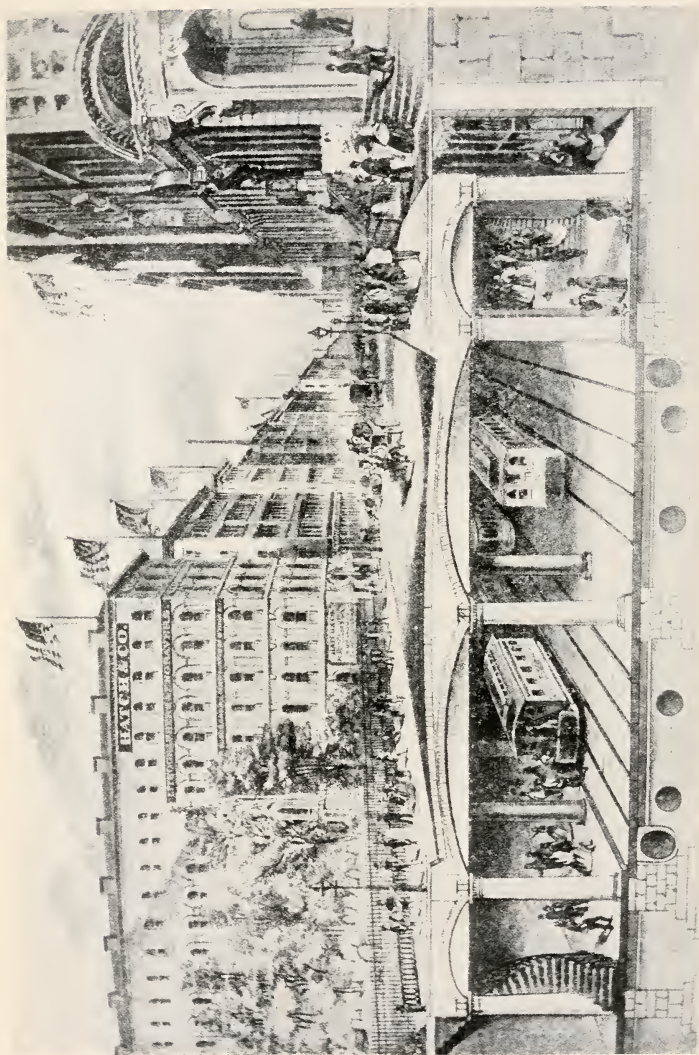
In this dim firmament, the stars
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the head-light gleams,
As when on lake the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

On a Subway Express

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me—the city clod;—
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride—with God.



Proposed Subway in Broadway. 1870

SUBWAY TRACK-WALKERS

DANA BURNET

Who are ye hopeless who go with dull faces,
Treading the terrible floorways of night?
Oft have I seen ye flick by in the shadow,
Framed from the dark by a flutter of light.

Do ye gaze up at the hurtling windows,
Streaking your dusk-world with sudden bright
lanes?

Do ye dream dreams of the lights and the faces?
Do ye think thoughts of the eyes at the panes?

Far is your path through the burrows of darkness!
Fearful the death if ye falter or blunder!
Once I saw one of you caught in the whirlwind,
Hurled to his fathers with steel and great thunder

What is your vision, and where is your meaning?
Do ye walk only for Saturday's pay?
Or are ye sent for a desperate service
That I may ride to my true love to-day?

ROSES IN THE SUBWAY

DANA BURNET

A wan-cheeked girl with faded eyes
Came stumbling down the crowded car,
Clutching her burden to her breast
As though she held a star.

Roses, I swear it! Red and sweet
And struggling from her pinched white hands,
Roses . . . like captured hostages
From far and fairy lands!

The thunder of the rushing train
Was like a hush . . . The flower scent
Breathed faintly on the stale, whirled air
Like some dim sacrament—

I saw a garden stretching out
And morning on it like a crown—
And o'er a bed of crimson bloom
My mother . . . stooping down.

N. Y.

EZRA POUND

My City, my beloved, my white!
Ah, slender,
Listen! Listen to me, and I will breathe into thee a
soul.
Delicately upon the reed, attend me
Now do I know that I am mad,
For here are a million people surly with traffic;
This is no maid.
Neither could I play upon any reed if I had one.

My city, my beloved,
Thou art a maid with no breasts,
Thou art slender as a silver reed.
Listen to me, attend me!
And I will breathe into thee a soul.
And thou shalt live for ever.

OF CITY FLOWERS

On reading certain poems in praise of New York

SHAEMUS O'SHEEL

My city! How the younger poets mock
With present praise thine unrevealèd soul!
Surely with scorn thou hear'st their raptures roll,
Nor will to their small minds thy mind unlock.
Not with such clamoring casuists can I flock;
Black witch who ere my birth my future stole,
With fury that I care not to control
I hate thee and the children of thy stock!

I hate thee and I cry it to the world!
And in return thy uncouth savage love,
O lewd amorphous mystery, I feel!
For when at last thy loftiest towers are hurled
Hell-ward, of all who mourn thy ruins above,
My grief alone, thou knowest, will be real.

NEW YORK DAYS

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

'Tis something for a poet's lip—
Our memorable comradeship.

The Empire City of the isle
Threw down on us her awful smile.
"My fate be on you," said the Voice;
"Aspire, and if you can, rejoice . . ."

We entered, through a portico,
By ample steps that flanged below,
A dome supreme and luminous,
But housing statues not for us;
And sullen made o'er marble tile
Dumb exit through the brazen stile:
The college of the liberal arts
Was not the college of our hearts—
We had some other ends to win . . .

We saw the iron ships come in
From Brooklyn Bridge, the civic towers
That loomed too large for earth of ours,
The pits between, the smoky pall,
The stony shadows vertical
Aslant up many a windowed wall . . .

I've read that in the Middle Age,
When Dante made his pilgrimage,
Each Tuscan baron, bound to feud,
Who housed in city walls imbued
With blood of Ghibelline and Guelf,
Built a high watch-tower for himself,
And travellers over Alps looked down
On many a grim imperial town
That rose in rugged silhouette
Of parapet by parapet
Without a spire, a tree, a home—
'Twas thus with Pisa, Florence, Rome.
But here it seemed some giant broods
Had raised the bulwarks of their feuds
And mastered Titan altitudes!

We watched on slopes of Morningside
Broad Hudson wrestling with the tide,
Or from the granite balustrades
The sunset o'er the Palisades,
Where glowed the Cosmos in the West,
Like lightning flashes made to rest
And lie an hour manifest . . .

We passed in moonlight down the malls
Beneath the dusky citadels;
We wound from curve to curve in cars
On lofty girders under stars;
We drank in music-halls, aflame
With lantern green and scarlet dame;
And held, where passion most was rife,
Our fevered talk of human life . . .

And through the snow, the wind, the gloom,
We journeyed to each other's room,
In those lamp-lit aerial crypts,
Piled with our books and manuscripts—
So far above the flash and roar
We seemed encaved forevermore
Upon some cliff or mountain shore;
We read in bardic ecstasies
Catullus or Simonides,
Or chanted verses of our own
In slow sonorous monotone,
That sometimes clove so true and free,
To us 'twas immortality;
We shared the agony of tears
Pierced by the ignominious years,
And times there were when we were three,
But late it grows and where is he?

And I long since was inland driven
To climb the hills of God as given,
While you again are by those seas
With more of vision, power, peace.
We overcame. But 'twas the press
Of no ignoble restlessness—
Outside the law yet not outside,
By austere issues justified,
And justified, were all else vain,
By brotherhood of song and pain.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

WALTER MALONE

Here stands the little antiquated house,
A few old-fashioned flowers at the door;
The dead past leaves it, quiet as a mouse,
Though just beyond a giant city roar.

See here the curious porch, the attic there,
The quaint square window with its awkward blind,
The weather-beaten wall, so blank and bare,
And shadowed by an apple tree behind.

Within this room Virginia lay when ill,
A black cat nestling there to warm her feet;
And so she languished, growing paler still,
And shivering as the winds of Winter beat.

And here her mother through the long, long night
Watched ever by the poor consumptive's side.
Here by the smoky lamp's low flickering light
They looked upon Virginia when she died.

And here it was they wrapped her in her shroud,
And hence they took her through the falling snow.
So on this old house closed at last the cloud
That haunts it still with griefs of long ago.



Poe's Cottage at Fordham. 1917

From a photograph by Charles W. Stoughton

And here the poet's life grew darker still
As dream by dream had vanished into air;
Here day by day grew weaker yet his will,
As golden hopes were rusted in despair.

But here were born those strains that cannot die,
Romances that shall rule the human heart.
Here Fame, whose summer hears no autumn sigh,
Shall rear immortal marbles to his art.

Here Ligeia haunts us with enchanting eyes,
We catch the rustle of Morella's gown;
Here Usher treads, and William Wilson dies,
And Israfel sings Poe's supreme renown.

THE FLEET

CHESTER FIRKINS

Gaunt rocks of death that darkly lay,
Unstirred by tide or river's sway,
Against the glory of the day

 The ships of war were still.

Kindred in color to the wave,
Kindred in menace to the grave,
They floated, terrible and brave,
 Beneath the peopled hill.

Immovable as fortified isles—
Stern guns abristle from their piles—
The anchored squadron marked the miles
 From bay to city's rim.

We gazed upon the steely chain—
The shackles of the mighty main—
Built, by our will, for human pain,
 And felt the grandeur grim.

But sudden fell the veil of night,
And sudden to the wondering sight,
From far-thronged wave, and wall and height,
 We saw the splendor glow.

Phantasmal as a magic dream,
The bosom of the hidden stream
Burst, beautiful, into the gleam
Of lights, long filed and low.

The floating citadels of death.
As by some mystic shibboleth,
Were fashioned, in the space of breath,
Into a fairy scene.
The things that men had made to kill
Stood glorified and sweet and still,
While music reached the shoreward hill
From out the dream-demesne.

But yet again the dawn came, cold.
The deep guns, by their thunder, told
Their power, where the echoes rolled
Against the rocky shore.
And out upon the ocean grey,
Trim, terrible, in close array,
The dreamful, deathful ships away
Went forth for Peace, or War.

MANHATTAN

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

When, sick of all the sorrow and distress
That flourished in the City like foul weeds,
I sought blue rivers and green, opulent meads,
And leagues of unregarded loneliness
Whereon no foot of man had seemed to press,
I did not know how great had been my needs,
How wise the woodland's gospels and her creeds,
How good her faith to one long comfortless.

But in the silence came a Voice to me;
In every wind it murmured, and I knew
It would not cease, though far my heart might
 roam.
It called me in the sunrise and the dew,
At noon and twilight, sadly, hungrily,
The jealous City, whispering always—"Home!"

VILLANELLE OF CITY AND COUNTRY

ZOË AKINS

Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie,
And watch the Lovers wander—Song and Spring—
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

A great triangle shaft uplifts on high
Its columned shrine wherein the presses sing;
Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie.

With flocks of clouds the Shepherd-wind goes by,
White poppies 'mid the waving grasses swing—
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

As to a fairy castle we draw nigh
When home the ferries bear us, marvelling;
Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie.

Across the empty fields the trumpets die
That meadow larks unto the morning fling—
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

Far off I hear the city's aching cry,
Where Life and Death are Lovers, wandering;
Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie,
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND

In absence, by one who returns no more

EDITH M. THOMAS

Art thou there, between thy rivers,
With thy towered sea front bold—
There, between the dawn and sunset,
Lit with amethyst or gold?
Art thou there, enchanted island
I shall never more behold?

Dost thou loom, in mystic beauty,
Through the hazy, summer light,
Like the vision, seen in Patmos,
Of the city in the height?
Often times, a grey armada,
Anchored midst thy waters bright?

Art thou filled with joyous tumults
That from far thy travellers hail?
Do thy clangors grow a music—
Throbbing pave and vibrant rail?
Still thy masted lights keep vigil,
While thy pleasures never fail?

Art thou there, my haven city,
Open armed to each oppressed?
Art thou there, with all thy strangers
Thou hast taken to thy breast—
Latin, Slav, and tawny alien
From an East beyond the West?

Art thou there, midst all abundance,
From the wide world's gardens shed—
Thou, with palace dwellers—toilers—
Strugglers earning scanty bread?
Palace dwellers, toilers, beggars,
But thy streets they still may tread!

Oh, the echoes of thy pavements
Where my feet no more shall be!
Art thou there, enchanted island—
Thou mine eyes no more shall see?
Yet I know, past peradventure,
Loosed, my soul shall wing to thee!

NEW YORK

FLORENCE WILKINSON EVANS

Into the violet vastness of shoreless and moaning
twilight

The infinite hulk of the ship of my city pushes her
course,

Paying out with the rush of her spindle a log un-
returning,

Crying of births and hushes of deaths recording the
knots of her voyage.

On her decks by the chart-house they pace, the gal-
lant leisurely passengers,

Some sob deep down in her hold, the huddled fright-
ened stowaways,

But the infinite ship of my city steadily surges on-
ward;

Saluting her neighbours (audacious or timid) the
lights of her starboard and larboard.

Ship of my city, ship of my city, burning clear at the
head of thy foremast,

Who is thy captain, what is thy message, where is the
port that thou makest?

Into the violet vastness of shoreless and moaning
twilight

The infinite hulk of the ship of my city pushes her
course unreturning.



Glimpse of New York. 1915

From an etching by Henri de Ville

GOLDEN HILL.

Where, in 1770, Was Shed the First Blood of the Revolution

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

East of the rumble of Broadway,
Among those streets where yesterday
Is clean forgotten in the fray
 Of money and of trade,
East from the ivy-shrouded walls
Of gentlemanly old St. Paul's,
 My quiet way I made.

And here, where Nassau touches Ann,
Through all the noisy caravan
 Of this and other years,
It seems from far there tingling comes
The march of men—the roll of drums—
 A bugle in my ears.

A century and a half ago
(Where now the cursing draymen go),
 Its call thrilled out "Beware!"
Then Liberty was something new—
King George had not yet brewed his brew
 Nor redcoats drunk their share.

Golden Hill

Again that bugle-note is thrilling,
Though ears be deaf and hearts unwilling—
 It sings as loudly still
As when they melted leaden kings
Into all sorts of useful things
 On top of Golden Hill.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

New York Harbour, A.D. 2900

ARTHUR UPSON

Here once, the records show, a land whose pride
Abode in Freedom's watchword! And once here
The port of traffic for a hemisphere,
With great gold-piling cities at her side!
Tradition says, superbly once did bide
Their sculptured goddess on an island near,
With hospitable smile and torch kept clear
For all wide hordes that sought her o'er the tide.
'Twas centuries ago. But this is true:
Late the fond tyrant who misrules our land,
Bidding his serfs dig deep in marshes old,
Trembled, not knowing wherefore, as they drew
From out this swampy bed of ancient mould
A shattered torch held in a mighty hand.

MANNAHATTA

WALT WHITMAN

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my
city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid,
sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of
old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays,
superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and
steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-
founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron,
slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward
clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward
sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger
adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the
lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers
well-model'd,



Dust Storm in Broadway—Sudden Disappearance
of Half your Friend and all your Eyesight

From *Harper's Weekly*, March, 1861

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,

The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,

The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,

The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,

The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,
Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and shows,

A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men,

City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!

City nested in bays! my city!

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Adams, Franklin P., 205, 287, 421
 Akins, Zõe, 439
 Aldrich, Margaret Chanler, 243
 Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 340
 Anonymous, 64, 95, 147, 194, 324
 Armstrong, Hamilton Fish, 333, 392, 443
 Baker, George A., 201
 Ballantine, W. G., 326
 Beach, L., 90
 Benjamin, Park, 233
 Béranger, Pierre Jean de, 124
 Bigelow, Jacob, 165
 Branch, Anna Hemstead, 385
 Bridges, Robert, 365
 Brownell, H. H., 183
 Bryant, William Cullen, 157, 160
 Bunner, H. C., 65, 138, 218, 308
 Burnet, Dana, 321, 427, 428
 Butler, William Allen, 358
 Carman, Bliss, 407
 Carryll, Guy Wetmore, 221
 Cawein, Madison, 296
 Coates, Florence Earle, 301
 Coffin, Robert Stevenson, 125, 127
 Cone, Helen Gray, 87
 Cox, Arthur Cleveland, 355
 Cromwell, Ruth N., 185
 Doane, George Washington, 169
 Dobson, Austin, 11
 Drake, Joseph Rodman, 106, 117</p> | <p>Drake and Halleck, 111, 117
 Dunshee, Henry Webb, 26
 Eaton, Thomas, 98
 Eaton, Walter Prichard, 334
 Evans, Florence Wilkinson, 283, 294, 383, 442
 Fawcett, Edgar, 209
 Finch, Francis Miles, 47
 Firkins, Chester, 265, 291, 425, 436
 Fletcher, Jefferson Butler, 396
 Freneau, Philip, 55, 69, 70, 76, 83, 102
 Gallienne, Richard Le, 259
 Gilder, Richard Watson, 207, 212, 236, 330, 380
 Grant, Robert, 406
 Guiterman, Arthur, 347
 Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 109, 119, 121
 O'Hara, John Myers, 217, 282, 320, 366, 412
 Hooker, Brian, 362, 381
 Hopper, Edward, 13
 Hovey, Richard, 384
 Huntington, Jedediah, 140
 Jones, Thomas S., Jr., 275
 deKay, Charles, 187, 197
 Lancaster, A. E., 226
 Lathrop, George Parsons, 375
 Lazarus, Emma, 239
 Leonard, William Ellery, 234, 431
 Lindsay, Vachel, 394
 McCoy, Samuel, 328, 344
 McNeal-Sweeney, Mildred L., 235
 MacKaye, Percy, 311
 MacMullen, John, 42</p> |
|--|--|

- Major, George Macdonald, 317, 318
 Malone, Walter, 352, 434
 Marié, Peter, 192
 Markham, Edward, 9, 230, 276
 Marquis, Don, 254, 260, 274
 Miffin, Lloyd, 250, 422
 Miller, Joaquin, 400
 Mitchell, Ruth Comfort, 349
 Moody, William Vaughn, 397
 Morris, George P., 132, 135, 152, 162
 Munkittrick, Richard Kendall, 313
 Nieuwenhof, Evert, 17
 Nichols, Starr Hoyt, 220, 249
 Nicholson, Meredith, 341
 Odell, Jonathan, 53
 Osborn, Laughton, 146
 Oppenheim, James, 271, 306, 331, 410, 413
 Pound, Ezra, 429
 Raymond, George Lansing, 36
 Roberts, Charles G. D., 348
 Robinson, Edward Arlington, 335, 390
 Saxe, John G., 156
 Schaufler, Robert Haven, 245
 Scollard, Clinton, 2, 15, 72, 81, 96, 289, 367
 Scott, Moses Y., 114
 Selyns, Henricus, 25
 O'Sheel, Shaemus, 430
 Shippey, Josiah, 78, 105
 Sill, Louise Morgan, 35, 50, 285
 Smith, Marion Couthouy, 252
 Stafford, Wendell Phillips, 270
 Stansbury, Joseph, 62
 Starkweather, C. C., 203
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 18, 30, 170, 278
 Stoddard, Charles Coleman, 40
 Stoddard, W. O., 195
 Sykes, McCreedy, 224
 Teasdale, Sara, 268, 298, 354, 364, 404, 416, 418
 Thomas, Edith M., 304, 423, 440
 Thompson, Vance, 389
 Torrance, Ridgely, 373
 Towne, Charles Hanson, 357, 405, 438
 Townsend, George Alfred, 240, 256
 Trowbridge, Robertson, 189
 Tucker, Gideon J., 34, 84
 Underwood, John Curtis, 228, 264, 363, 370, 372
 Untermeyer, Louis, 402
 Upson, Arthur, 74, 445
 van Dyke, Henry, 6, 60, 214
 Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler, 284
 Verplanck, Gulian Crommelin, 110
 Viereck, George Sylvester, 305, 388
 Walsh, Thomas, 57
 Ward, Samuel, 191
 Watrous, Andrew E., 91, 122, 339, 342
 Watts, Harvey Maitland, 293, 369
 Wheelock, John Hall, 237, 286, 316, 378, 419
 Whitcomb, Seldon L., 417
 Whitman, Walt, 1, 54, 179, 266, 379, 446
 Whitney, Helen Hay, 310
 Whittier, John Greenleaf, 68, 199
 Widdemer, Margaret, 314
 Willis, Nathaniel P., 142, 144, 150, 154
 Woodworth, Samuel, 128, 130, 134







